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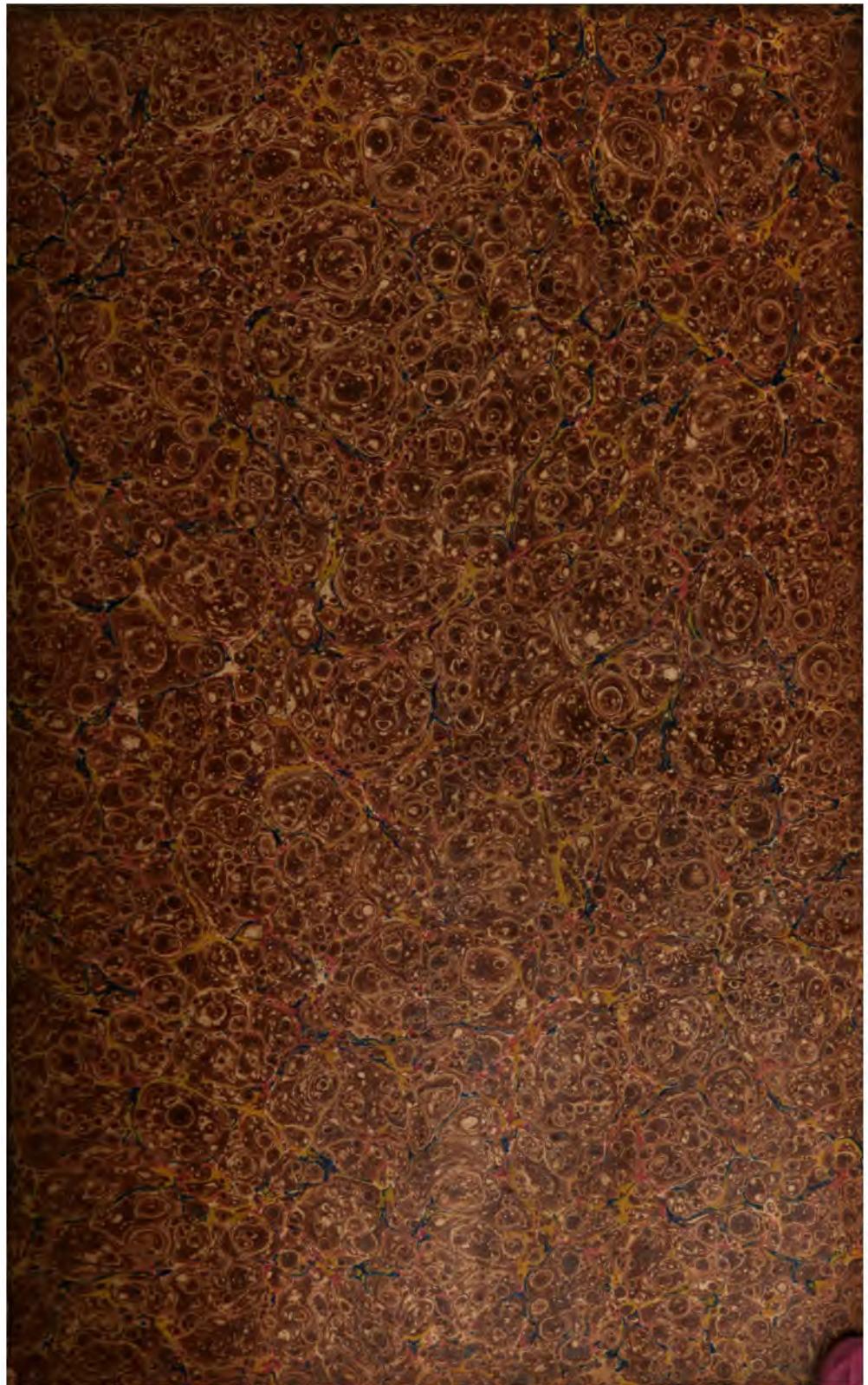
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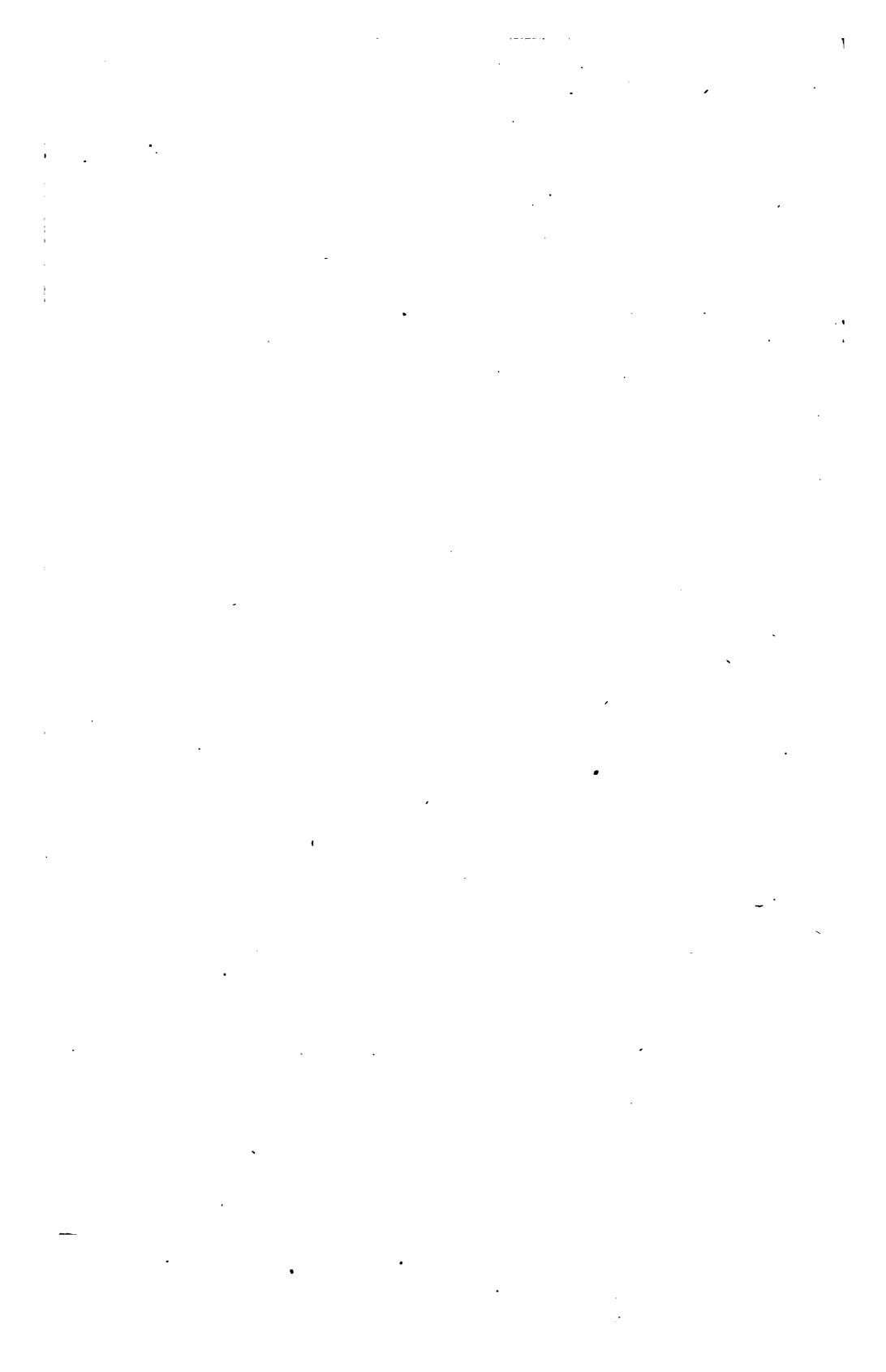
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ITALY.



A

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An. MDCCCI.

Huc est Italia diis sacra, haec gentes ejus, haec oppida populorem.

Plin. Nat. Hist. iii. 20.

BY THE
REV. JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE,

FOURTH EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED:

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CHAP. I.

MODERN ROME.

*Its Population—Streets—Squares—Fountains—
Tombs—Palaces.*

THE modern city, as the reader must have already observed, possesses many features of ancient Rome. The same roads lead to her gates from the extremities of Italy—the same aqueducts pour the same streams into her fountains—the same great churches that received the masters of the world under the Flavian and Theodosian lines, are still open to their descendants—and the same venerable walls that enclosed so many temples and palaces in the reign of Aurelian, still lift their

antique towers around the same circumference. Within this circumference, "Modern Rome" lies extended principally on the plain, and scattered thinly over the hills, bordered by villas, gardens, and vineyards. Its population amounted to one hundred and eighty, or perhaps two hundred thousand souls previous to the French invasion, which by impoverishing the country, and severing from the capital one of its richest provinces, is said to have diminished the number of inhabitants by twenty, or even thirty thousand. The streets are well built and well paved, narrower in general than those in London, and wider than those in Paris; but (as the houses are not too high) they are light and airy, often very long and straight, and not unfrequently terminated by an obelisk, a fountain, or a church. Such are the three streets which diverge from the *Porta*, or rather *Piazza del Popolo*; the *Corso*, anciently the *Via Lata* terminating at the foot of the *Capitol*; the *Strada del Babuino*, ending in the *Piazza de Espagna*, and the *Strada de Ripetta*, anciently the *Via Populi*, leading to the Tiber; not to speak of the *Strada Giulia*, *Strada della Longara*, and many others.

The houses are of stone but plastered as at Vienna, Berlin, and other transalpine cities; the plaster, or stucco, is extremely hard, and in a

climate so dry may equal stone in solidity and duration.' Hence its general use in Italy, and its reputation even among the ancients, who employed it not only in ordinary buildings, but even sometimes in porticos and temples; as we find in the temple of Fortuna Virilis at Rome, supposed by many to be a remnant of the Republican era, though more probably erected, or rather rebuilt, in the Augustan age. To us, stucco, however excellent in its kind, seems only a bad imitation of stone, and conveys an idea of poverty incompatible with grandeur or beauty. Before I enter into details, I shall premise, in order to give the reader a general idea of Modern Rome, that it contains forty-six squares, five monumental pillars, ten obelisks, thirteen fountains, twenty-two mausoleums, one hundred and fifty palaces, and three hundred and forty-six churches! Of these objects most have some peculiar feature, some appropriate beauty, to attract the attention of the traveller.

SQUARES.

Of the squares, the most remarkable for its extent is the *Piazza Navona*, which gradually rose on the ruins of the Circus Agonalis. It is adorned by the handsome church of S. Agnes and refreshed by three fountains decorated with

statues. One of these fountains (that in the middle of the square) is much admired: it was designed and erected by Bernini. Four figures representing four rivers, recline on a craggy rock: on its top stands an Egyptian obelisk; from its hollow sides rushes a perpetual stream. These three fountains are so managed during the heats of August, as to inundate the whole square on Saturdays and Sundays, and afford a new and refreshing exhibition to the Roman gentry, who parade along in their carriages, and to the common people, who collect around in crowds, to behold the brilliant and enlivening scene.

The *Piazza d'Espagna*, so called from the palace of the Spanish embassy, is large, supplied by a fountain, and adorned with several handsome buildings, but particularly by the noble flight of marble steps that ascends from it to the obelisk, church, and square, *Della Trinita di Monti*. From the balustrade that terminates this staircase above and borders the latter square, and indeed from the square itself which runs along the brow of the Pincian hill, there opens a delightful view of Rome, *Monte Mario*, and the Janiculum.

'Of the *Piazza Colonna* I have already spoken;

that of *Monte Citorio* communicates with it. This square is extremely beautiful. Its principal ornament is the *Curia Innocenziana*, a palace erected by Innocent XII. for the accommodation of the courts of justice and for the officers belonging to them. Its magnitude, materials, and architecture, are equally admired.

OBELISKS.

Opposite the grand entrance of the Curia, stands an Egyptian obelisk, remarkable for its antiquity, its workmanship, and its destination. It is said to have been erected by Sesostris at Heliopolis; it is covered where not damaged, with hieroglyphics executed with uncommon neatness, and was employed by Augustus as a gnomon to an immense dial formed by his direction, in the Campus Martius. After having been overturned, shattered, and buried in the ruins, it was discovered repeatedly, and as often neglected and forgotten; till Benedict XIV. rescued it from oblivion, and the late Pope, Pius VI. repaired and placed it in its present situation. It is the third obelisk which that pontiff had the satisfaction of re-erecting, to the great ornament and glory of the city.

These obelisks are peculiar to Rome, and

seem to form ornaments singularly appropriate, as they connect its present beauty with its ancient power and magnificence. When we recollect that their antiquity precedes the origin of regular history, and disappears in the obscurity of the fabulous ages; that they are of Egyptian workmanship, the trophies, and perhaps the records of her ancient monarchs; we cannot but look upon them as so many acknowledgments of homage, so many testimonials of submission to the mistress of the Universe. When we are informed that whatever their elevation or magnitude may be, they are of one solid block of granite, and yet that they have been transported over many hundred miles of land and of sea, we are astonished at the combination of skill and boldness that marks such an undertaking, and surpasses the powers of modern art, though apparently so much improved in mechanical operations. It is then particularly incumbent on the sovereign to preserve and to recover as many as possible of these illustrious monuments of Egyptian skill and of Roman majesty.

How many obelisks adorned the city in the ancient times, it would be difficult to determine. Some confine the number to sixteen; I should be inclined to enlarge it. However if there were only sixteen, more than one-half have been re-

stored, as ten now stand in different squares of the city. Another, which has been too much shattered for re-erection, was employed in the reparation of that which stands in the *Piazza del Monte Citorio*. It is probable that others may hereafter be discovered in the neighborhood of an Imperial sepulchre, or amidst the ruins of a circus; in the decoration of which edifices they seem to have been principally employed.

The most remarkable of the obelisks are, that in the *Piazza del Popolo*, that in the centre of the colonnade of S. Peter's, and that which stands in the square of St. John. The one before S. Peter's stood in the circus of Nero, that is a few hundred paces from its present site, and was removed from the side to the front of the church by Sixtus Quintus. It is a single piece of granite, about eighty feet in length, and with its pedestal and the cross that tops it, rises to the height of an hundred and thirty-six feet. The two others anciently adorned the Circus Maximus, and were thence transported by the above-mentioned spirited pontiff to their present situations. That in the *Piazza del Popolo* is ninety feet in height, including its cross and pedestal. That erected near St. John Lateran is the highest of the obelisks, and including the ornaments of the fountain on which it reposes,

it has an elevation of at least one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the pavement. The monument in London surpasses the obelisks in elevation ; but its shaft is not a single piece; nor is it of Egyptian granite, nor is it inscribed with hieroglyphics.

FOUNTAINS.

From the obelisks we pass to the fountains, because they are generally employed in the decoration of the same squares, and sometimes united, as in the *Piazza Navona* and at St. John Lateran, to set each other off to more advantage. Three only of the ancient aqueducts now remain to supply modern Rome, and yet such is the quantity they convey, and so pure the sources whence they derive it, that no city can boast of such a profusion of clear and salubrious water. Artificial fountains in general are little better than ornamented pumps, which sometimes squirt out a scanty thread of water, and sometimes distil only a few drops into a muddy basin. Those on a greater scale now and then throw up a column, or pour a torrent as occasion may require, on certain state days, or for the amusement of some distinguished personage ; and then subside till a fresh supply enables them to renew the exhibition. Such are in general the fountains and cascades

that adorn public walks and palace gardens ; and such the so much celebrated water-works of *St. Cloud*, *Marli*, and *Versailles* ; inventions which can be considered only as pretty play-things calculated, like a theatrical decoration, to act an occasional part and to furnish a momentary amusement ; but too insignificant to be introduced into the resorts of the public, or into the walks of princes, where we have reason to expect solid magnificence founded on nature and reality.

How far the ancient Romans carried this species of magnificence we may easily judge, when we consider that they had undoubtedly both the taste and the materials requisite for it. Their aqueducts which supplied them with water even to prodigality, still remain striding across vallies, penetrating mountains, and sweeping over immense plains, till they meet in the heart of the city. The edifice where they united, and whence they separated to water their destined quarters, was called *Castellum*, and if we may judge by that which remains (the *Porta Maggiore*) was generally a fabric of great solidity and magnificence, and, as appears from the ruins of one discovered near the church of St. Ignatius, sometimes cased with marble and adorned with marble pillars. The number of these towers anciently, as well as of the fountains springing from them,

must have been prodigious, as Agrippa alone if we may believe Pliny,* erected one hundred and thirty of the former, and opened one hundred and five of the latter, and adorned them with three hundred brass or marble statues. Strabo says that such a quantity of water was introduced into the city, that whole rivers seemed to flow through the streets and down the sewers, so that every house had its pipes and cisterns sufficient to furnish a copious and perpetual supply. The modern Romans though inferior in numbers and opulence to their ancestors, have shewn equal taste and spirit in this respect, and deserve a just eulogium, not only for having procured an abundance of water, but for the splendid and truly imperial style in which it is poured forth for public use in the different quarters of the city. Almost every square has its fountains, and almost every fountain has some particularity in its size, form, or situation, to attract attention. The three principal however will suffice to give the reader an idea of the variety and of the beauty of such edifices, especially as I have already described one or two, and may hereafter call his attention to others which are too intimately connected with the objects around them to be taken as detached pieces.

* Lib. xxxvi. 15.

The *Fontana Felice*, in the *Piazze dei Termini* on the Viminal Mount, deserves to be mentioned first, because first erected. It is supplied by the *Aqua Claudia* drawn from the Alban or rather Tuscan hills, and conveyed to Rome by channels under, and aqueducts above ground; some of which are ancient, some modern. It discharges itself through a rock under an Ionic arcade built of white stone, and faced with marble. It is adorned by several gigantic statues, the principal of which represents Moses striking the rock whence the water issues. On the one side, Aaron conducts the Israelites; on the other, Gideon leads his chosen soldiers to the brink of the torrent: below, four lions, two of marble and two of basalt, ornamented with hieroglyphics, hang over the vast basin as if in haste to slake their thirst. The restoration of this noble fountain and the ornaments which grace it, are owing to the spirit of Sixtus Quintus, and it bears the name of *Aqua Felice*, and is supposed to be now as anciently peculiarly wholesome.

Nearly opposite, but beyond the Tiber and on the brow of the Janiculum, rises an arcade supported by six pillars of granite. Three torrents rushing from the summit of the hill, tumble through the three principal arches of this arcade, and fill an immense marble basin with the purest

water. They then roll down the side of the mountain, turn several mills as they descend, and supply numberless reservoirs in the plain along the sides of the river, and even beyond it in the Campus Martius. The lofty situation of this fountain renders it a conspicuous object to all the opposite hills. The trees that line its sides and wave to the eye through its arches, shed an unusual beauty around it; and the immense basin which it replenishes gives it the appearance, not of the contrivance of human ingenuity, but almost the creation of enchantment.

In the *Piazza di Trevi* (in Triviis) on a rough and broken rock, rises a palace adorned with Corinthian pilasters, and supported in the centre by Corinthian pillars. It is ornamented with statues representing the salubrity and fertilizing powers of the waters; the beneficent Naiad herself holds a conspicuous place among them, and seems to behold with complacency the profusion of her springs. In the middle of the edifice between the columns, under a rich arch stands Neptune on his car, in a majestic attitude as if commanding the rocks to open before and the waters to swell around him. Two sea-horses conducted by two Tritons drag the chariot of the god, and emerging from the caverns of the rock, shake the brine from their manes; while the obedient waves burst forth in torrents on all sides, roar down the clefts of the

crag, and form a sea around its base. In the heats of summer they overflow their usual limits, fill the whole marble concavity round the fountain, and rise to a level with the square, where after sunset the inhabitants of the neighboring streets assemble, to enjoy the united freshness of the waters and of the evening.

Such is the celebrated *Fontana di Trevi*, the noblest work of the kind in Rome, and probably the most magnificent fountain in the world. The basin itself is of white marble, and the vast enclosure around it, is flagged and lined with marble of the same color. A flight of steps of white marble leads down to this basin; and to prevent accidents, a chain supported by large blocks of granite encloses the exterior border. I know that the architectural part of the *Fontana di Trevi*, and indeed of the *Aqua Paola* and *Aqua Felice*, has been severely criticized; and in candor I must acknowledge that the criticism is in many respects well founded: for instance, it must be allowed that the elegance and lightness of the Corinthian or Ionic is ill adapted to the simplicity of a fountain where Doric would be more appropriate, because plainer and more solid. It will be admitted also that these edifices are broken and subdivided into too many little parts; a process in architecture, as in painting

and in poetry, diametrically opposite to greatness and to sublimity. In fine, it cannot be denied, that the superstructure is in all three too massive for the order, and too much encumbered with coats of arms and other supernumerary decorations. Yet notwithstanding these faults, and they are not inconsiderable, while the spectator sits on the marble border of the basin, and contemplates the elevation of the columns, the magnitude of the edifices, the richness of the materials, the workmanship of the statues, and above all, the deluge of waters poured round him, the defects are lost in the beauties and criticism subsides in admiration.

TOMBS.

In ancient times the bodies of the deceased were deposited without the walls, generally along the most frequented roads, where their tombs arose at intervals and under various forms, shaded by cypresses and other funereal plants, and exhibited on both sides a long and melancholy border of sorrow and mortality. Few persons were allowed the honour of being buried in the city or in the Campus Martius, and of the few tombs raised within its space during the republic, one only remains in a narrow street, the *Macello di Corvi*, near the Capitoline hill. It is of a

solid but simple form, and inscribed with the name of Caius Publicius Bibulus; and as the only one of that name mentioned in history is distinguished by no brilliant achievement, but only represented as a popular tribune, it is difficult to discover the reason of the honorable exception.

Under the Emperors, certain illustrious persons were allowed tombs in the Campus Martius, or in its neighborhood; and these monumental edifices at length swelled into superb mansoleums, and became some of the most majestic ornaments of the city. Of these the two principal were the sepulchres of Augustus and of Adrian, and although both belong to the ruins of ancient Rome and have already been alluded to, yet as they still form even though shattered and disfigured, two very conspicuous features in the modern city, the reader may expect a more detailed description of them.

The best and indeed the only ancient account of the former monument denominated by way of eminence the *Mausoleum*, is given by Strabo, who represents it as a pendent garden raised on lofty arches of white stone, planted with evergreen shrubs, and terminating in a point crowned with the statue of Augustus. In the vault beneath lay the remains of the Emperor and

of his family; at the entrance stood two Egyptian obelisks; round, arose an extensive grove cut into walks and alleys. Of this monument, the two inner walls which supported the whole mass, and the spacious vaults under which reposed the imperial ashes, still remain; a work of great solidity and elevation. Hence it is seen at a considerable distance and continues still a grand and striking object. The platform on the top was for a considerable time employed as a garden, and covered as originally with shrubs and flowers. It is now converted into a sort of amphitheatre and surrounded with seats and benches, where the spectators may enjoy in safety the favorite amusement of bull-baiting. We attended at this exhibition, in which not dogs only but men act as assailants, and we thought it although conducted with as much precaution, and even humanity as it is susceptible of, too dangerous to amuse persons not accustomed to contemplate hair-breadth escapes. This edifice owes its preservation to its solidity. It has been stripped of its marble, of its pilasters, and of its internal and external decorations; it has belonged successively to numberless individuals, and is still, I believe private property. Such a monument, after having escaped so many chances of ruin, ought not to be neglected. Government should purchase it, should disengage it from the petty buildings that

crowd around it and conceal its form and magnitude; should case it anew with Tiburtine stone and devote it under some form or other to public utility. Thus some portion of its former splendor might be restored, and its future existence secured as far as human foresight can extend its influence.

The Emperor Hadrian who delighted in architecture and magnificence, determined to rival, or more probably to surpass, the splendor of Augustus's tomb, and erected a mausoleum which from its size and solidity was called *Moles Hadriani*. As the Campus Martius was already crowned with tombs temples and theatres, he selected for its site a spot on the opposite bank of the river, at the foot of the Vatican Mount; where on a vast quadrangular platform of solid stone he raised a lofty circular edifice surrounded by a Corinthian portico, supported by twenty-four pillars of a beautiful kind of white marble tinged with purple. The tholus or continuation of the inner wall formed a second story adorned with Ionic pilasters; a dome surmounted by a cone of brass crowned the whole fabric and gave to it the appearance of a most majestic temple. To increase its splendor, four statues occupied the four corners of the platform, twenty-four adorned the portico and occupied the intervals

between the columns; an equal number rose above the entablature; and a proportional series occupied the niches of the second story between the pilasters. It is superfluous to observe that the whole fabric was cased with marble, or that the statues were the works of the best masters; and it is almost unnecessary to add that this monument was considered as the noblest sepulchral edifice ever erected, and one of the proudest ornaments of Rome, even when she shone in all her imperial magnificence.

Yet the glory of this mausoleum was transitory; its matchless beauty claimed in vain the attention of absent Emperors; the genius of Hadrian, the manes of the virtuous Antonini, names so dear to the Roman world, pleaded in vain for its preservation. The hand of time daily defaced its ornaments, the zeal of Honorius stripped it of its pillars, and the military skill of Belisarius turned it into a temporary fortress. The necessity of such a protection became from this period daily more visible. Threatened first by the Lombards, then by the German Emperors, and in the progress of time by its own lawless nobles, the government saw the necessity of securing a permanent post, and found none more defensible by situation and by structure than the *Moles Hadriani*, which com-

mands the river, and from its internal solidity might defy all the ancient means of assault. The parts therefore that remain, are such as were adapted to this purpose; that is part of its basement or platform and almost the whole of the central circular building, though stripped of its marbles, its pillars, its statues, and its cone. The marbles disappeared at an early era, having been employed in other buildings, or converted into lime and used as mortar. The pillars were transported to St. Paul's *fuori delle mura* and still adorn its nave; the statues despised in a barbarous age were tumbled to the ground, wedged into the wall, or hurled as missile weapons against the assailants. Some few have been discovered in the neighbourhood; the greater part may possibly still lie buried amidst the ruins. The brazen cone or pine-apple stands in a garden enclosed in one of the squares of the Vatican palace; and the sarcophagus, in which the ashes of Hadrian were deposited, is said to be one of the two now placed in the *Corsini* chapel of St. John Lateran. In the course of time various bastions, ramparts, and outworks have been added to the original building; several houses for soldiers, provisions, magazines, &c. are raised around; and some very considerable edifices containing spacious apartments, have been erected on the solid mass of the sepulchre

itself. It takes its present name *Castel S. Angelo* from its destination (it is the citadel of Rome) and from a bronze statue of an angel standing with extended wings on its summit.

While speaking of these monuments of ancient magnificence, it is impossible not to mention the Septizonium of Severus, and not to regret its destruction; as it had survived the disasters of Rome, and suffered less during the barbarous ages than most other public edifices. It stood at the foot of the Palatine Mount near the Clivus Scauri, that is opposite Mount Cælius, and the spot where now stands the convent of St. Gregory. It was built in the form of a pyramid, and consisted of seven porticos or temples supported by pillars of the finest marbles, rising above one another and towering to a prodigious elevation. Three stories remained entire at so late period as the reign of Sixtus Quintus, who ordered the pillars to be conveyed to St. Peter's, which he was then building, and the remaining part of the structure to be demolished. It would be unjust and ungrateful to accuse a Pope, to whom the world owes the dome of St. Peter's, of want of taste; or to suspect a sovereign, to whom modern Rome is indebted for half her beauty, of indifference to her antiquities; yet we cannot but lament the loss of the

Septizonium, which had resisted the agency of so many destructive causes, and which whether entire or in ruins must have presented a most astonishing display of architectural grandeur.

But, alas! all the monuments of Roman magnificence, all the remains of Grecian taste, so dear to the artists, to the historian, to the antiquary, all depend on the will of an arbitrary sovereign, and that will is influenced too often by interest or vanity, by a nephew, or a sycophant. Is a new palace to be erected for the reception of an upstart family? The Coliseum is stripped to furnish materials. Does a foreign minister wish to adorn the bleak walls of a northern castle with antiques? The temples of Theseus or Minerva must be dismantled, and the works of Phidias or of Praxiteles torn from the shattered frieze. That a decrepit uncle absort in the religious duties of his age and station, should listen to the suggestions of an interested nephew is natural, and that an oriental despot should undervalue the master-pieces of Grecian art is to be expected; though in both cases the consequences of such weakness are much to be lamented; but that the minister of a nation famed for its knowledge of the language and its veneration for the monuments of ancient Greece, should have been the prompter and the

instruction is almost incredible. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations; it deprives the past of the trophies of their genius and the title deeds of their fame; the present of the strongest inducements to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate; and the future of the master-pieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation.*

Of the tomb of Cestius I have already spoken, and of some without the walls I may speak hereafter. At present we shall pass from the tombs of the ancient heroes of Rome to the palaces of her modern nobles, which now rise thick around

* How much more honorable would it have been to the English nation, if its minister at Constantinople had employed the influence which he then enjoyed in protecting the Athenian remains against the ignorance and the avarice of the Turkish troops in the citadel, by procuring an order to enclose and preserve these admired monuments: an order which might have been procured with as much facility, and enforced with as little expence as the permission to deface them.

them on all sides, and almost eclipse their faded splendor.

PALACES.

In the first place the reader must observe, that the appellation of palace in Rome, and indeed in all the towns in Italy, is taken in a much more extensive sense than that in which we are accustomed to employ it, and is applied not only to the residence of the sovereign but to the mansions of the rich and the noble of every description. It follows that many edifices bear this name, which in the eyes of an Englishman would scarcely seem to deserve it, and of course we may infer that many among these palaces of Rome do not perhaps merit the trouble of a visit, and much less the honour of a description. I will venture to add that the far greatest part of these mansions are less remarkable for their external architecture, than for their size and interior decorations; a remark which I think applicable in particular to the pontifical palaces of the Quirinal (*Monte Cavallo*) and the Vatican. The external walls of these palaces are plastered, while the window and doorcases with the angles and cornices only appear to be of stone. Even the ornaments of the most splendid, such as the *Barberini*, *Odescalchi* and *Farnesi*, are confined to

pilasters or half pillars; a mode of decoration rich indeed and pleasing to the eye, but inferior in grandeur to the detached column and the pillar-ed portico. Ornament it is true must be subservient to utility, and in streets where space is wanting the open gallery and spacious colonnade must be resigned, and their place supplied by decorations more compact although less stately. However the extent and elevation of the principal palaces, may perhaps, be considered a compensation for the absence of grand architectural ornaments, as they undoubtedly give them a most princely and magnificent appearance. At all events the spacious courts and porticos within, the vast halls and lofty apartments with the pillars, the marbles, the statues, and the paintings that furnish and adorn them in such profusion, place many of the Roman palaces on a level or rather raise them far above the royal residences of the most powerful princes beyond the Alps.

Some of our English travellers complain of a want of neatness and general cleanliness in these palaces. This complaint may probably be well founded, but it is applicable to most of the palaces on the continent, as well as to those in Italy; and we may range far and wide I believe, before we discover that minute and perpetual attention to cleanliness in every apartment, and in

every article of furniture, which prevails in every mansion in England, from the palace to the cottage, and forms such a distinguishing feature of the national character. In this respect, however, the Romans are not inferior to the inhabitants of Paris or of Vienna; nor can a traveller without fastidious delicacy find any very just cause of complaint.

It has been again objected to Roman palaces, that their magnificence is confined to the state apartments, while the remaining rooms, even those inhabited by the family itself, remain unfurnished, neglected, and comfortless. To this it may be answered that the words *furniture* and *comfort* convey a very different meaning in northern and southern climates; in the former the object is to retain heat; in the latter to exclude it: the precautions taken for the one are diametrically contrary to those employed for the other; and the carpeted floor, the soft sofa, the well closed door, and the blazing fire, all so essential to the comfort of an Englishman, excite ideas of heat and oppression in the mind of an Italian, who delights in brick or marble floors, in cold seats, in windows and doors that admit a circulation of air, and in chimnies formed rather to ventilate than warm the apartment. Damask tapestry, hangings, paintings, and statues are, it

is true, confined in Italy, as in most other countries, to the state rooms; but the other parts of their houses did not appear to me neglected; and I think I have seen in the third or fourth stories of the *Braschi* and *Borghese* palaces, apartments fitted up in a manner which even an Englishman would call neat and almost elegant. Moreover, several palaces are inhabited by families once opulent, but now reduced, and consequently unequal to the expence of keeping such vast edifices in repair, and of supporting the magnificence of many princely apartments. The French invasion has considerably increased the number of such distressed families; and occasioned the degradation of many a noble mansion. The neglected and ruinous appearances occasioned by such causes we may lament but cannot censure.

To the cause of dilapidation just mentioned, we may add another, perhaps more effectual, and that is the absence and total indifference of the proprietors. It is a misfortune that some of the most noble palaces and villas in Rome belong to families now raised to sovereign power. Thus the *Palazzo Farnese* is the property of the King of Naples, that of *Medici* of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Both these edifices, after having been stripped of all their valuable ornaments, their marbles, their statues, their paintings, were aban-

doned to the care of a few half-starved servants, and are now scarcely preserved from falling into ruin. The furniture of the Medicean palace or villa was conveyed to Florence, that of the Farnesian to Naples; and they form in both places the principal ornaments of the respective collections. From the latter were taken the Hercules and the celebrated groupe called the *Toro Farnese*; from the former the Venus of Medicis—I need mention no more. It is not my intention, nor is it conformable to my general plan, to describe in detail the beauties of every palace. To point out the principal features of a few of the most celebrated edifices of this kind will be fully sufficient.

The *Doria* palace in the *Corso* presents three vast fronts; contains a spacious court adorned with a public portico all around. The staircase is supported by eight pillars of oriental granite, and conducts to a magnificent gallery that occupies the four sides of the court, and with several adjoining apartments is filled with pictures of the highest estimation.

The *Palazzo Ruspoli* is remarkable for its staircase, supposed to be the noblest in Rome.—It consists of four flights of thirty steps each; each step consists of a single piece of marble near

ten feet long, and more than two broad: it is adorned with antique statues; and the walls of two noble galleries, to which it conducts, are covered with pictures.

The *Orsini* palace owes the elevation which renders it remarkable to the theatre of Marcellus, on whose foundations, vaults, and collected ruins, it rises on a lofty eminence.

The *Palazzo Giustiniani* stands on Nero's baths, and is adorned with a profusion of statues and columns extracted from their ruins. This collection, once reported to contain above fifteen hundred antique figures, has, I fear, been much diminished since the commencement of the revolutionary war.

The *Palazzo Altieri* is a detached edifice forming a square, and presenting four fronts, all set off with architectural decorations. Two courts, a handsome portico, and several noble apartments, glowing with the rich tints of *Claude Lorrain*, embellish the interior.

The fantastic architecture of the palace of *Ciaporci*, in which *Julio Romano* seems to have allowed his talent to amuse itself in singularity, may deserve a transient visit.

The residence of *Christina Queen of Sweden* has given an additional lustre to the *Corsini* palace remarkable in itself for its magnitude, furniture, gardens, and superb library. The library, with the collection of prints annexed to it, is said to have once contained *near four hundred thousand volumes*. The garden runs along, and almost reaches the summit of the Janiculum. Both the library and the garden are open to the public, who may range through the apartments of the one; and as they wander over the other may enjoy a complete view of Rome extended over the opposite hills; a view as classical as it is beautiful, because remarked and celebrated in classic times.

Juli jugera pauca Martialis,
Hortis Hesperidum beatiora;
Longo Janiculi jugo recumbunt.
Latí collibus imminent recessus;
Et planus modico tumore vertex
Coelo perfruitur sereniore:
Et, curvas nebula tegente valles,
Solus luce nitet peculiari:
Puris leniter admoventur astris
Celsae culmina delicata villae.
Hinc septem dominos videre montes,
Et totam licet aestimare Romam.

Martial, lib. ii. ep. xlvi.

Opposite is one of the Farnesian palaces which,

though in the middle of the *Strada Lungara*, is sometimes called *Villa Farnesiana*. It has in reality something of the appearance of a villa, as its gardens are extensive, and border the banks of the Tiber. The interior, though unfurnished and neglected (it belongs to the King of Naples) yet still interests and will continue to attract the curious traveller, till the splendid scenes which the genius of *Raffaello* has shed on the walls and ceilings shall vanish, and the Loves and Graces that now smile and sport on all sides, shall melt away, and lose their airy forms in the damp vapors that too often brood around them.

From the villa we naturally pass to the *Palazzo Farnese*. This edifice occupies one side of a handsome square adorned with two fountains. It was planned and its construction directed by the best architects, and principally by Michael Angelo: its apartments were painted by the first artists, and chiefly by *Domenichino* and *Annibal Caracci*. It is of immense size and elevation, and on the whole is considered as the noblest palace in Rome. Twelve massive pillars of Egyptian granite support the vestibule; three ranges of arcades rise one above the other round a spacious court, and suites of noble apartments open at every door, and follow each other in endless succession. The traveller contemplates so much

magnificence with surprise and delight, but he learns with regret that it is founded upon wanton depredation; the Farnesian palace shines with the plundered fragments of the Coliseum.

The *Palazzo Costaguti*; indifferent in every other respect, has the walls of its apartments adorned by the hands of the first masters; *Albano*, *Domenichino*, *Guercino*, &c. have all displayed their matchless powers in its decorations, and thus given it a reputation to which its size and architecture could never have raised it. Some share in a similar advantage added to great magnitude, distinguishes the *Palazzo Mattei*.

The *Palazzo Borghese* is a superb edifice, remarkable for its extent, its porticos, its granite columns, its long suite of apartments, its paintings and antiquies; and still more distinguished by a certain well supported magnificence that pervades every part, and gives the whole mansion from the ground floor to the attic, an appearance of neatness, order, and opulence. It may be added with justice, that the illustrious family to which the palace belongs, has been long and deservedly celebrated for taste, and for magnificence directed by order and regularity.
—“*Mareant ex fata Nepotes!*”

In an antichamber of the *Palazzo Spada*, stands the celebrated statue of Pompey; at the foot of which Cæsar is supposed to have fallen. The history of this statue deserves to be inserted. It was first placed during Pompey's life, in the senate house which he had erected; and when that edifice was shut up, it was raised by order of Augustus on a double arch or gateway of marble, opposite the grand entrance of Pompey's theatre. It was thrown down, or fell, during the convulsion of the Gothic wars; and for many ages it lay buried in the ruins. It was at length discovered, I believe about the beginning of the seventeenth century, in a partition wall between two houses. After some altercation, the proprietors of the two houses agreed to cut the statue asunder, and to divide the marble; when fortunately the Cardinal *de Spada* heard the circumstance, and by a timely purchase prevented the accomplishment of the barbarous agreement, and the destruction of one of the most interesting remnants of Roman antiquity.

Another danger awaited Pompey's statue at a much later period, and from an unexpected quarter. While the French occupied Rome in the years 1798-99, &c. they erected in the centre of the Coliseum a temporary theatre, where they

acted various republican pieces for the amusement of the army, and for the improvement of such Romans as might be disposed to fraternize with them, and adopt their principles. *Voltaire's Brutus* was a favorite tragedy, as may easily be imagined; and in order to give it more effect, it was resolved to transport the very statue of Pompey, at the feet of which the dictator had fallen, to the Coliseum, and to erect it on the stage. The colossal size of the statue, and its extended arm, rendered it difficult to displace it; the arm was therefore sawed off for the conveyance, and put on again at the Coliseum; and on the second removal of the statue, it was again taken off, and again replaced at the *Palazzo de Spada*. So friendly to Pompey was the republican enthusiasm of the French! So favorable to the arts and antiquities of Rome is their **Love of Liberty!**

The *Palazzo Barberini*, besides its paintings, its statues, and its vast extent, possesses a noble library, which, on certain days in every week, is open to the public; a species of patriotic magnificence which compensates whatsoever architectural defects critics may discover in the exterior of this palace.

I shall conclude this enumeration of palaces
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with the *Palazzo Colonna*, the residence of one of the most ancient and most distinguished families in Rome, ennobled by its heroic achievements, and immortalized by the friendship and the verses of Petrarca.

Gloriosa Colonna, in cui s'appoggia
 Nostra speranza, e'l gran nome Latino,
 Ch' ancor non torte dal vero camino
 L' ira di Giove per ventosa pioggia

*Sonetto x.**

The exterior of this mansion is indifferent ; but its extent, its vast court, its gardens, and its furniture, are worthy the rank and dignity of its proprietor. Its library is spacious and well filled ; its staircase is lined with statues ; and its apartments are filled with paintings by the first masters ; but its principal and characteristic feature is its hall, or rather gallery, a most mag-

* The present Prince *Colonna* merits the title, and supports the character of an old Roman Senator. He raised and maintained a regiment against the invaders of his country ; and when obliged to yield, he submitted with dignity, without descending to any mean compliance. Though almost ruined by the exactions of the French, and by the subsequent injustice of the Neapolitan Government, and obliged to sell not only his pictures, but even the utensils of his kitchen, he yet had the public spirit to present the Pope with a state-coach and six horses, to enable him to enter Rome with becoming dignity.

nificent apartment, of more than two hundred and twenty feet in length, and forty in breadth, supported by Corinthian pillars, and pilasters of beautiful yellow marble, (*giallo antico*) and adorned on the sides, and vaulted cieling with paintings and gildings intermingled; so that it presents, on the whole, a scene of splendor and beauty seldom equalled even in Italy.*

* Of the Roman palaces, many of which have been erected by the nephews or relations of different Popes, Gibbon speaks with admiration, but with severe censure. "They are," says he, (ch. 71), "the most costly monuments of elegance and servitude; the perfect arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture, have been prostituted in their service, and their galleries and gardens are decorated with the most precious works of antiquity which taste or vanity has prompted them to collect." The judgment of the historian seems, on this occasion, as indeed on a few others, to be biassed by the prejudices of the philosophist. To raise and enrich favorites, whatever may be their recommendation to the notice of the sovereign, at the expence of the country is criminal, but unfortunately too common in all governments; in ours, free and republican as it is, as well as in others conducted on more arbitrary and selfish principles. Whether these favorites be the bastards of kings, or the nephews of popes, is a matter of little consequence to the public; for though in the latter the scandal be less, yet the inconvenience and the expence are the same; in point of dignity, the former have no superiority to claim, and as for talents, the nephews of different pontiffs may, I believe, enter the lists against most royal favorites, without having any reason to blush at the comparison.

CHAP. II.

Pontifical Palaces : the Lateran—the Quirinal—the Vatican.

We now proceed to the three pontifical palaces. The Lateran stands close to the patriarchal church of that name, and was appointed for the residence of the Bishops of Rome, at the same time as the adjoining Basilica was converted into a church by Constantine.* It had fallen into ruin, and was rebuilt by Sixtus Quintus. A part only is now reserved for the accommodation of the Pontiff, when he comes to perform service at St. John's. The main body of the building was turned into an hospital for the reception of two hundred and fifty orphans, by Innocent XI. It presents three fronts, of great extent and simplicity, and strikes the eye by its magnitude and elevation.

* Juvenal mentions *egregias Lateranorum aedes*, as surrounded by the bloody cohorts of Nero, who put the proprietor to death, confiscated his estates, and seized his palace. It continued at the disposal of the Emperors till the reign of Constantine.

The Quirinal palace (*Monte Cavallo*) is become, from the loftiness and salubrity of its situation, the ordinary, or at least, the summer residence of the Roman pontiff. Its exterior presents two long fronts, plain and unadorned ; the court within is about three hundred and fifty feet long, and near two hundred wide. A broad and lofty portico runs along it on every side, and terminates in a grand staircase, conducting to the papal apartments, to the gallery, and the chapel, all on a grand scale, and adorned with fine paintings. In the furniture and other decorations, the style is simple and uniform, and such as seems to become the grave unostentatious character of a christian prelate. The adjoining gardens are spacious, refreshed by several fountains, and shaded by groves of laurel, pine, ilex, and poplar. In the recesses, arbors, and alleys, are statues, urns, and other antique ornaments, placed with much judgment, and producing a very picturesque effect. In other respects, the gardens are in the same style as the edifice, and exhibit magnificence only in their extent.

The square before this palace is remarkable for an Egyptian obelisk erected in it by the late Pope. Two statues, representing each a horse held by a young man, stand, one on each side of the obelisk, and give the hill the appell-

lation of *Monte Cavallo*. They are of colossal size and exquisite beauty; are supposed to represent Castor and Pollux, although the inscription says, Alexander and Bucephalus, and are acknowledged to be the works of some great Grecian master. They were transported by Constantine from Alexandria, and erected in his baths which stood in the neighborhood; and from thence they were conveyed, by order of Sixtus Quintus, to their present situation. The erection of the obelisk between these groupes has been censured by some, as taking from their effect, and oppressing them by its mass: but, as it is admitted that they were made not to stand insulated, but probably to adorn the side or angle of some edifice, perhaps a mausoleum, and even, as appears from the roughness of their back parts, to touch the wall, and seem as if springing from it, their connexion with the obelisk must be considered as an improvement and an approximation to their original attitudes and accompaniments.

The Vatican hill retains its ancient appellation, and gives it to the palace and church which adorn its summit and declivity. Whether this appellation took its origin from the influence of some local divinity, which was supposed to manifest itself in omens and predictions, more fre-

quently on this spot than elsewhere, as Aulus Gellius imagines; or whether, as Varro asserts, the god himself takes his title from the first efforts of the infant voice at articulation, over which it seems he presided, is a matter of little importance; from which we pass to the recollection of the pleasing imagery of Horace, so well known to our early years:

————— Ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jecosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticanæ
Montis imago.

Od. xx. lib. i.

But I know not whether these sportive ideas have not, in the minds of most of my readers, given way to impressions less pleasing; and whether the accents of the echo have not been drowned in the thunders of the Vatican, that have rolled through so many ages, and resounded so long and so tremendously in every English ear. But be that as it may, the Vatican has long ceased to be the forge of spiritual lightnings, the grand arsenal of ecclesiastical weapons,

“*Sacri armamentaria coeli,*”

and ages have now elapsed since the roar of its thunders has disturbed the repose of the uni-

verse, or with fear of change perplexed monarchs.

The Vatican is now the peaceful theatre of some of the most majestic ceremonies of the pontifical court; it is the repository of the records of ancient science, and the temple of the arts of Greece and Rome. Under these three heads it commands the attention of every traveller of curiosity, taste, and information. The exterior, as I have already hinted when speaking of palaces in general, does not present any grand display of architectural magnificence, nor even of uniformity and symmetrical arrangement; a circumstance easily accounted for, when we consider that the Vatican was erected by different architects at different æras, and for very different purposes; and that it is rather an assemblage of palaces than one regular palace. It was begun about the end of the fifth, or the beginning of the sixth century, and rebuilt, increased, repaired, and altered by various pontiffs, from that period down to the latter years of the reign of the late Pope, when the French invasion put an end, for some time at least, to all improvements.

All the great architects whom Rome has produced were in their days employed, in some part

or other of this edifice, and *Bramante, Raffaello, Fontana, Maderno*, and *Bernini*, successively displayed their talents in its augmentation or improvement. Its extent is immense, and covers a space of twelve hundred feet in length and a thousand in breadth. Its elevation is proportionate, and the number of apartments it contains almost incredible. Galleries and porticos sweep around and through it in all directions, and open an easy access to every quarter. Its halls and saloons are all on a great scale, and by their multitude and loftiness alone give an idea of magnificence truly Roman. The walls are neither wainscotted nor hung with tapestry; they are adorned or rather animated by the genius of Raffaello and Michael Angelo. The furniture is plain and ought to be so: finery would be misplaced in the Vatican, and would sink into insignificance in the midst of the great, the vast, the sublime, which are the predominating features or rather the very genii of the place. The grand entrance is from the portico of St. Peter's by the *Scala Regia* the most superb staircase perhaps in the world, consisting of four flights of marble steps adorned with a double row of marble Ionic pillars. This staircase springs from the equestrian statue of Constantine which terminates the portico on one side; and whether seen thence, or viewed from the gallery leading

on the same side to the colonnade, forms a perspective of singular beauty and grandeur.

The *Scala Regia* conducts to the *Sala Regia* or Regal Hall, a room of great length and elevation which communicates by six large folding doors with as many other apartments. The space over and the intervals between the doors are occupied by pictures in fresco representing various events, considered as honorable or advantageous to the Roman See. Though all these pieces are the works of great masters, yet one only is peculiarly beautiful; and that is the triumphal entrance of Gregory XI. into Rome, after the long absence of the pontiffs from the capital during their residence at Avignon. This composition is by *Vasari*, and is perhaps his master-piece. The battle of *Lepanto*, in which the united fleet of the Italian powers under the command of Don John of Austria and under the auspices of Pius V. defeated the Turks, and utterly broke their naval power till then so terrible to Europe, is justly ranked amongst the most glorious achievements of the Roman pontiffs, and forms a most appropriate ornament to the *Sala Regia*. Unfortunately the skill of the artist was not equal to the subject, and the grandeur and life of the action is lost in undistinguishable confusion below, and above in wild allegorical representations. The massacre

of St. Bartholomew, if the memory of such an atrocious and horrible event must be preserved, would be better placed at Paris, where it was perpetrated, than at Rome; and in the palace of the Louvre, where it was planned, than in the Vatican.

Occidat illa dies ævo, nec postera credant
Sæcula: nos certe taceamus, et obruta multa
Nocte tegi nostræ patiamur crimina gentis.—*Statius.*

This was the patriotic and benevolent wish of a worthy French magistrate (the chancellor *L'Hôpital*) and in this wish every humane heart will readily join. The humiliation of the Emperors Henry IV. and Frederic Barbarosa, ought not to be ranked among the trophies of the Holy See. It reflects more disgrace on the insolent and domineering pontiffs, who exacted such marks of submission, than on the degraded sovereigns who found themselves obliged to give them. At all events, it does not become the common father of christians to rejoice in the humiliation of his sons, or to blazon the walls of his palace with the monuments of their weakness or condescension.

At one end of the *Sala Regia* is the *Cappella Paolina*, so called, because rebuilt by Paul III. The altar is supported by porphyry pillars and bears a tabernacle of rock crystal: the walls are

adorned with various paintings filling the spaces between the Corinthian pilasters. The whole however though rich and magnificent, looks dark and cumbersome.

Towards the other end of the hall, on the left, a door opens into the *Cappella Sistina* built by Sixtus IV. and celebrated for its paintings in fresco by Michael Angelo and his scholars. These paintings, which cover the walls and vaulted ceilings, are its only ornaments. The famous "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo occupies one end entirely. Its beauties and defects are well known and may be comprised in one short observation; that its merit consists more in the separate figures than in the arrangement or effect of the whole. The upper part glows with brightness, angels and glory: on the right ascend the elect; on the left, the wicked blasted with lightning tumble in confused groups into the flaming abyss. The Judge stands in the upper part supported on the clouds and arrayed in the splendor of heaven: he is in the act of uttering the dreadful sentence, *Go, ye cursed into everlasting fire*; his arms are uplifted, his countenance burns with indignation, and his eyes flash lightning. Such is the Messiah in Milton, when he puts forth his terrors and hurls his bolts against the rebel angels; and so is he described

by an eloquent French orator, when he exercises his judgments on sinners at the last tremendous day.

Similar representations either in prose or verse, in language or in painting are sublime and affecting; but I know not whether they be suitable to the calm, the tranquil, the majestic character of the awful person who is to judge the world *in truth and in justice*. Nothing indeed is so difficult as to pourtray the features, the attitudes and the gestures of the Word incarnate. He was not without feeling, but he was above passion. Joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, could reach his soul, for he was a man; but they could not cloud its serenity, for he was God. Benevolence brought him from heaven; it was therefore his prevailing sentiment, and may be supposed to influence his countenance, and to shed over his features a perpetual expression of benignity. To obey or to suspend the laws of nature was to him equally easy; a miracle cost him no effort and excited in him no surprise. To submit or to command, to suffer or to triumph, to live or to die, were alike welcome in their turns as the result of reason and obedience. To do the will of his Father was the object of his mission, and every step that led to its accomplishment, whether easy or arduous, was to him the same. What

poet shall dare to describe such a character? What painter presume to trace its divine semblance? No wonder then that the greatest masters should have failed in the bold attempt; and that even Michael Angelo by transferring, like Homer, the passions of the man to the divinity, should have degraded the awful object, and presented to the spectator the form, not of a God, but of an irritated and vindictive monarch! If Michael Angelo has failed we can scarcely hope that other painters can succeed; and we find few, very few representations of the Saviour, on which the eye or the imagination can rest with satisfaction. The divine infants of *Carlo Dolce* are, it must be acknowledged, beings of a superior nature that seem to breathe the airs and to enjoy at once the innocence and the bloom of paradise; and his *Saviour of the World* in the act of consecrating the bread and wine is a most divine figure, every feature of whose seraphic face speaks compassion and mercy:

Love without end, and without measure grace.

Milton, III. 142.

But love and mercy are not the only attributes of this sacred Personage; justice and holiness accompany his steps, and cast an awful majesty as a veil around him, and these grand accom-

paniments of the Godhead are sought for in vain in the mild, the soft, I had almost said the effeminate figures of *Carlo Dolce*. Four, I think, I have seen of a happier touch and more elevated description. One is in the King of Prussia's gallery in *Sans Souci* and represents Christ in the act of raising Lazarus; and three were in the *Palazzo Justiniani* at Rome. In one Christ restores life to the son of the widow at Naim; in another he multiplies the loaves in the desert; in the third he gives sight to a blind man. The three last, I think, by *Annibal Carracci*. In all these noble paintings, benevolence, compassion and power unconscious of exertion, mark the features and attitudes of the incarnate God, and give at least a distant and feeble glimpse of his majestic demeanor.

Opposite the *Cappella Sistina* folding doors open into the *Sala Ducale* remarkable only for its size and simplicity. Hence we pass to the *Loggie di Raffaello*, a series of open galleries in three stories, lining the three sides of the court of St. Damasus. These are called the galleries of *Raffaello*, because painted by that great master, or by his scholars. The first gallery in the middle story is the only one executed by *Raffaello* himself, or to speak more correctly, partly by him, and partly by his scholars under his inspec-

tion, and not unfrequently retouched and corrected by his hand. In the thirteen arcades that compose this wing of the gallery is represented the History of the Old and part of the New Testament; beginning with the Creation and concluding with the Last Supper. The plan, the arrangement, the ornaments of these celebrated pieces, are in general great and beautiful; the fancy and expression oftentimes rise to the grand and even to the sublime. Some critics have ventured to find fault with the execution in detail, and the coloring has been censured frequently.

The first compartment represents the Eternal Father with arms and feet expanded darting into chaos, and reducing its distracted elements into order merely by his motion. This representation is much admired, particularly by French connoisseurs, and if we may credit tradition, astonished Michael Angelo himself, who is said to have accused Raffaello of having borrowed the figure of the Eternal from the Sistine chapel; from this chapel the latter artist was then excluded by the express direction of the former, who it seems feared either his criticism or genius. The figure of the Eternal thus represented may be poetical and sublime, even as the Jupiter of Homer, but (*si verbo audacia detur*) it excites

no admiration and deserves little praise. If it be difficult to represent the Son of God, who "became man" and "dwelt amongst us," without impairing the dignity of his sacred person, and degrading his majestic form, what means can the painter employ, what art can he call into play, to pourtray with becoming magnificence the Eternal himself, the model of beauty, the grand archetype of perfection "who dwelleth in light inaccessible, whom no mortal hath seen or can see?"

It is true that the prophet Daniel has introduced the Almighty in a visible form, and under the emphatical appellation of the "Ancient of days" ventured, with the guidance of the heavenly spirit to trace a mysterious and obscure sketch of the Eternal. "While I beheld," says the prophet, "thrones were placed: then the Ancient of days took his seat: his garment was shining as snow: the hair of his head as the purest wool. His throne was raging flames: his wheels consuming fire. A torrent blazing and impetuous rolled before him: thousands of thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand waited in his presence. He sat as judge and the books were opened." In this description one only circumstance connected with the

person of the divinity is mentioned. The prophet seems to refrain with reverential awe from such a subject, and expatiating on the garments, the throne, the ministering spirits, he leaves the *indescribable form* to the imagination, or rather to the religious terror of the reader. Painters and poets would do well to imitate this holy discretion, and to refrain from all attempts to embody the Eternal mind, which by confining the energies of pure spirit within a human form, degrade omnipotence; and disfigure the original of all that is lovely in the heavens and on the earth, by marking it with the perishable features of human decrepitude. Besides, in the picture now before us, it is not the *Word* of the Creator that composes the disorder of chaos. No; his hands and feet are employed to separate the warring elements and confine them within their respective boundaries. This is an idea bordering upon the burlesque and perfectly unworthy the lofty conceptions of Raffaello. How different the sentiment conveyed in the sublime language of the Scripture. No effort, no action even, was requisite. Chaos stood ready to obey his will and nature arose at his word. "He said, let Light Be, and Light Was!—He spake and they were made: he commanded and they were created."

To the encomiums passed in general on the

decorations of these galleries, I need not add that the intermediate ornaments, such as the basso relievos which are supposed to be antiques taken from the halls of the different thermæ, and the arabesques which separate and grace the different compartments, are much and justly admired. From one of the galleries a door opens into the *Camere de Raffaello*.

The *Camere de Raffaello* are a range of halls totally unfurnished and uninhabited. As the walls from the floor are covered with figures, furniture could only conceal their beauties; and the busy hands of inhabitants, it is feared, might damage the delicate tints or nicer features of some of these invaluable compositions. They are therefore accessible only to the visits of the traveller and to the labors of the artist, and are thus consecrated as a temple to the genius of painting, and to the spirit of *Raffaello*. They have not however passed over three centuries without losing some portion of their original lustre, and paying tribute to the supreme decree that dooms man and his works to decay and to death. But their degradation is not to be attributed to their innate frailty, or to the unavoidable depredations of time; but to folly and perversity, or rather to ignorance and stupidity. When the army of the Emperor Charles V. took

and plundered Rome, a guard was established in these very halls, and fires were lighted in the middle of each room for their accommodation. The consequences of this deed, so characteristic of the barbarian horde of the German Emperor, are sufficient to account for the faded tints and obscure shades of many of these celebrated pieces, without the influence of dampness, which cannot be supposed to exist on a site so elevated, and in so dry a climate; or to the guilt of negligence, so incompatible with that love of the arts, and that princely encouragement of genius which has so long been the predominant spirit of the Roman government.

Two antichambers large and painted by great masters, lead to the first hall called the *Sala di Costantino*, because adorned with the grand achievements of that christian hero; and thence to the second *Camera*, where the story of Heliodorus from the Maccabees, the interview of Pope Leo and Attila, the miracle of *Bolsena* and above all, the deliverance of St. Peter from prison, attract and charm the eye. Then follow the third *Camera* with the School of the Philosophers, the Debate on the Holy Sacrament, the Judgment of Solomon, and Parnassus with its groves of bays, Apollo, the Muses, and the poets whom they inspired: and the fourth with

the *Incendio del Borgo*, the victory of Pope Leo over the Saracens at Ostia, and the coronation of Charlemagne. All these are the works of Raffaello ; all master-pieces in their respective kinds ; standards of good taste and grand execution, and considered as the models of perfection. They present all the different species of painting, all the varied combinations of light and shade, all the singularities of attitude, all the secrets of anatomy ; in short all the difficulties and all the triumphs of the art. Hence these apartments are considered as the great school of painters, who flock from all parts to contemplate and to imitate the wonders of the pencil of Raffaello, and to catch, if possible, in this sanctuary of his genius, some spark of his creative soul, some portion of his magic talent.

It may perhaps be asked, to which of these celebrated performances the preference is given. The answer is difficult : for although these paintings have been so long the subject of consideration, and their merits so fully and so accurately understood and defined, yet the masters of the art have not been able to fix their relative excellence, or pronounce on their respective superiority. Each in fact has some peculiar beauty, some characteristic charm, which gives it a partial advantage but cannot entitle it to a general prefer-

ence. Besides, each nation has its propensities and every profession its bias, which imperceptibly influence the taste, even in the arts, and decide the opinion perhaps in painting itself.

Those who love to contemplate a crowd of figures, all animated by strong emotions and engaged in the tumult without being lost in the confusion of some grand event; and those who delight in forms strained by some unexpected exertion and features distorted by some sudden and imperious passion, will dwell with complacency, like the German, on the victory of Constantine, or like the Frenchman, on the conflagration of the *Borgo*.

The Englishman who delights in the calmer expression, and the tranquil scenes of still life, stands in silence before the school of Athens; enjoys the easy and dignified attitudes and the expressive but serene countenances of the different philosophers. The Italian, accustomed to the wonders of art, and habituated from his infancy to early discrimination, admires the two aerial youths that pursue Heliodorus and glide over the pavement without seeming to touch its surface; dwells with rapture on the angelic form that watches St. Peter and sheds a celestial light, a beam of paradise, over the gloom of the dun-

geon—but like the Englishman he rests finally on the architectural perspective, the varied but orderly groups, the majestic figures, and all the combined excellencies of the matchless *School*.

Yet notwithstanding the acknowledged superiority of this piece, the theologian will turn with reverence to the awful assemblage of divine and human beings; the union of holiness and learning in the saints of the Old and in the doctors of the New Testament; in short, of glory above and dignity below that fill the picture opposite, and give a just representation of the sublime objects of his profession. The poet, on the other hand, led by classical instinct, fixes his looks on the haunts of his fancy, feeds his eyes with the beauties of Parnassus, contemplates the immortal bloom of Apollo and the Muses, and “holds high converse with the illustrious dead.” “*Phaebo digna locuti.*”

The traveller, while occupied in examining the transcendent beauties of the grand compositions of which I have been speaking, is apt to pass over unnoticed the minor ornaments that cover the vaults and fill up the intervals between the greater pieces and the floor or arch. Yet many of these, and particularly the basso relievos and medallions of the three first apartments by

Caravaggio, representing rural scenes and historical subjects, are of exquisite beauty, and claim alike the attention of the artist and of the spectator. To conclude my remarks, the *Camere di Raffaello*, like all works of superior excellence, display their beauties gradually, and improve on examination, in proportion to the frequency of visits and the minuteness of inspection.

After having traversed the court of St. Damasus and its adjoining halls and chapels, which may be considered as the state apartments of the Vatican, the traveller passes to that part of the palace which is called the *Belvidere* from its elevation and prospect, and proceeding along an immeasurable gallery comes to an iron door on the left that opens into the *library of the Vatican*. A large apartment for the two keepers, the secretaries, or rather the interpreters seven in number, who can speak the principal languages of Europe and who attend for the convenience of learned foreigners; a double gallery of two hundred and twenty feet long opening into another of eight hundred, with various rooms, cabinets, and apartments annexed, form the receptacle of this noble collection. These galleries and apartments are all vaulted and all painted with different effect, by painters of different eras and talents. The paintings have all some reference

to literature sacred or prophane, and take in a vast scope of history and of mythology. The books are kept in cases; and in the Vatican the traveller seeks in vain for that pompous display of volumes, which he may have seen and admired in other libraries. Their number has never been accurately stated, some confine it to two hundred thousand, others raise it to four hundred thousand, and many swell it to a million. The mean is probably the most accurate.

But the superiority of this library arises not from the quantity of printed books, but the multitude of its manuscripts which are said to amount to more than fifty thousand. Some of these manuscripts of the highest antiquity, such as that of Virgil of the fifth century, a Greek Bible of the sixth, a Terence of the same date, &c. &c. were taken by the French and sent to Paris. The origin of this library is attributed by some to Pope Hilarius in the fifth century; but although it is probable, that long before that period, the Roman church must have possessed a considerable stock of books for the use of its clergy, yet the Popes may be supposed to have been too much occupied with the dangers and the difficulties of the times, to have had leisure or means necessary for the formation of the libraries. However, that several volumes had been collected at an early period

seems certain ; as it is equally so that Pope Zacharias augmented their number very considerably about the middle of the eighth century. Nicholas V. established the library in the Vatican and enlarged the collection ; while Calixtus III. is said to have enriched it with many volumes saved from the libraries of Constantinople at the taking of that city. From this period it continued in a regular progression, receiving almost every year vast additions, sometimes even of whole libraries (as those of the Elector Palatine, of the Dukes of *Urbino*, of Queen Christina) owing not only to the favor of the pontiff and various princes, but to the well directed zeal of its librarians ; many of whom have been men both of eminent talents and of high rank and extensive influence. The French invasion which brought with it so many evils, and like a *blast from hell* checked the prosperity of Italy in every branch and in every province, not only put a stop to the increase of the Vatican library, but by plundering it of some of its most valuable manuscripts, lowered its reputation, and undid at once the labor and exertion of ages.

The galleries of the library open into various apartments filled with antiques, medals, cameos, &c. One in particular is consecrated to the monuments of christian antiquity, and contains a

singular and unparalleled collection of instruments of torture employed in the first persecutions; as also the dyptics or registers of communion of the great churches, monumental inscriptions, &c. a collection highly interesting to the ecclesiastical historian and the enlightened christian.

The grand gallery which leads to the library terminates in the Museum Pio-Clementinum. Clement XVI. has the merit of having first conceived the idea of this museum and began to put it in execution. The late Pope Pius VI. continued it on a much larger scale, and gave it its present extent and magnificence. It consists of several apartments, galleries, halls, and temples, some lined with marble, others paved with ancient mosaics, and all filled with statues, vases, candelabra, tombs, and altars. The size and proportion of these apartments, their rich materials and furniture, the well managed light poured in upon them, and the multiplicity of admirable articles collected in them and disposed in the most judicious and striking arrangement, fill the mind of the spectator with astonishment and delight, and form the most magnificent and grand combination that perhaps has been ever beheld or can almost be imagined. Never were the divinities of Greece and Rome honored with nobler temples; never did they stand on richer pedestals; never

were more glorious domes spread over their heads; or brighter pavements extended at their feet. Seated each in a shrine of bronze or marble, they seemed to look down on a crowd of votaries and once more to challenge the homage of mankind; while kings and emperors, heroes and philosophers, drawn up in ranks before or around them, increased their state and formed a majestic and becoming retinue. To augment their number, excavations were daily made and generally attended with success; and many a statue buried for ages under heaps of ruins, or lost in the obscurity of some unfrequented desert, was rescued from the gloom of oblivion and restored to the curiosity and admiration of the public.

But the joy of discovery was short, and the triumph of taste transitory! The French who in every invasion have been the scourge of Italy and have rivalled or rather surpassed the rapacity of the Goths and Vandals, laid their sacrilegious hands on the unparalleled collection of the Vatican, tore its master-pieces from their pedestals, and dragging them from their temples of marble, transported them to Paris, and consigned them to the dull sullen halls, or rather stables, of the *Louvre*. But on this subject I may perhaps enlarge hereafter. At present I shall proceed to point out *some* of the most remarkable among the

various apartments that constitute the Museum Pio-Clementinum.

Three anti-chambers called, from their forms or from the statues that occupy them, *Il Vestibolo Quadrato*, *Il Vestibolo Rotondo*, and *La Camera di Baecto*, conduct the traveller to a court of more than a hundred feet square, with a portico supported by granite pillars and decorated by numberless pieces of antiquity. Need I observe that the principal among these were once the Apollo of Belvidere, the Laocoön, and the Antinous; or that the celebrated *Torso* once adorned one of the anti-chambers? They are now at Paris, and their absence is not so much supplied as rendered remarkable by the casts that now occupy their places.

Next to this court is the *Sala degli Animali*, a noble gallery so called because furnished with ancient statues of various animals. This hall opens at one end into the *Galleria delle Statue*, lined on both sides with exquisite statues both of Greek and Roman sculpture, and terminated by three apartments called the *Stanze delle Buste*. The busts are placed on tables or stands of ancient workmanship, and generally of the most beautiful and curious marble. Towards the opposite end of the gallery is an apartment called *Il Gabinetto*,

adorned with all the charms that the united arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture could bestow upon it. Eight pillars of alabaster support its roof; its floor is formed of an ancient mosaic of the brightest colors, representing theatrical exhibitions and rural scenery; its ceiling is painted and displays alternately historical events and mythological fables. The spaces between the columns are filled each with a statue, and the walls are incrusted with ancient basso reliefos formed into pannels and placed in symmetrical arrangement. Different antique seats, some of which are formed of blocks of porphyry and supported by feet of gilt brass, are ranged along the sides.

An open gallery forms a communication between this cabinet and the *Stanze delle Buste* on one side, while on the other a small anti-chamber opens into the *Sali degli Animali*. Hence through a noble pillared vestibule you enter the hall, or rather the *Temple of the Muses*; an octagon supported by sixteen pillars of Carrara marble with ancient capitals, paved with ancient mosaics, representing in various compartments actors and theatrical exhibitions separated and bordered by mosaic. The vault above and the great divisions of the sides, are adorned with paintings of Apollo, the Muses, Homer, and various Poets; of Mi-

nerva, Genii, and other figures adapted to the general destination of the place. In the circumference below rose Apollo, Mnemosyne, and the Muses in the most conspicuous stations, and on elevated and highly wrought ancient pedestals. The most celebrated sages, poets, and orators of Greece stood in order around, as waiting on the divinities which had inspired their immortal strains:—a noble assembly that might have honored the *laurelled* pinnacles of Parnassus and not disgraced even the *cloud capt* summits of Olympus. But this assembly is now dispersed. The Muses have been dragged from the light and splendor of the Vatican, and are now immured in a sepulchral hall, where a single window sheds through a massive wall a few scanty beams on their gloomy niches.

Next to the *Stanze delle Muse* is the *Sala Rotonda*, a lofty dome supported by ten columns of *Carrara* marble, lighted from above, and paved with the largest piece of ancient mosaic yet discovered. In the middle is a vase of porphyry of more than fifty feet in circumference: around are colossal statues, and busts resting on half pillars of porphyry of great magnitude. This hall indeed is appropriated to colossal statues; all its forms and ornaments partake in some degree of their gigantic proportions.

From this *Rotonda*, which is considered as the noblest hall in the museum, a rich portal conducts into the *Sala a Croce Greca*, supported by columns paved with ancient mosaic, furnished with statues and lined with basso relievos. One object here naturally attracts attention. It is a vast sarcophagus formed with its lid of one block of red porphyry, beautifully ornamented in basso reliefo with little infant Cupids employed in the vintage, and bordered with tendrils and arabesques. It once contained the ashes of Constantia the daughter of Constantine the Great, and stood for ages in her mausoleum near the church of St. Agnes without the Porta Pia Nomentana. At length Alexander IV. converted the mausoleum into a church, and ordered the body of the Princess to be deposited, as that of a saint, under the altar; a motive which removes all imputation of guilt from the deed, though it would have been more prudent, as well as more respectful, to allow the body to remain undisturbed in the tomb to which it had been consigned by the hands of a father. The sarcophagus long remained an useless ornament, and was lately transported to the Museum.

The *Sala a Croce Greca* opens on a double staircase, raised on twenty-two pillars of red and white granite: its steps are marble, its

balustrade bronze. The middle flight conducts down to the Vatican library: the two other lead to the *Galleria de' Candelabri*, a long gallery divided into six compartments, separated from each other by columns of rich marbles. The furniture of this gallery consists in Candelabra of different kinds, all of exquisite workmanship and of the finest marbles, so numerous as to have given to the place its peculiar denomination. With these are intermingled vases, columns, Egyptian figures, tablets, tombs, tripods, and statues, which may have been discovered since the other apartments were filled, or could not perhaps be placed to advantage in any of the other classes.

At the end of this long suite of apartments a door opens into the *Galleria de' Quadri*, containing a collection of pictures by the principal masters of the different Italian schools. Though several of these pieces have a considerable degree of merit, yet they are inferior to a thousand others in Rome, and can excite little or no interest in the mind of a spectator who has just passed through such a series of temples, and has been feasting his eyes with the most perfect specimens of ancient sculpture. To this disadvantage another may be added, arising from the immediate neighborhood of the unequalled per-

formances of Raffaello, before which most other compositions, however great their merit or extensive their fame, lose their splendor and sink into obscurity. However a gallery of pictures, though certainly not necessary in the Vatican, may yet produce a good effect; as under the patronage and active encouragement of government, it may gradually unite on one spot the fine specimens now dispersed over Italy, and by bringing the rival powers of the two sister arts of painting and sculpture into contact, it may concentrate their influence, and eventually promote their perfection.

As the traveller returns from these galleries he finds on the left, before he descends the above-mentioned staircase, a circular temple of marble supported by Corinthian pillars and covered with a dome. In the centre, on a large pedestal, stands an antique chariot with two horses in bronze. This temple though on a smaller scale yet from its materials, form and proportions, appeared to me one of the most beautiful apartments of the Museum and cannot fail to excite admiration.

Such is in part the celebrated *Musuem Pio-Clementinum*, which in the extent, multiplicity, and beautiful disposition of its apartments, far

surpasses every edifice of the kind, eclipses the splendour of the gallery of Florence once its rival, and scorns a comparison with the Parisian Museum whose gloomy recesses have been decorated with its plunder. The design of this Museum was first formed (as I have already observed, and the court, portico, and gallery allotted to it) and fitted up in part by Clement XIV. (Ganganelli); but the plan was enlarged and all the other halls and apartments were erected and furnished by Pius VI. the late pontiff. It would therefore be unbecoming, and indeed ungrateful, to turn from the Vatican without paying a just tribute of praise to the memory of these princes, who in the times of distress, when their income was gradually diminishing, found means to erect such a magnificent temple to taste, to the genius of antiquity, and to the loveliest and most engaging of the arts. They deserve to have their statues erected at the grand entrance of the Museum, and the lovers of the Arts would readily agree in the propriety of inscribing on the pedestal,

“ *Quique sui memores, alios fecere merendo.* ”

In this account of the Vatican I have purposely avoided details, and confined my observations to a few of the principal and most prominent features, as my intention is not to give a

full description of this celebrated palace, which would form a separate volume; but merely to awaken the curiosity and attention of the traveller. Of the pictures and statues I may perhaps speak hereafter. At present I shall content myself with referring to the well-known work of the *Abate Winkelmann*, who speaks on the subject of statues with the learning of an antiquary, the penetration of an artist, and the rapture of a poet.

CHAP. III.

*Churches—General Observations—St. Clement's
—St. Peter in Vinculis—St. Martin and St.
Sylvester—St. Laurence—St. John Lateran—
St. Paul and other Patriarchal Churches.*

FROM the palaces we naturally pass to the churches which form the peculiar glory of Modern Rome, as the temples seem to have been the principal ornaments of the ancient city. On this subject, as on the preceding article, I think it best to begin by a few general observations, the more necessary as the topic is of great extent and much interest; for while the palaces of Venice and Genoa have been compared, and the latter not unfrequently preferred, to those of Rome, the superior splendor and magnificence of her churches stand unrivalled and undisputed; and in this respect, it is acknowledged that still,

Hæc tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes,
Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

Virg. Ecl. i.

Addison observes, "that the christian anti-

quities are so embroiled in fable and legend, that one receives but little satisfaction from searching into them." The portion of satisfaction to be derived from such researches, depends upon the taste and views of the person who makes them; for as to fable and legend, I fancy there is a sufficient stock in heathen as well as in christian antiquity, to puzzle and embroil an ordinary inquirer. However, notwithstanding the obscurity which ages and revolutions, ignorance or folly, may have thrown over both these species of antiquity, the traveller as he wanders over the venerable *regions* of this wonderful city so long the seat of Empire and Religion, will find a sufficient number of monuments, both sacred and profane, to edify as well as to delight an unprejudiced mind. Among the former the churches without doubt occupy the first rank, as some few of them were erected in the era of Constantine, and many may ascribe their origin to the zeal of that Emperor himself, or to that of his sons and their immediate successors.

In these edifices the constituent and essential parts remain the same as they were at the period of erection, and even the more solid and permanent ornaments still stand unaltered in their respective places. From them therefore we may learn with some certainty, the form of Christian

churches in the early ages, the position of the altar, of the episcopal chair, and of the seats of the clergy, together with the arrangement and furniture of the chancel and the choir. Moreover some of these churches had been temples, and many were basilicæ or courts destined to public meetings, and may therefore contribute not a little to give us clearer ideas of the size and proportions of such buildings, particularly of the latter, and of the order observed in the assemblies held in them. We may perhaps from them be able to make some conjectures relative to the forms early established in Christian churches, and to judge how far the ancients may have thought proper to transfer the rules observed in civil assemblies to religious congregations.

In the next place, in the churches principally we may trace the decline and restoration of architecture, and discover thence which branches of that art were neglected, and which cultivated during the barbarous ages. These edifices were almost the only objects attended to and respected during that long period; and as most of the new were erected on the plans of the old, they became the vehicles, if I may be allowed the expression, by which some of the best principles of Roman architecture were transmitted

to us. It has been justly observed, that while the symmetry, the proportion, the very constituent forms of the Greek and Roman orders were abandoned and apparently forgotten, the solidity, the magnitude, and what is more remarkable, the greatness of manner so much admired in the interior of ancient buildings, were retained and still appear in many churches erected in the darkest intervals of the middle ages. From such fabrics we may therefore infer, that magnificence and grandeur long survived the fall of taste, and that some features of the Roman character still continued to manifest themselves in the works of their descendants, in spite of the prevalency of foreign ignorance and of transalpine barbarism.

This observation relative to internal magnificence leads to another which must have struck every traveller; that in many churches the outward form and embellishments are far inferior to the inward appearances. Whether the ancients themselves did not always pay equal attention to the outside; or whether like the modern Italians, they sometimes deferred the execution of the whole plan for want of money or materials; or whether the hand of time or the more destructive hand of war has torn away the marble that covered these edifices; but it must be

owned that the outside of the Pantheon and of Diocletian's baths by no means corresponds with their internal magnificence. In succeeding ages the disproportion became more striking, and nothing can be more contemptible than the external show of some of the noblest basilicæ: as that of St. Paul's for instance, of St. Laurence, and also that of St. Sebastian, which exhibits more the appearance of a neglected barn than of a patriarchal church. The same remark might have been applied to *Santa Maria Maggiore* till the reign of Benedict XIV. who cased it with Tiburtine stone, adorned it with a portico or a colonnade in front, and gave it an exterior of some dignity, though not perfect nor altogether worthy of its grand and splendid interior.

Moreover, while the traveller expects, and not without reason, to find some specimens of the best taste and purest style of architecture among the Roman churches, he must not be surprised if he should frequently meet with instances of the very reverse in both respects, and have reason too often to lament that the finest materials have been thrown away in the construction of shapeless and deformed edifices. To explain this singular combination of good and bad taste, the reader has only to recollect, that in Rome, as in other great cities, different fashions have prevailed at different periods, and that architects, even

when above the ignorance or the prejudices of their age, have yet been obliged to submit to them, and conform to the caprice of their employers. Besides, architects in modern times have been too prone no indulge the fond hope of excelling the ancients, by deviating from their footsteps, and of discovering some new proportion, some form of beauty unknown to them, by varying the outlines, and by trying the effects of endless combinations.

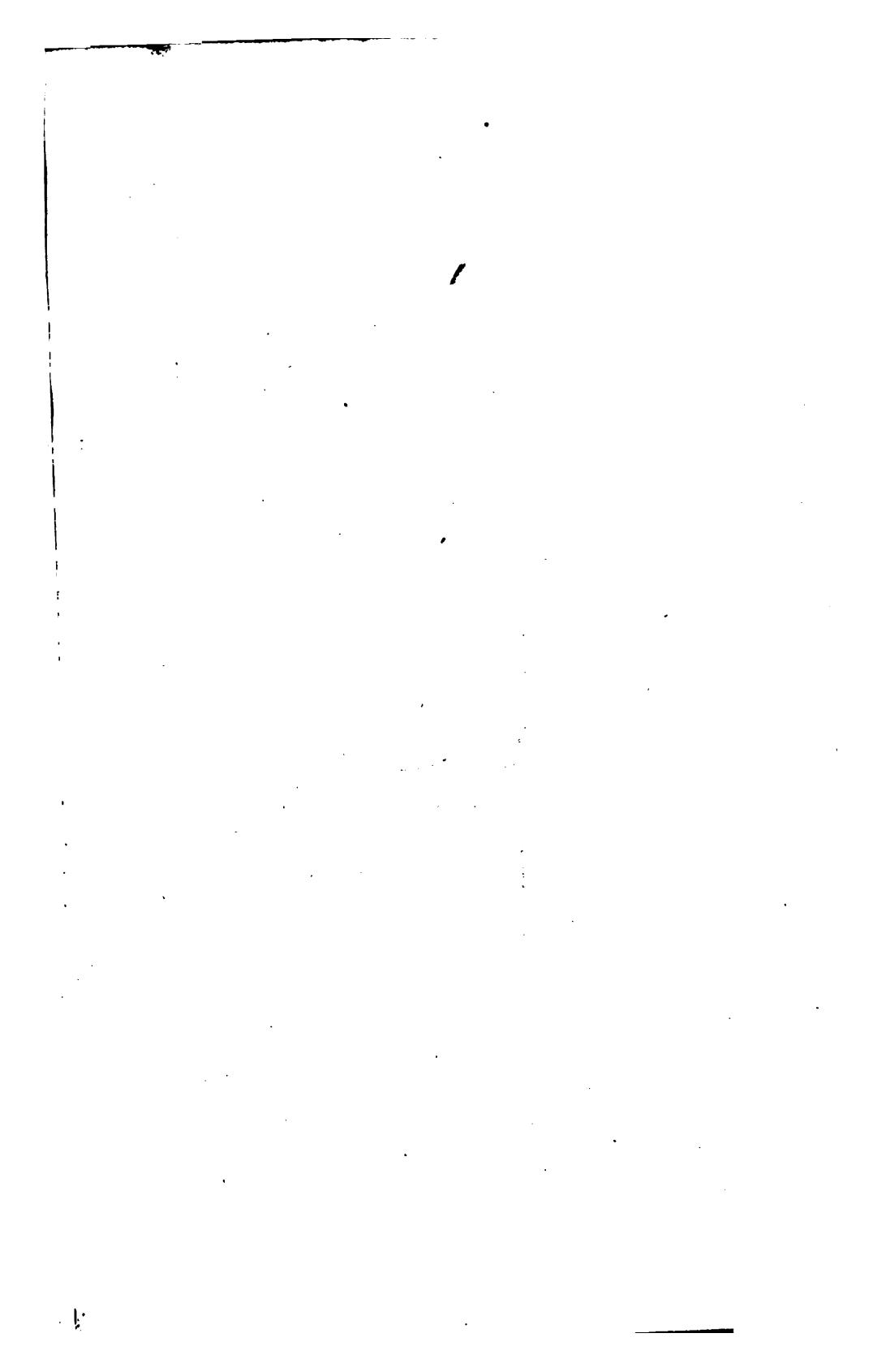
Now in no city have architects been more encouraged and employed than in Rome, and in no city have they indulged their fondness for originality with more freedom and more effect, to the great depravation of taste, and perversion of the sound principles of ancient architecture. Few have been entirely exempt from this weakness, but none have abandoned themselves to its influence more entirely than *Borromini*, who, although a man of genius, talent, and information, has yet filled Rome with some of the most deformed buildings that ever disgraced the streets of a capital. Such deviations from the principles of the ancients must appear extraordinary every-where, and particularly at Rome, where so many superb monuments remain to attract the attention of the artist, and form his taste, while they excite his admiration. In truth, while the portico of the Pantheon stands

preserved, it would seem by the genius of architecture, as a model for the imitation of future generations; while it meets the architect in every morning walk, and challenges his homage as he passes, it must appear extraordinary indeed that he should abandon its simple yet majestic style, to substitute in its stead a confused and heavy mass of rich materials, which may astonish but can never please even the rudest observer. Surely the double or triple range of columns, the uninterrupted entablature, the regular pediment unbroken and unencumbered, delight the eye more by their uniform grandeur, than pillars crowded into groups, cornices sharpened into angles, and pediments twisted into curves and flourishes, which break one grand into many petty objects, and can neither fix the sight, nor arrest the attention. Yet, while the former, exemplified in the Pantheon, is coldly admired and neglected, the latter is become the prevailing style in ecclesiastical architecture at Rome, and of consequence over all Italy.

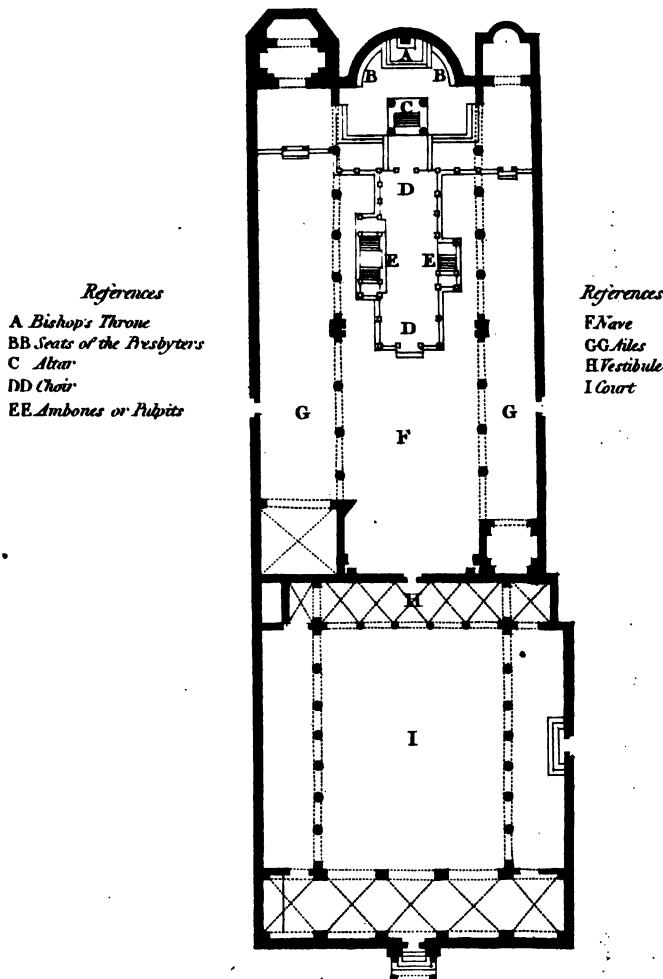
Again, churches, like most places of public resort, have their day of favor and of fashion when they are much frequented, and of course repaired and decorated with care and magnificence. Not unfrequently some cardinal or rich prelate, or perhaps the reigning pontiff himself, may con-

ceive a particular attachment to some church or other, and in that case we may conclude, that all the powers of art will be employed in repairing, adorning, and furnishing the favored edifice. But this sunshine of popularity may pass away, and many a noble pile has been abandoned for ages to the care of an impoverished chapter, of a needy incumbent, or of a parish thinned by emigration. In such circumstances, only so much attention is paid to the edifice as is necessary to protect it against the inclemency of the weather or the injuries of time, and this care is generally confined to the exterior, while the interior is abandoned to solitude, dampness, and decay.— Unfortunately some of the most ancient and venerable churches in Rome are in this latter situation; whether it be that they stand in quarters once populous but now deserted, or that churches erected in modern times, or dedicated to modern saints, engross a greater share of public attention, I know not; but those of St. Paul, St. Laurence, St. Stephen, St. Agnes, and even the Pantheon itself, the glory of Rome, and the boast of architecture, owe little or nothing to modern munificence.

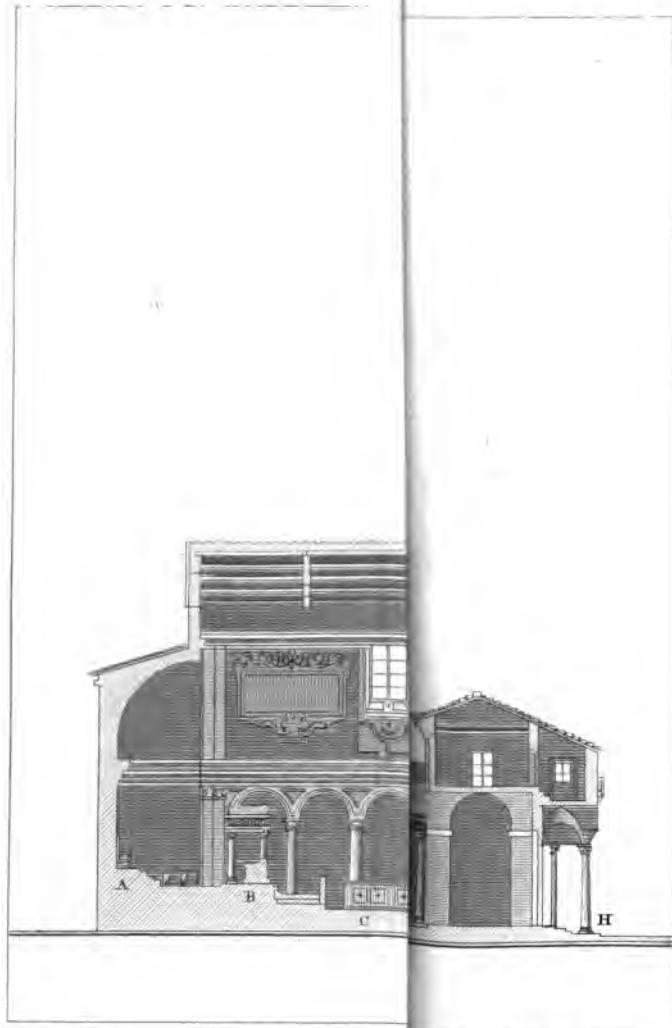
But notwithstanding these disadvantages and defects, there are few, very few churches in Rome, which do not present, either in their size



CHURCH of ST CLEMENT.

N.B. The faint lines mark the additions of later times





A Bishop's Throne

B Altar

C Choir

D Pulpit

E Nave

F Vestibule

G Court

H Perch

or their proportions, in their architecture or their materials, in their external or internal decoration, something that deserves the attention of the traveller and excites his just admiration. He therefore who delights in halls of an immense size and exact proportion, in lengthening colonnades and vast pillars of one solid block of porphyry, of granite, of Parian or Egyptian marble; in pavements that glow with all the tints of the rainbow, and roofs that blaze with brass or gold; in canvas warm as life itself, and statues ready to descend from the tombs on which they recline; will range round the churches of Rome, and find in them an inexhaustible source of instructive and rational amusement, such as no modern capital can furnish, and such as might be equalled or surpassed by the glories of ancient Rome alone.

I shall now proceed to some particular churches, and without pretending to enter into very minute details, mention only such circumstances as seem calculated to excite peculiar interest.

The church of St. Clement, in the great street that leads to St. John Lateran, is the most ancient church in Rome. It was built on the site, and was probably at first one of the great apartments of the house of the holy bishop whose name it bears. It is mentioned as ancient by authors

of the fourth century (St. Jerome, Pope Zozimus, &c.) and is justly considered as one of the best models that now exist of the original form of Christian churches. It has frequently been repaired and decorated, but always with a religious respect for its primitive shape and fashion. In front of it is a court with galleries, supported by eighteen granite pillars and paved with pieces of shattered marbles, among which I observed several fragments of beautiful *Verde antico*. The portico of the church is formed of four columns of the same materials as the pillars of the gallery, and its interior is divided into a nave and aisles by twenty pillars of various marbles. The choir commences about the centre of the nave, and extends to the steps of the sanctuary; there are two pulpits, called anciently Ambones, one on each side of the choir. A flight of steps leads to the sanctuary or chancel, which is terminated by a semicircle, in the middle of which stands the episcopal chair, and on each side of it two marble ranges of seats border the walls for the accommodation of the priests; the inferior clergy with the singers occupied the choir. In front of the episcopal throne, and between it and the choir, just above the steps of the sanctuary, rises the altar unencumbered by screens and conspicuous on all sides. The aisles terminated in two semicircles, now used as chapels called anciently Exedræ.

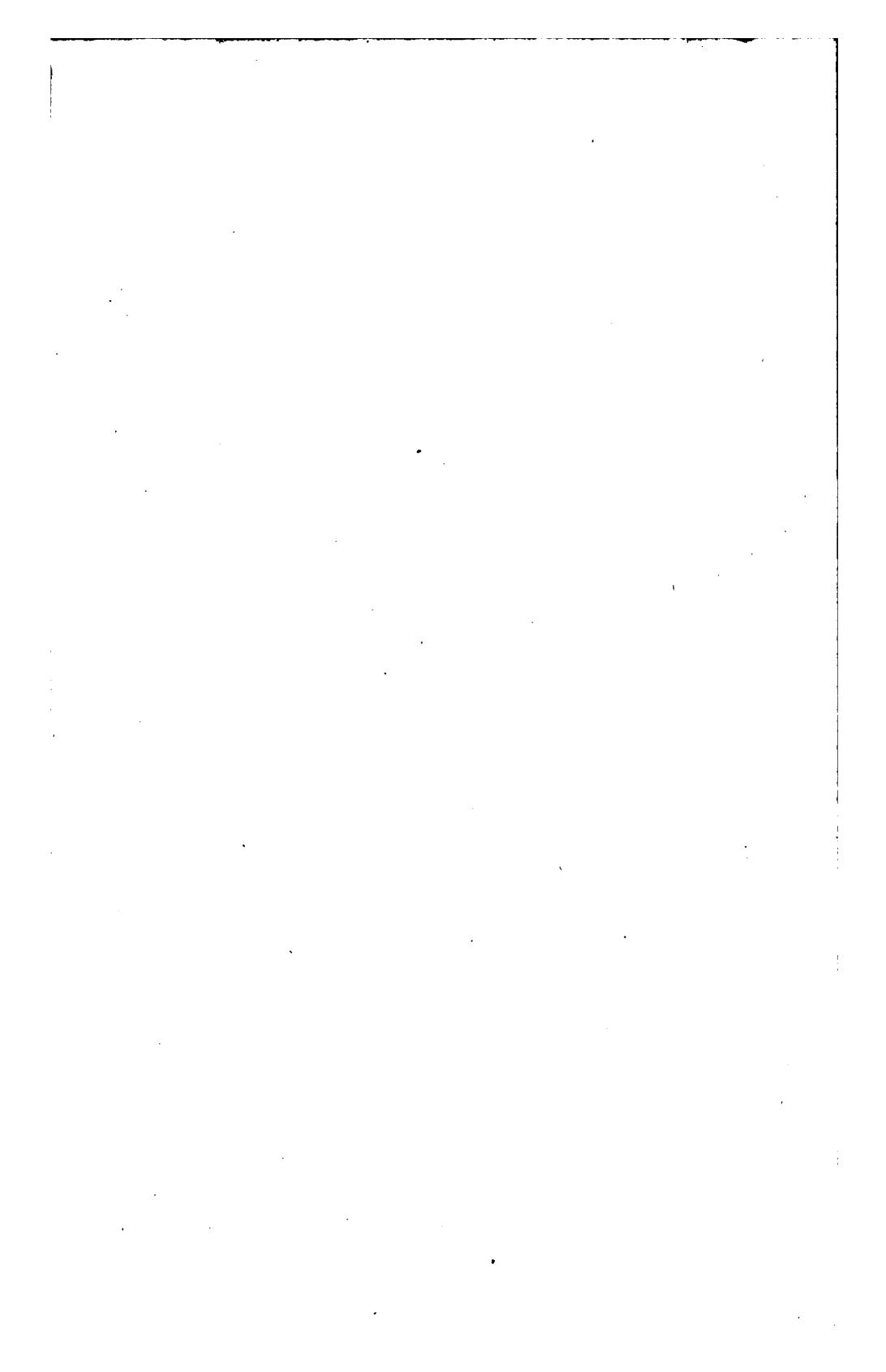
or Cellæ, and appropriated to private devotion in prayer or meditation. Such is the form of St. Clement's, which though not originally a basilica, is evidently modelled upon such buildings; as may be seen not only by the description given of them by Vitruvius, but also by several other churches in Rome which having actually been basilicæ, still retain their original form with slight modifications. The same form has been retained or imitated in all the great Roman churches, and indeed in almost all the cathedral and abbey churches in Italy; a form without doubt far better calculated both for the beauty of perspective and for the convenience of public worship than the arrangement of Gothic fabrics, divided by screens, insulated by partitions, and terminating in gloomy chapels.*

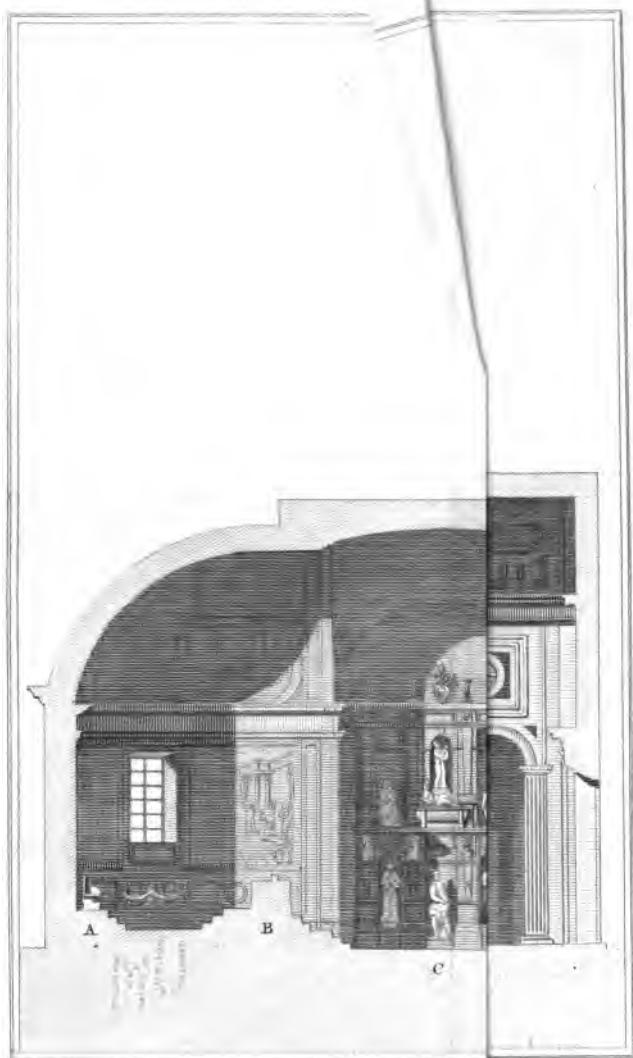
S. Pietro in Vincoli, so called from the chains with which St. Peter was bound both in Rome

* I recommend to my readers the account of ancient churches and their ornaments given by the judicious and learned *Fleury*. The work which contains it, with many curious details and interesting observations, is entitled *Les Mœurs des Chrétiens*. The perusal of it will give the traveller a very accurate notion of the subject at large, and enable him, not only to comprehend what he finds written upon it, but also to pronounce with some precision on the form and ornaments of such churches as he may hereafter visit. (See chapters 35. et seq.)

and at Jerusalem, now preserved, as is believed, under the altar, was erected about the year 420, and after frequent reparations presents now to the eye a noble hall, supported by twenty Doric pillars of Parian marble, open on all sides, adorned with some beautiful tombs, and terminating in a semicircle behind the altar. It is pity that the taste of the age in which this edifice was erected should have been perpetuated through so many successive reparations, and the arches carried from pillar to pillar still suffered to appear; while an entablature, like that of *St. Maria Maggiore*, would have concealed the defect and rendered the order perfect. The pillars are too thin for Doric proportions, and too far from each other; very different in this respect from the Doric models still remaining at Athens. But the proportions applied by the ancient Romans to this order, rendered it in fact a distinct order, and made it almost an invention of their own. Among the monuments the traveller will not fail to observe a sarcophagus of black marble and of exquisite form, on the left hand; and on the right, the tomb of Julius II. indifferent in itself, but ennobled by the celebrated figure of Moses, supposed to be the master-piece of Michael Angelo, and one of the most beautiful statues in the world.*

* The ode or sonnet of Zappi inspired by the contempla-





A Bishop's Throne.

B Altar.

B of^r Julius II^D

SECTION

Not far from *S. Pietro in Vincoli* is the church of *S. Martino* and *S. Silvestro*, formed out of a part of the ruins of the neighboring baths of Titus, and, as far as regards the Crypta or subterraneous church, as ancient as the times of St. Sylvester and Constantine the Great. It has, as will easily be imagined, undergone various repairs, and is at present one of the most beautiful edifices in Rome. It is supported by Corinthian columns of the finest marbles, bearing not arches but an entablature irregular indeed as to ornament, but of great and pleasing effect. The walls of the aisles are adorned with paintings by the two *Poussins* and much admired by connoisseurs. The *tribuna* or sanctuary is raised several steps above the body of the church; the high altar which stands immediately above the steps is of the most beautiful form and of the richest materials. The paintings on the walls and the roof are colored in the brightest yet softest tints imaginable, and seem to shed over the whole church a celestial lustre. Under the altar a door opens upon a marble staircase leading to a subterraneous chapel lined with stucco, nearly resembling marble, and adorned with numerous

tion of this wonderful statue, is well known, and may be found in Roscoe's late excellent work, the *Life of Leo the Tenth*, with a very accurate translation.

pillars in a very pleasing style of architecture. Thence you pass into the ancient church, which, from the increase of the ruins around, is now become almost subterranean: it is a large vaulted hall, once paved with mosaic, and seems from the remains, to have been well furnished with marble and paintings; it is now the receptacle of damp unwholesome vapors, that tinge the walls, and hover round the solitary tombs. A few purple hats with their rich tassels, the insignia of the dignity of Cardinal, suspended from the vaults, and tarnished with time and humidity, cast a feeble unavailing ray of splendor on the monuments of their departed possessors. The spectator, cautioned by the chilness of the place not to prolong his stay, contents himself with casting a transient glance on the sullen scenery, and returns to the splendid exhibition of the temple above.

The church of *St. Andrea in Monte Cavallo*, by *Bernini*, though so small as to deserve the name of chapel only, is so highly finished and so richly decorated that I should recommend it to the attention of the traveller as peculiarly beautiful. It was formerly, with the annexed convent, the property of the Jesuits, who seldom wanted either the means or the inclination to impart splendor and magnificence to their estab-

lishments. Unfortunately they have often displayed more riches than taste, and given their churches the decorations and glare of a theatre, instead of adhering to the golden rule in religious architecture, that of disposing the best materials in the simplest order. The neglect of this maxim renders the great church of the Jesuits (*the Giesu*) though confessedly one of the richest, yet in my opinion one of the ugliest, because one of the most gaudy in Rome.

St. Cecilia in Trastevere has great antiquity and much magnificence to recommend it. It is supposed to have been the house of that virgin martyr, and they shew a bath annexed to it in which they pretend that she was beheaded. Over the tomb is a fine statue, exactly representing the attitude and the drapery of the body as it was discovered in the tomb in the year 821; such at least is the purport of the inscription. The saint is represented as reclining on her side, her garments spread in easy folds around her, and her neck and head covered with a veil of so delicate a texture, as to allow the spectator almost to discover the outlines of the countenance. The posture and drapery are natural as well as graceful, and the whole form wrought with such exquisite art, that we seem to behold the martyred virgin, not locked in the

slumbers of death, but in the repose of innocence, awaiting the call of the morning. A court and portico, according to the ancient custom, lead to this church, and pillars of fine marble divide and adorn it; but it labors under the defect alluded to above, and, like many other churches, is encumbered with its own magnificence.

S. Pietro in Montorio, or *Monte Aureo*, a very ancient church, was once remarkable for its sculpture and paintings, furnished by the first masters in these two branches; but many of the former have been broken or displaced, and some of the latter carried off by the French during the late predatory invasion. Among these is the famous Transfiguration, generally supposed to be the first painting in the world. It was said to have been in a bad light in its original situation; but it must be recollectcd, that Raffaello designed it for that very light; besides, I do not believe that the French are likely to place it in a better.*

* When I was at Paris in the year 1802, it had been withdrawn from the gallery, and was intended for the chapel of one of the first consul's palaces. If in that of *Versailles* the light be not too strong, the Transfiguration may appear to advantage, as the architecture and decorations of

In the middle of the little square, formed by the cloister of the convent belonging to the church of *St. Pietro in Montorio*, is a chapel in the form of an ancient temple; round, supported by sixteen pillars, and crowned with a dome. It is the work of *Bramante*, and much admired. It would, methinks, have been more beautiful if the architect had copied the Greek models, or adopted the proportions of the temple of *Tivoli* of a similar form. Besides the lantern that crowns the dome, or rather terminates the cella, is by much too large for the edifice, and seems to crush it by its weight. Yet the colonnade, such is the effect of pillars, gives this little temple, with all its defects, an antique and noble appearance.*

Santa Maria in Trastevere, or *Basilica Calixti*, is a very ancient church, supposed to have been originally built by Pope Calixtus, about the year 220. It was rebuilt by Julius I. in the

the chapel, the best I have seen beyond the Alps, are not perhaps altogether unworthy of contributing to display the beauties of such a masterpiece.

* This edifice is introduced into the Cartoon that represents St. Paul preaching at Athens, and is given with considerable accuracy.

year 340, and has since undergone various repairs, and received of course many improvements. Its bold portico and its nave are supported by ancient pillars, some of red, some of black granite, all of different orders and different dimensions; the entablature also is composed of the shattered remains of various ancient cornices; and indeed the whole edifice seems an extraordinary assemblage of orders, proportions, and materials. However, it exhibits a certain greatness of manner in the *whole*, that never fails to cover defects in the detail, and its general appearance is bold and majestic. Its vault and chapels are adorned with several beautiful paintings by *Dominichino*, and other great masters. The square before this church is watered by a handsome fountain, perhaps the most ancient in Rome, as it was opened by Adrian I. about the year 790, and restored and ornamented by Clement XII.

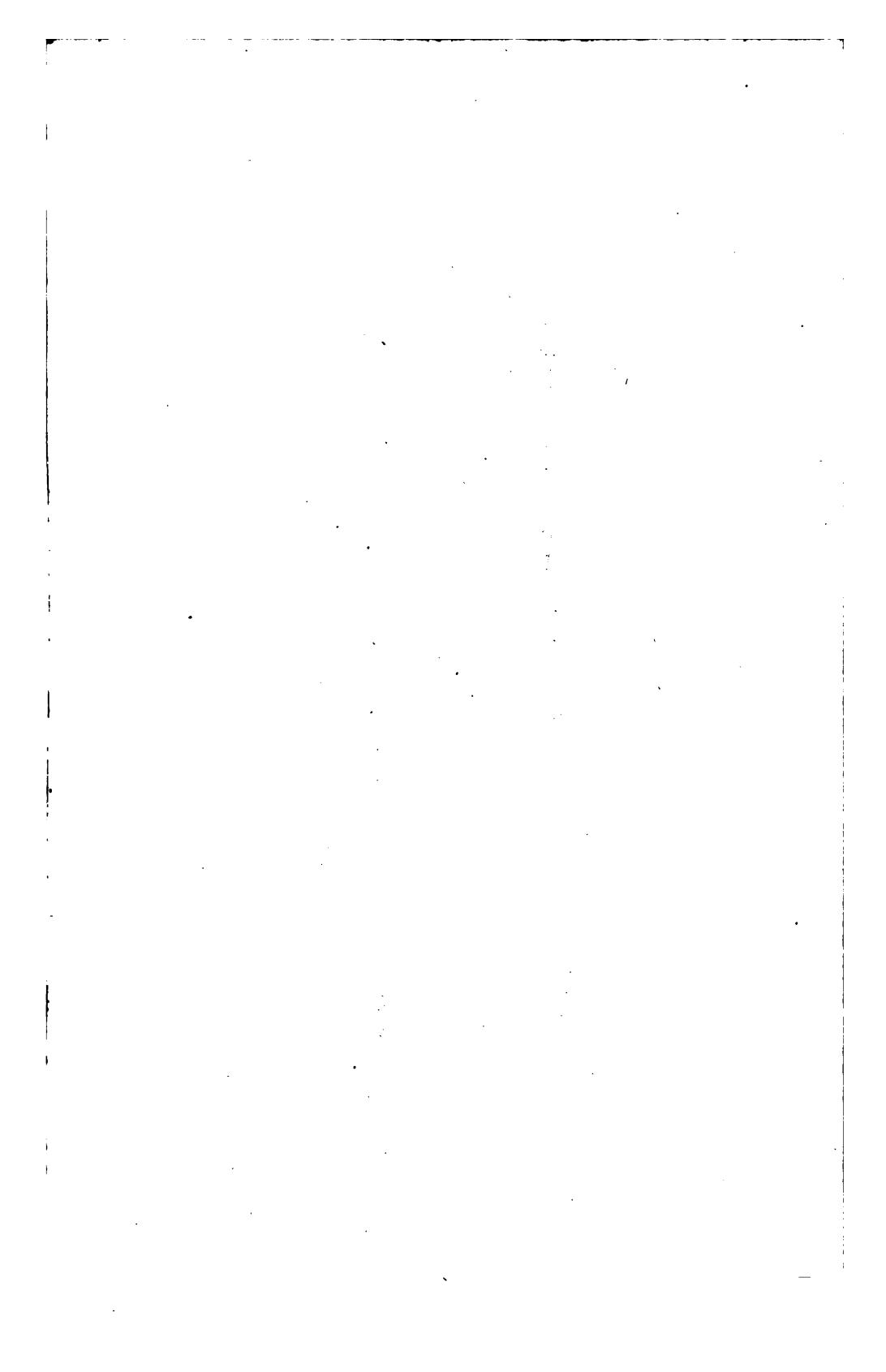
S. Grisogono, a very ancient church, ascribed originally to Constantine, is remarkable for the numerous columns of granite, porphyry, and alabaster, that support its nave and choir.

S. Giovanni e Paolo is equally ancient, and still more splendidly furnished with pillars and antique ornaments.

S. *Gregorio Magno* is remarkable because erected by the celebrated pontiff, whose name it bears, on the very site of his own house, the residence of the Anician family. The church, with the convent adjoining, was by its founder dedicated under the title of St. Andrew, a title which was gradually lost, and replaced by that of St. Gregory. This fabric has undergone several changes, and though rich in materials, has, from the bad taste with which those changes have been conducted, but little claim to our admiration. There are three chapels within the precincts of the convent, or rather annexed to the church, one of which is ennobled by the rival exertions of *Guido* and *Dominichino*, who have here brought their productions into contact, and left the delighted connoisseur to admire, and if he dare, to decide the point of pre-eminence. As these paintings are on the walls of the chapel, they remain; but every article that could possibly be removed from the church and its dependent chapels, were carried off by the Polish legion, which, during the French invasion, was stationed in the convent. So far indeed did this regular banditti carry their love of plunder, as to tear away the iron bars inserted in the walls of the church and cloisters, in order to strengthen them and to counteract the action of the vaults; so that it was considered as danger-

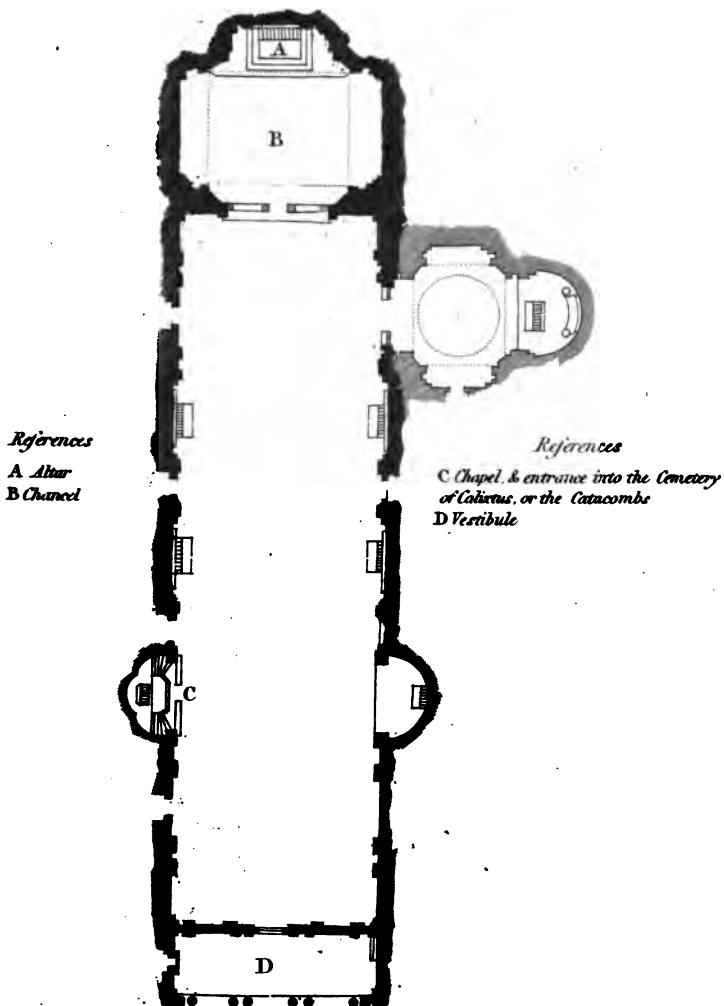
ous to walk in them, as their fall was expected every hour.

The classical reader would not pardon a traveller who should pass over in silence the church where the ashes of *Tasso* repose. This poet, the next in rank and in fame to Virgil, died in the convent of *St. Onofrio*, was buried without pomp, and lay for many years among *the vulgar dead*, without a monument or even *an inscription* over his remains. Few poets have received monumental honors immediately on their demise. Their fame has seldom taken its full range, or surmounted the difficulties which envy throws in its way during their lifetime; to pay due homage to their genius, and give to their memory all that man can give to the illustrious dead, sepulchral distinction, is generally the task of an impartial and grateful posterity. Upon this occasion however it was neither envy nor indifference, but friendship alone that deprived the Italian poet of the honors due to his merit. Immediately after his death, the fathers of the convent of *St. Onofrio*, and many persons of distinction, particularly the celebrated *Manso*, the friend and panegyrist of Milton, pressed forward with generous emulation to execute the honorable work: but the Cardinal *Cinthio Medici*, the patron of the poet in his latter days, considered the erec-



BASILICA of ST. SEBASTIAN.

N.B. The faint Lines mark the additions of later times.



tion of a becoming monument as a duty and an honor peculiarly appropriated to himself, and though he found himself obliged to defer the discharge of the friendly office year after year, yet he could never be induced to allow any other person to fulfil it in his stead. Death however deprived him of the honor of erecting a tomb to Tasso; and to the Cardinal *Bavilacqua* alone, is the public indebted for the present monument rather decent than magnificent, with a short inscription. Every English traveller who feels the sublimity of Milton, and knows how much the British bard owes to the Tuscan poet, will hasten to the church of *St. Onofrio*, and at the tomb of Torquato Tasso, hail the muse that inspired their rival strains.

Che di caduchi allori

Non circonda la fronte in Helicona;

Ma su ne Cielo infra i beati chorî

Ha di stelle immortali aurea corona!

S. Sebastiano, a church erected by Constantine in memory of the celebrated martyr whose name it bears, has a handsome portico and contains some good pictures and paintings. It is however more remarkable for being the principal entrance into the catacombs which lie in its neighborhood.

The catacombs are subterranean streets or galleries from four to eight feet in height, from two to five in breadth, extending to an immense and almost unknown length, and branching out into various walks. The confusion occasioned by the intersection of these galleries resembles that of a labyrinth, and renders it difficult, and without great precaution, dangerous to penetrate far into their recesses. The catacombs were originally excavated in order to find that earth or sand called at present *puzzolana*, and supposed to form the best and most lasting cement. They followed the direction of the vein of sand, and were abandoned when that was exhausted, and oftentimes totally forgotten. Such lone, unfrequented caverns afforded a most commodious retreat to the christians, during the persecutions of the three first centuries. In them therefore they held their assemblies, celebrated the holy mysteries, and deposited the remains of their martyred brethren. For the latter purpose they employed niches in the sides of the wall, placed there the body with a vial filled with the blood of the martyr, or perhaps some of the instruments of his execution, and closed up the mouth of the niche with thin bricks or tiles. Sometimes the name was inscribed with a word or two importing the belief and hopes of the deceased; at other times a cross or the initials of the titles of our Saviour inter-

woven, were the only marks employed to certify that the body enclosed belonged to a christian. Several bodies have been found without any inscription, mark, or indication of name or profession. Such may have belonged to Pagans, as it is highly probable that these cavities were used as burial places* before as well as during the age of persecutions. It is impossible to range over these vast repositories of the dead, these walks of horror and desolation, without sentiments of awe, veneration, and almost of terror. We seemed on entering to descend into the regions of the departed, wrapped up in the impenetrable gloom of the grave.

—*Marcentes intus tenebre, pellenque sub antris,
Longa nocte situs quo
Non metuunt emittere manus.*

Independent of these imaginary terrors, the damp air and fetid exhalations warn the curious

* A Jewish cemetery was discovered on the Via Portuensis; it was ornamented with various paintings, in one of which was seen the golden candlestick exactly in the same form as that in the Arch of Titus. An inscription containing the word CTNAΓΩΓ . . . seems to show that it had been employed as a place of worship.

traveller to abridge his stay and hasten to the precincts of day*.

The church of *Madonna del Sole* is the an

* The *arenarie extra Portam Esquilinam* are mentioned by Cicero (Pro Cluentio 13) as the scene of a horrible murder, the circumstances of which he relates; and Nero it seems was advised to conceal himself for a time in one of the *arenarie*, but refused to go under ground while alive. (Suetonius : Nero 48) Eusebius represents the Emperor Constantine as alluding to them, and frequent mention is made of them in the writers of the fourth and fifth century. Prudentius describes them with great accuracy and minuteness.

Haud procul extremo culta ad pomeria vallo
 Mersa latebrosis crypta patet foveis
 Hujus in occultum gradibus via prona reflexis
 Ire per anfractus luce latente docet;
 Primas namque fores summo tenus intrat hiatu;
 Illustratque dies limina vestibuli.
 Inde ubi progressu facilis nigrescere visa est
 Nox obscura loci per specus ambiguum,
 Occurrunt celsis immensa foramina tectis,
 Quæ jaciunt claros antra super radios.
 Quamlibet ancipites texant hinc inde recessus,
 Arcta sub umbrosis atria porticibus:
 Attamen excisi subter cava viscera montis
 Crebra terebrato fornice lux penetrat;
 Sic datur absentis per subterranea solis
 Cernere fulgorem luminibusque frui.
Peri Steph.: De Sancto Hippolito.

cient temple of Vesta, stripped of its whole entablature, curtailed of its full height by the raising of the ground which covers the lower part of the pillars, and disfigured by a most pre-

The lively account which St. Jerom gives of these cemeteries is not less minute. *Dum essem Romæ puer et liberalibus studiis erudirer, solebam cum cæteris ejusdem ætatis et propositi, diebus dominicis sepultra apostolorum et martyrum circumire, crebroque cryptas ingredi, quæ in terrarum profundo defossæ, ex utraque parte ingredientium per parietes habent corpora sepultorum; et ita obscura sunt omnia ut propemodum illud propheticum compleatur: descendant in infernum viventes: et raro desuper lumen admissum horrorem temperet tenebrarum, ut non tam fenestram quam foramen demissi luminis putemus; rursumque pedetentim acceditur, et cava nocte circumdatis illud Virgilianum proponitur*

Horror ubique animos simul ipsa silentia terrent.

S. Hieron. in Ezech.

The number of the cemeteries or catacombs is very great, as there are more than thirty known and distinguished by particular appellations, such as Cemeterium Calixti—Lucinæ—Felicitatis et Adaucti, &c.—In several, the halls or opener spaces are painted. Daniel in the Lion's Den—Jonas emerging from the Jaws of the Whale—and the Good Shepherd bearing a Lamb on his shoulders, seem to have been the favorite subjects. The latter recurs oftener than any other, and generally occupies the most conspicuous place. Some of these decorations are interesting and give a pleasing

posterior roof. The cell and pillars of white marble remain, but the latter are almost lost in a wall drawn from column to column, and filling up the whole intermediate space. It is much to

picture of the manners of the times, while others occasionally exhibit an affecting representation of the sufferings of the Christians. Of the former kind is a painting on a vaulted ceiling in the cemetery of Pontianus; in a circle in the centre appears the Good Shepherd—in the corners four figures of Angels—on the sides the four Seasons. Winter is represented by a youth holding some sticks in his right hand and extending it towards a vase with a flame rising from it: in his left he bears a lighted torch: a withered tree stands in the back ground. Spring is signified by a boy on one knee, as if he had just taken up a lamb which he supports with one hand; in the other he holds a lily: the scene is a garden laid out in regular walks: near the border of one of these walks stands a tree in full foliage. Summer appears as a man in a tunic, with a round hat on his head in the act of reaping; the sickle is of the same form as that used in England. Autumn is depicted as a youth applying a ladder to a tree, round which twines a luxuriant vine. All these compartments are divided by garlands and arabesques. Of the latter species of representation, we have an instance in a painting which presents a human figure immersed up to the middle in a boiling caldron, with his hands joined before his breast, and his eyes raised to heaven as if in ardent supplication. The three children in the flames occur frequently, and probably allude to the same subject. An inscription placed over one of these scenes of martyrdom is affecting. *O tempora infausta, quibus inter sacra et vota ne in cavernis quidem*

be lamented that when this edifice was fitted up for a church, it was not restored to its original form and beauty; which might have been done with less expense and difficulty, than were necessary to erect the wall and raise the roof which I have just censured. It is indeed highly probable that the materials requisite for such a restoration, that is the fragments of the frieze, architrave, and cornice, might be found round the bases of the pillars, as they may form part of the mass of ruins which has raised the present so much above the level of the ancient pavement. But this singular want of taste appears, if possible, more conspicuous in two other instances.

salvari possumus . . . Quid miseriis vita . . . quid morte
. . . cum ab amicis et parentibus sepeliri nequeant.—
Several words are obliterated. Besides these representations there are many detached figures, all alluding to religious and Christian feelings, such as anchors, palms, vases exhaling incense, ships, and portraits of different apostles. The dresses are often curious, and border upon some ornaments still in use in Italy, such as the cap of the Doge of Venice; the tunica and trowsers so common in the south, &c. &c. The language of the inscriptions is probably the colloquial Latin of the times, at least in many instances, and sometimes approaches very near to modern Italian.

The temple of Fortuna Virilis*, now the church of *Santa Maria Egiziaca*, is one of the few monuments that still remain of the æra of the Roman Republic. It is of the Ionic order, and its proportions and form are justly admired. Its portico was originally supported by four pillars, and its sides adorned with twice as many half columns. It was converted into a church in the ninth century, and long retained a considerable share of its primitive beauty. When it was reduced to its present degraded state I cannot precisely determine, but I believe about the middle of the seventeenth century. It is said to have been, when repaired, in a ruinous state: though that were the case, it was less difficult to preserve than to alter its principal features. The latter however has been done. The wall that separated the *Cella* from the Vestibule was removed, and rebuilt between the pillars of the portico, and windows were opened between the half columns on one of the sides. By these means a small space was added and more light was given to the interior, but the proportions and beauty were not a little impaired.

* There are doubts as to the real appellation of this temple, but all agree in its antiquity.

S. Lorenzo in Miranda. The name of this church, placed as it is in the Forum, and situated amidst a most wonderful display of Roman grandeur, is alone a sufficient recommendation to the attention of the traveller; but this recommendation acquires double weight when we learn that it stands on the ruins of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina. The portico of the temple, excepting the pediment and part of the walls, remains. The order is Corinthian; and the whole might have been restored without difficulty to its original form. But instead of following this process which the state of the ruin almost forced upon the architect, he has erected a frontispiece behind the pillars, of proportions, size, and order totally different; of two stories so contrived, that the cornice of the first does not reach even the capitals of the pillars before it, while the second rises far above them, and exhibits on high, as if in triumph over good taste, its barbarous twisted pediment.

Such instances of ignorance or stupidity, such preposterous and misshapen edifices, would surprise us even at Constantinople where almost every monument of ancient magnificence has long since perished, and every recollection of ancient taste is obliterated; but in Rome, where so many superb models still present themselves to our con-

sideration, where all the arts and particularly architecture are honored and cultivated with so much success, we behold them with astonishment and almost with horror. But neither censure, nor experience, nor disappointment can, deter vain and inconsiderate architects, from fruitless attempts to improve upon the works of the ancients, or cure them of their partiality to capricious combinations that have hitherto invariably terminated in deformity. *Torriani*, for he I believe was the *mason* who built the modern part of the church of *St. Lorenzo in Miranda*, probably imagined that his new frontispiece, with its two contracted stories, its petty pilasters, and its grotesque entablature, would fix the attention of the public at once, and totally eclipse the simple majesty of the colonnade before it. Vain hopes! The stately portico of *Antoninus* still attracts every eye and challenges universal admiration; while the modern addition is condemned as often as noticed and ranked among the monuments of a tasteless and semi-barbarous age.

It is not my intention at present to describe the churches beyond the walls: and of several within, which bear the names or are supposed to be formed of the ruins of ancient temples, I shall say but little, as they do not exhibit the least vestige of antiquity. Such is *Ara. Cæli*, on the

Capitoline hill supposed by many authors to occupy the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus : such also is *Santa Maria sopra Minerva*, reported to have been formerly the temple of that goddess; neither of which have a particular claim, unless their titles be considered as such, to our attention.* We shall now therefore proceed to the greater churches, under which appellation I include the Pantheon and the Seven Patriarchal *Basilice*, so called because they are the cathedrals of the sovereign pontiff who officiates in them on certain festivals, and reserves the high altar entirely to himself. These seven churches are, *St. Laurence (fuori delle mura)* *St. Sebastian*, *Santa Croce*, *Santa Maria Maggiore* or the *Basilica Liberiana*, *St. Paul (fuori delle mura)* *St. John Lateran* or the *Basilica Lateranensis*, *St. Peter* or the *Basilica Vaticana*. These temples are all of great antiquity, and if we except *St. Sebastian*, of

* The traveller should visit the churches that belong to particular nations and orders, and are considered as their respective mother churches; because not only French, Spaniards, Germans, but Greeks, Armenians, Cophs or Egyptians, and even East Indians and Chinese have their colleges and churches. The same may be said of all the religious orders. Several interesting particularities that indicate the character of these nations and bodies, may be observed in their respective establishments.

great magnificence. But to begin with the Pantheon.

The square of the Pantheon, or *Piazza della Rotonda*, is adorned with a fountain and an obelisk, and terminated by the portico of Agrippa. This noble colonnade consists of a double range of Corinthian pillars of red granite. Between the middle columns, which are a little farther removed from each other than the others, a passage opens to the brazen portals which, as they unfold, expose to view a circular hall of immense extent, crowned with a lofty dome, and lighted solely from above. It is paved and lined with marble. Its cornice of white marble is supported by sixteen columns and as many pilasters of *Giallo antico*; in the circumference there are eight niches, and between these niches are eight altars adorned each with two pillars of less size but of the same materials. The niches were anciently occupied by statues of the great deities; the intermediate altars served as pedestals for the inferior powers. The proportions of this temple are admirable for the effect intended to be produced; its height being equal to its diameter, and its dome not an oval but an exact hemisphere.

Such is the Pantheon, the most noble and perfect specimen of Roman art and magnificence

that time has spared, or the ancients could have wished to transmit to posterity. It has served in fact as a lesson and a model to succeeding generations; and to it Constantinople is indebted for *Santa Sophia*, and to it Rome or rather the World owes the unrivalled dome of the Vatican. I need not inform my reader that the body of the Pantheon is supposed by many antiquaries to be of republican architecture, and of course more ancient than the portico which, as its inscription imports, was erected by Agrippa about thirty years before the Christian æra. But whether the temple was built at the same time, or perhaps one hundred years before its portico, is a matter of little consequence, as it is on the whole the most ancient edifice that now remains in a state of full and almost perfect preservation. It has, it is true, undergone various changes from pillage and reparations; but these changes have been confined entirely to the decorations. It was first altered by Domitian and afterwards repaired by Severus. The pillars, pilasters, and marble lining remain nearly as they were placed by the latter. It was plundered of part of its bronze ornaments, among which some authors rank its brazen doors, by Genseric the Vandal monarch of Africa, and afterwards more completely stripped of all its metal decorations by Constantine, the grandson of Heraclius, in the seventh century. This semi-

barbarian Emperor is represented by indignant antiquaries as the greatest scourge that ever visited Rome, and is said to have committed more excesses, and done more mischief to the city during a short stay of seven days; than the Goths or Vandals during their repeated hostile approaches or long established dominion.

The Pantheon was converted into a church by Pope Boniface IV. about the year 609, and has since that period attracted the attention and enjoyed the patronage of various pontiffs. But though much has been done for the support and embellishment of this edifice, yet much is still wanting in order to restore to it all its glory. The pavement should be repaired, the marble lining of the attic replaced, and above all, the pannels of the dome gilt or edged with bronze. The want of some such decoration gives it a white, naked appearance, very opposite to the mellow tints of the various marbles that cast so rich a glow over the lower part. Yet let not the traveller complain, if even in this magnificent monument he shall find that his expectations surpass the reality, and that his fancy has thrown around the Pantheon an imaginary splendor. He must not expect to find in it the freshness of youth. Years pass not in vain over man or his works; they may sometimes spare proportion and symmetry, but

beauty and grace, whether in the marble portico or in the human form, soon yield to their touch and vanish. Twenty ages have now rolled over the Pantheon, and if they have not crushed its dome in their passage, they have at least imprinted their traces in sullen grandeur on its walls; they have left to it all its primeval proportions, but they have gradually stript it of its ornaments, its leaves of acanthus and its glossy colors. Perhaps these marks of antiquity and this venerable tint which time alone can shed over edifices, rather increase than diminish its majesty by adding to its justly admired form, that which no architect can bestow, the charms of recollection, and the united interest of age and disaster.

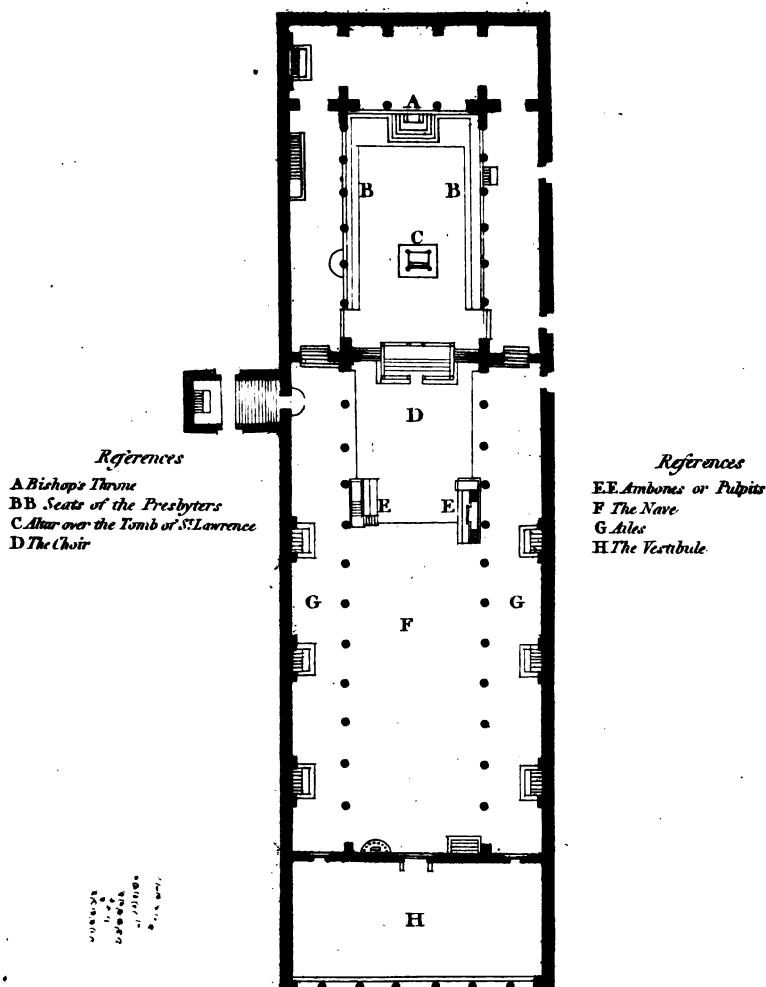
Though the Pantheon probably owes its preservation to the circumstance of its having been converted into a church, yet I know not whether it be altogether well calculated for that purpose. A circular hall, if consecrated to the offices of religion, requires, that the altar should be in the centre, a position which it cannot occupy in the Pantheon, owing to the aperture perpendicularly over it. A round temple is not, even when arranged to the best advantage, nearly so suitable or commodious for a christian assembly as the Basilica, with its corresponding aisles, elevated

chancel, and semi-circular termination. Leaving therefore to the Pantheon its principal character of a temple, I would set it apart as a mausoleum sacred to the memory and remains of persons eminently distinguished by great talents and splendid public virtues; of that class of worthies whom Virgil places in Elysium and ranks among demigods and heroes. In the centre might arise, on a lofty pedestal of steps, an altar of black marble destined solely for the service of the dead supporting a cross of alabaster half veiled in brazen drapery. At the corners of the altar four antique candelabra might pour a stream of solemn light on the funereal scene around. The monuments might occupy the niches, line the wall, and when numerous, rise in circles around the centre. However as the number of personages who deserve the honor of a public funeral is small, a length of time would elapse, perhaps many centuries, before the niches would be filled, or the pavement encumbered with sarcophagi. The arrangement here described is only an extension of that which has actually taken place, as the Pantheon contains at present the tombs or rather the busts of several distinguished characters, among which are the celebrated antiquary *Winkelmann*, *Metastasio*, *Mengs*, *Pousin*, *Hannibal Carracci*, and *Raffaello* himself. Two musicians

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BASILICA of ST. LAWRENCE

NB The faint Lines mark the additions of later times.



also, *Corelli* and *Sacchini*, have been admitted to the honors of the Pantheon.*

On the *Via Tiburtina*, at a small distance from the gate once of the same name, now more frequently called *Porta di S. Lorenzo*, stands the Basilica of that martyr, erected over his tomb by Constantine. Though frequently repaired and altered, yet its original form and most of its original decorations still remain. A portico, as is usual in all the ancient *Basilicæ*, leads to its entrance; it is supported and divided by four-and-twenty pillars of granite; the choir occupies the upper part of the nave in the ancient manner, as in St. Clement's. The *ambones* or two pulpits stand on either side of the entrance to the choir, close to the pillars; they are very large and all inlaid with marble. From the choir a flight of steps leads to the sanctuary paved with mosaic and adorned by a double story, each of twelve pillars of rich marble and of Corinthian form. Of the lower range of pillars part only appears above, as it descends through an open space left for that purpose far

* The dedication of this church on the first of November, in the year 830, gave occasion to the institution of the festival of All Saints.

below the pavement. Four other columns adorn the wall that runs some feet behind the sanctuary as four more of porphyry support the canopy over the altar. The seats of the sanctuary are of marble, as is the chair of the pontiff, a very ancient episcopal throne. Under the altar is *the Confession* or tomb of St. Laurence where his body reposes, as is related, with that of St. Stephen the first martyr; it is beautifully inlaid and incrusted with the most precious marble.

This church though unfrequented on account of its situation, is yet rendered highly interesting by its antiquity, its form, and its materials, and by a certain lonely majesty which seems to brood over it, and fills the mind with awe and reverence. Prudentius has described the martyrdom of St. Laurence in a long hymn, in which among many negligencies there are several beauties; and the celebrated Vida has treated the same subject with the devotion of a bishop and with the enthusiasm of a poet. Several of his images, sentiments and allusions as well as his language throughout, are truly classical; and while I recommend the two hymns of this author to the perusal of the reader, I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of inserting one passage from the first, not only on account of its ex-

quisite beauty, but on account of its connexion with the scenery of Rome, and with the ground which we are now treading. In it the saint, when sensible or rather certain of his approaching fate, is represented as hanging occasionally over the Tiber, and turning with melancholy recollection towards his native land and the haunts of his youth.

Si quando tamen in ripâ subsistit amæni
Tybridis, aspectans auras, cœlique profunda,
Solis ad occasum versus, Non te amplius, inquit,
Aspiciam, dives regnis.* Hispania opimis,
Nec vos, O patriæ fluvii, carique parentes,
Qui spem forte mei redditus agitatis inanem.
Tuque, O Tybri! vale! colles salvete Latini!
Quos colui heroum tumuli, sacrataque busta!

In another passage the last sensations and feelings of the martyr are described in a style highly animated and affecting. The concluding verses of the same hymn express at once the piety and the patriotism of its author.†

From the *Porta Tiburtina* a long and straight street, or rather road, leads almost in a direct

* St. Laurence was a native of Spain.

† V. 245.

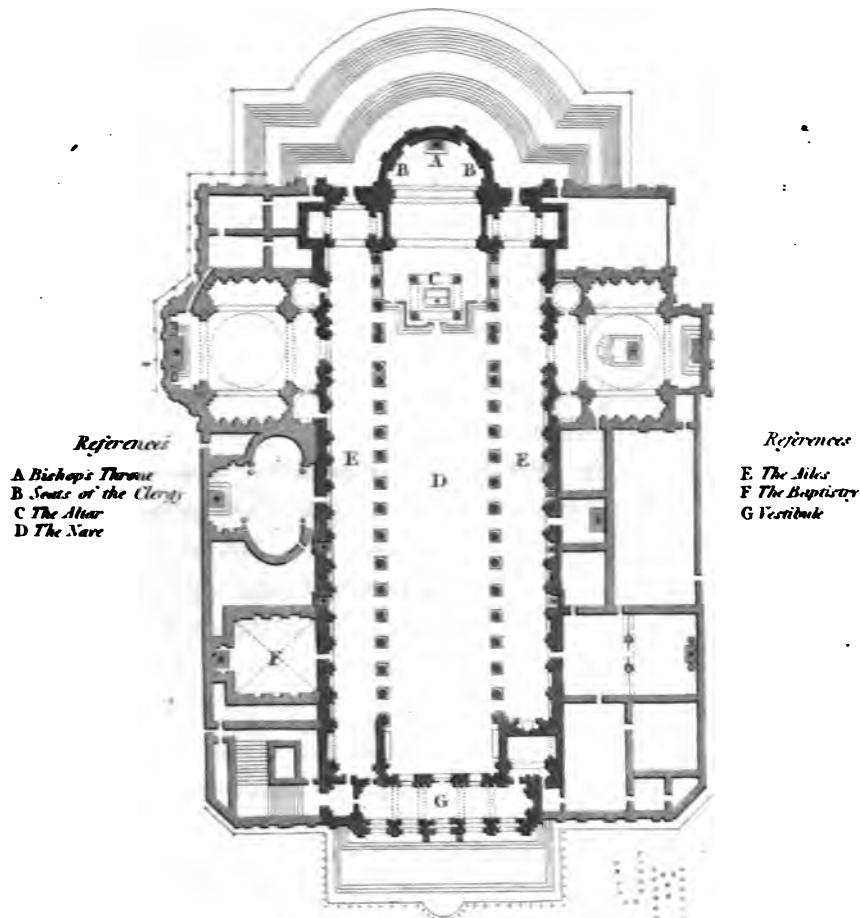
line to the *Basilica Liberiana*,* or church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, which derives its former appellation from Pope Liberius, in whose time it was erected, its latter, from its size and magnificence, as being the first that bears the appellation of the Blessed Virgin. It is said to have been founded about the year 350, and has undergone many repairs and alterations since that period. It is one of the noblest churches in the world and well deserves an epithet of distinction. It stands by itself on the highest swell of the Esquiline hill, in the midst of two great squares which terminate two streets of near two miles in length. To these squares the Basilica presents two fronts of modern architecture and of different decorations. The principal front consists of a double colonnade, one over the other; the lower Ionic, the upper Corinthian;† before it on a lofty pedestal rises a Corinthian pillar supporting a brazen image of the Blessed Virgin.

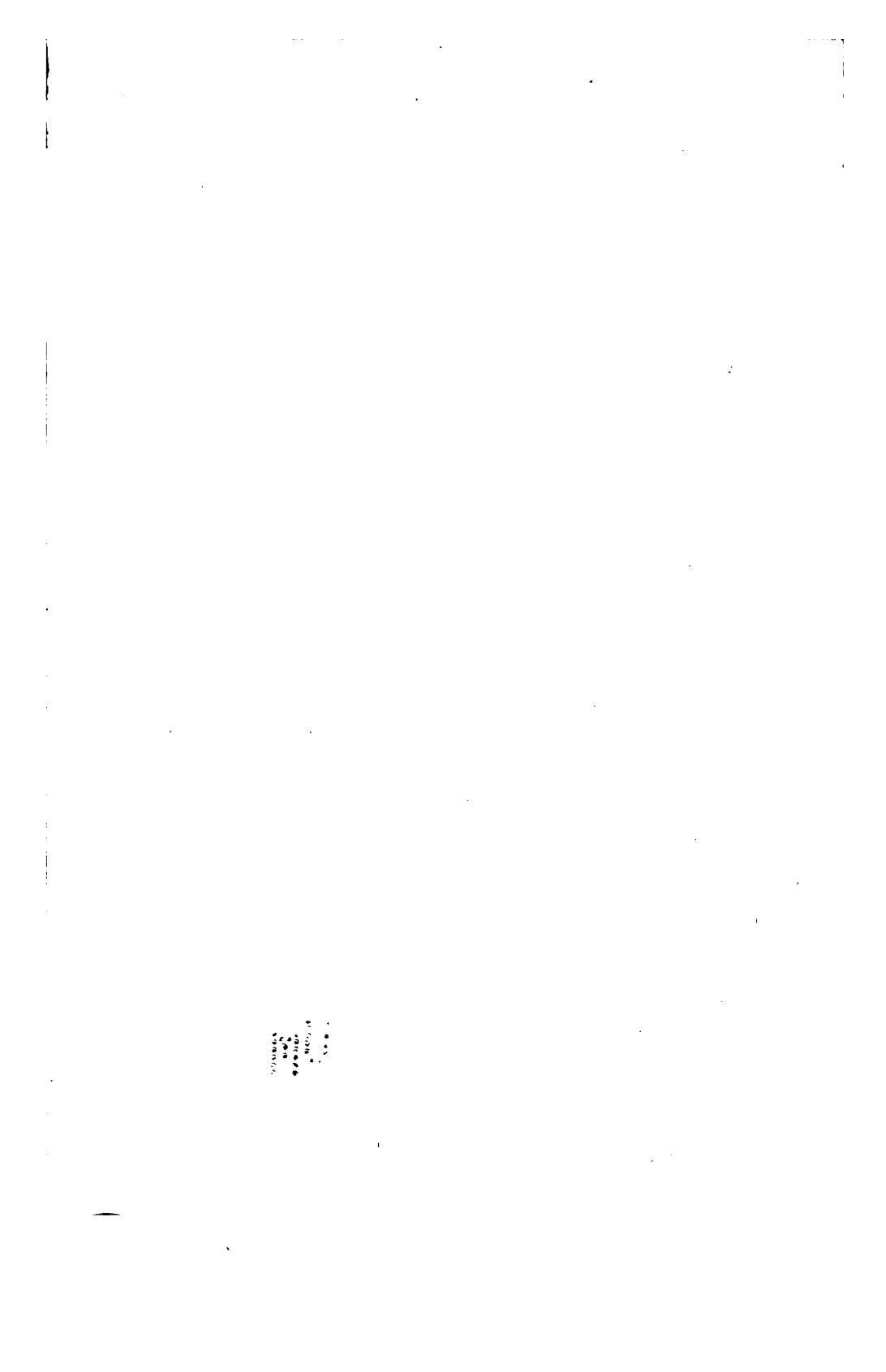
* In the portico of this church there is a large antique sarcophagus, on which is sculptured an ancient marriage; on another which stands behind the sanctuary is a vintage. They are both admired for the beauty of the workmanship. The fields around St. Lorenzo were called anciently the Campus Veranus.

† This front, notwithstanding the noble pillars of granite that support it, is justly censured for want of simplicity.

BASILICA LIBERIANA,

OR STA MARIA MAGGIORE.

N.B. The faint Lines mark the additions of later times.



On the other side, a bold semicircular front adorned with pilasters and crowned with two domes, fills the eye and raises the expectation. Before it, on a pedestal of more than twenty feet in height, stands an Egyptian obelisk of a single piece of granite of sixty, terminating in a cross of bronze. These accompaniments on each side, give the Basilica an air of unusual grandeur, and it must be allowed that the interior is by no means unworthy of this external magnificence.

The principal entrance is, as usual in all the ancient churches, through a portico; this portico is supported by eight pillars of granite, and adorned with corresponding marble pilasters. The traveller on his entrance is instantly struck with the two magnificent colonnades that line the nave and separate it from the aisles. They are supported each by more than twenty pillars, of which eighteen on each side are of white marble. The order is Ionic with its regular entablature, the elevation of the pillars is thirty-eight feet, the length of the colonnade about two hundred and fifty. The sanctuary forms a semicircle behind the altar. The altar is a large slab of marble covering an ancient sarcophagus of porphyry, in which the body of the founder formerly reposed. It is overshadowed by a canopy of bronze, sup-

ported by four lofty Corinthian pillars of porphyry. This canopy, though perhaps of too great a magnitude for its situation as it nearly touches the roof, is the most beautiful and best proportioned ornament of the kind which I ever beheld. The side walls supported by the pillars are divided by pilasters, between which are alternately windows and mosaics; the pavement is variegated, and the ceiling divided into square pannels, double gilt and rich in the extreme. There is no transept, but instead of it two noble chapels open on either side. The one on the right as you advance from the great entrance towards the altar, was built by Sixtus Quintus, and contains his tomb: it would be considered as rich and beautiful, were it not infinitely surpassed in both these respects by the opposite chapel belonging to the Borghese family, erected by Paul V. Both these chapels are adorned with domes and decorated with nearly the same architectural ornaments. But in the latter, the spectator is astonished at the profusion with which not bronze and marble only, but lapis lazuli, jasper, and the more precious stones are employed on all sides, so that the walls seem to blaze around, and almost dazzle the eyes with their lustre. He may perhaps feel himself inclined to wish that those splendid materials had been employed with more economy, and conceive that a judicious arrange-

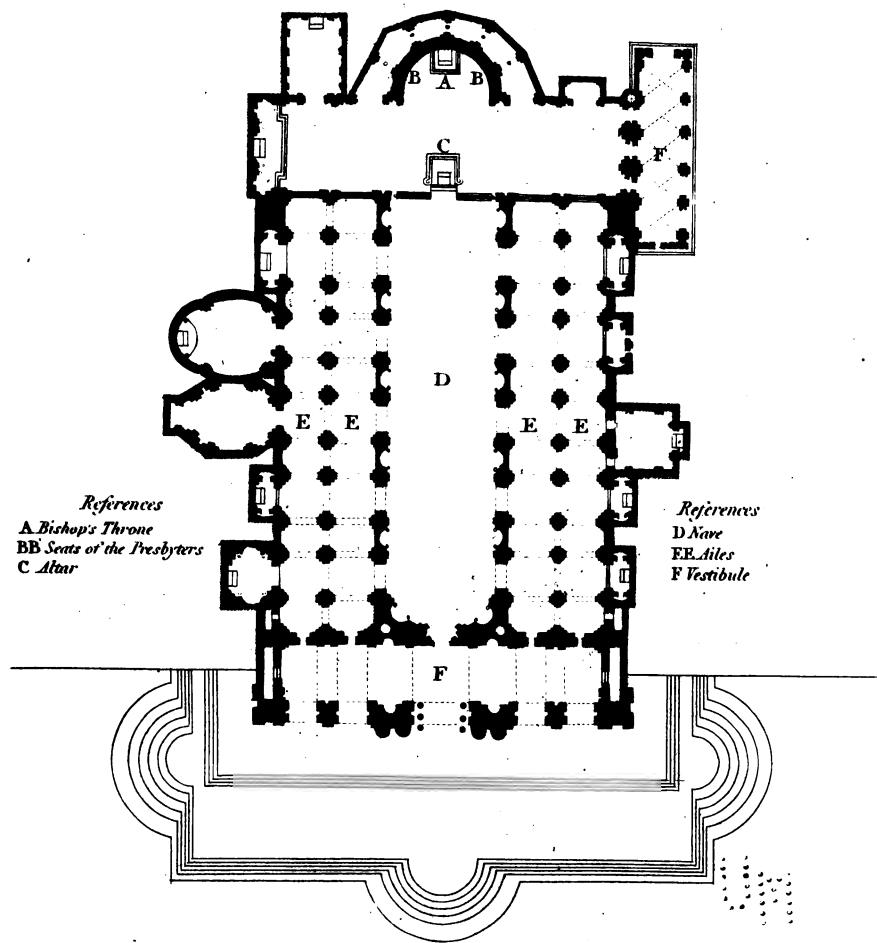
ment might have produced a better effect with less prodigality. These two chapels, whatever their magnificence or peculiar beauty may be, have prejudiced the internal appearance of the church, and occasioned the only material deformity which even the eye of a critic can discover: I mean the break occasioned by the arcades formed on both sides, to serve as entrances to these oratories. The colonnade so beautiful even in its present state, would have been matchless were it not interrupted by these misplaced arches, which after all do not produce the effect intended by giving a grand entrance into these chapels, as the view is obstructed by the arch of the aisles, and by the intervention of the brazen portals. But be the defects what they may, I know not whether any architectural exhibition surpasses or even equals the *Basilica Liberiana*. The simplicity of the plan, the correctness of the execution, the richness of the materials and the decorations of the parts, the length of the colonnades and the elevation of the canopy, form altogether one of the noblest and most pleasing exhibitions that the eye can behold. As we advance along the ample nave, we are rather pleased than astonished with the scenery around us; we easily familiarize ourselves with the calm grandeur of the place, and at the end retire with

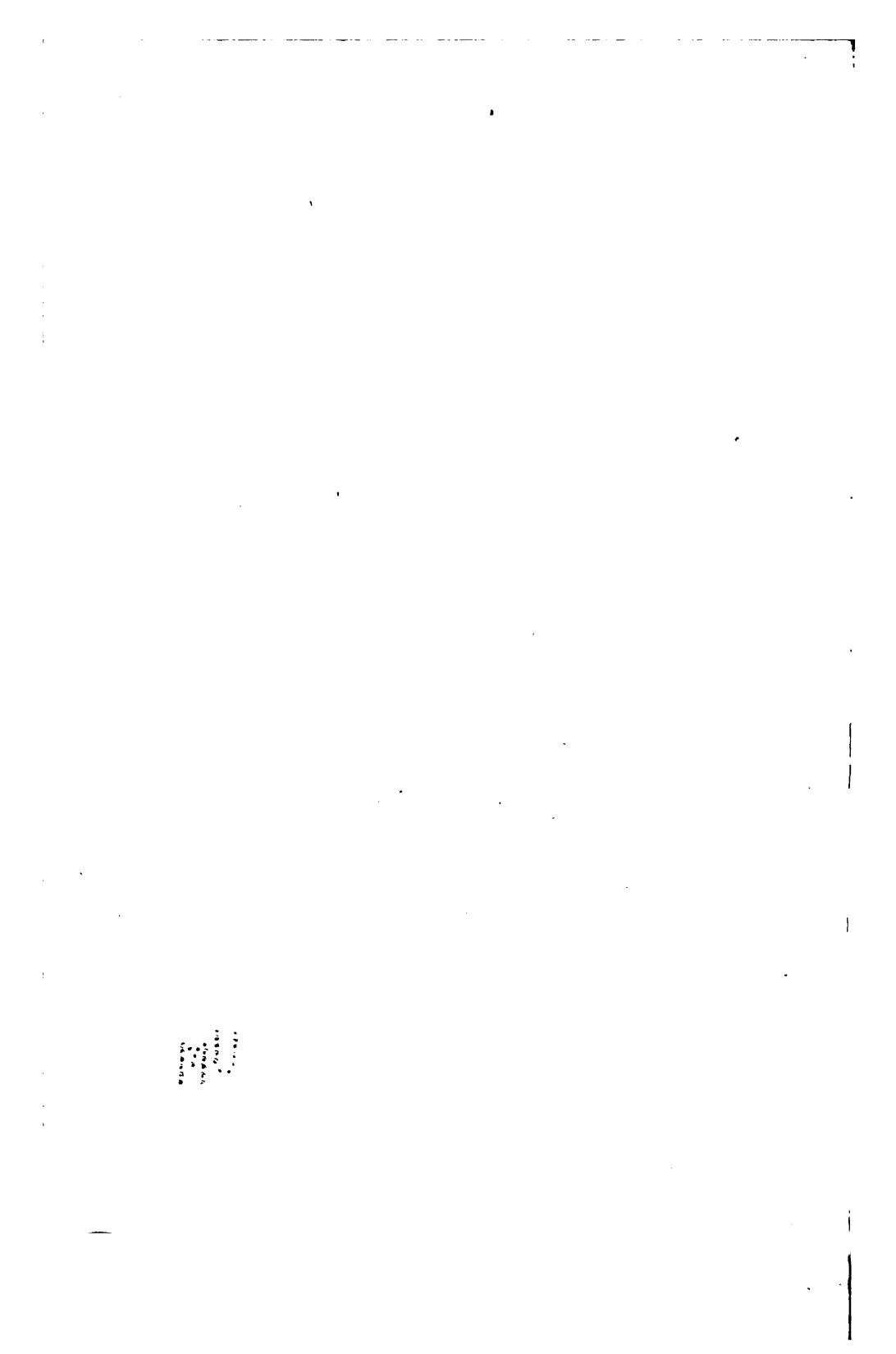
an impression, not of awe, but of delight and tranquillity.

From the *Basilica Liberiana* a long and wide street leads to the *Basilica Lateranensis*. This church is the regular cathedral of the bishop of Rome, and as such assumes the priority of all others, and the pompous title of the Parent and Mother of all Churches, “*Ecclesiarum Urbis et Orbis Mater et Caput.*” It was founded by Constantine, but it has been burnt, ruined, rebuilt, and frequently repaired since that period. Its magnitude corresponds with its rank and antiquity, and the richness of its decorations are equal to both. The Basilica, like that of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, has two porticos. That which presents itself to the traveller coming from the latter church, consists of a double gallery one above the other; adorned with pilasters; the lower range Doric, the higher Corinthian. On the square before this portico rises a noble obelisk, the most elevated of its kind. From its pedestal bursts an abundant stream, that supplies all the neighbouring streets with water. The principal portico faces the south; it consists of four lofty columns and six pilasters. The order is Composite; the attic is adorned with a balustrade, and that balustrade with statues. A

BASILICA LATERANENSIS,
OR ST JOHN LATERAN.

N.B. The faint Lines mark the additions of later times





double order is introduced in the intervals and behind this frontispiece, to support the gallery destined to receive the pontiff when he gives his solemn benediction; though it is formed of very beautiful pillars, yet it breaks the symmetry and weakens the effect of the whole. Other defects have been observed in this front, and the height of the pedestals, the heavy attic with its balustrade, and the colossal statues that encumber it, have been frequently and justly criticised. Yet with all these defects it presents a very noble and majestic appearance.

The vestibulum is a long and lofty gallery. It is paved and adorned with various marbles. Five doors open from it into the church, the body of which is divided into a nave, and two aisles on each side. The nave is intersected by a transept, and terminated as is usual by a semicircular sanctuary. There are no rails nor partitions; all is open, and a few steps form the only division between the clergy and the people: thus the size and proportions of this noble hall appear to the best advantage. Its decorations are rich in the extreme, and scattered with profusion, but unfortunately with little taste. The nave was renewed or repaired by *Borromini*, and is disfigured by endless breaks and curves, as well as overloaded with cumbersome masses.

The church was anciently supported by more than three hundred antique pillars, and had the same plan of decoration been adopted in its reparation as was afterwards employed at *Santa Maria Maggiore*, it would probably have exhibited the grandest display of pillared scenery now in existence. But the architect it seems had an antipathy to pillars; he walled them up in the buttresses, and adorned the buttresses with groups of pilasters: he raised the windows, and in order to crown them with pediments, broke the architrave and frieze, and even removed the cornice: he made niches for statues and topped them with crowns and pediments of every contorted form; in short he has broken every straight line in the edifice, and filled it with semi-circles, spirals and triangles. The roof formed of wood, though adorned with gilding in profusion, yet from too many and dissimilar compartments appears heavy and confused. The altar is small and covered with a Gothic sort of tower, said to be very rich, and certainly very ugly. The statues of the twelve apostles, that occupy the niches on each side of the nave with their graceful pillars of *Verde antico*, are much admired. There are several columns also that merit particular attention; among these we may rank the antique bronze fluted pillars that support the canopy over the altar in the chapel of the *Santis-*

simo Sacramento. Some suppose that these pillars belonged to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; others fancy that they were brought from the temple of Jerusalem: be these conjectures as they may the columns are extremely beautiful.

The various chapels of this church deserve attention, either for their form or for their embellishments; but the *Corsini* chapel is entitled to particular consideration, and may be regarded as one of the most perfect buildings of the kind existing. Inferior perhaps in size, and more so in splendor to the *Borghese* chapel, it has more simplicity in its form and more purity in its decoration. This chapel is in the form of a Greek Cross. The entrance occupies the lower, the altar the upper part; a superb mausoleum terminates each end of the transept; the rail that separates the chapel from the aisle of the church is gilt brass; the pavement is the finest marble; the walls are incrusted with alabaster and jasper, and adorned with basso relievos; six pillars adorn the recesses, the two on each side of the altar are *Verde antico*; the four others are porphyry, their bases and capitals are burnished bronze. The picture over the altar is a mosaic, the original by *Guido*. The tombs with their statues are much admired, particularly that of

Clement XII. the Corsini pontiff, whose body reposes in a large and finely proportioned antique sarcophagus of porphyry.* Four corresponding niches are occupied by as many statues, representing the Cardinal virtues, and over each niche is an appropriate *basso rielievo*. The dome that canopies this chapel, in itself airy and well lighted, receives an additional lustre from its golden pannels, and sheds a soft but rich glow on the marble scenery beneath it. On the whole, though the *Corsini* chapel has not escaped criticism, yet it struck me as the most beautiful edifice of the kind; splendid without gaudiness; the valuable materials that form its pavement, line its walls and adorn its vaults, are so disposed as to mix together their varied hues into soft and delicate tints; while the size and symmetry of its form enable the eye to contain it with ease, and contemplate its unity, its proportions, and its ornaments without effort.†

* This sarcophagus was taken from the portico of the Pantheon, and is supposed by some antiquaries to have contained the ashes of Agrippa.

† This edifice might be recommended as an excellent model for a domestic or college chapel, or a mausoleum. Some critics have ventured to censure its architecture as too tame, and deficient in boldness and relief. Its size is not, I believe, susceptible of more; the defect, if it exist, is scarcely perceptible.

The Baptistry of St. John Lateran, which according to the custom of the early ages still observed in almost all the cathedrals of Italy, though near is yet detached from the church, is called *S. Giovanni in Fonte*, and is the most ancient of the kind in the Christian world. It was erected by Constantine, and is at the same time a monument of the magnificence of that Emperor and the bad taste of the age. A small portico leads into an octagonal edifice, in the centre of which there is a large basin about three feet deep, lined and paved with marble. This basin is of the same form as the building itself; at its corners stand eight beautiful pillars, which support eight others of white marble, and these latter bear an attic crowned with a dome. These pillars, with their entablature, were probably taken from various buildings as they differ in order, size, and proportion. The attic is painted in fresco, as is the gallery around the pillars below; the former represents several Gospels histories, the latter some of the principal events of the reign of Constantine. The modern font, a large vase of green basaltes, stands in the centre of the basin raised on some steps of marble. Anciently the basin itself was the font into which the Catechumen descended by the four steps which still remain for that purpose. There are two chapels, one on each side of the

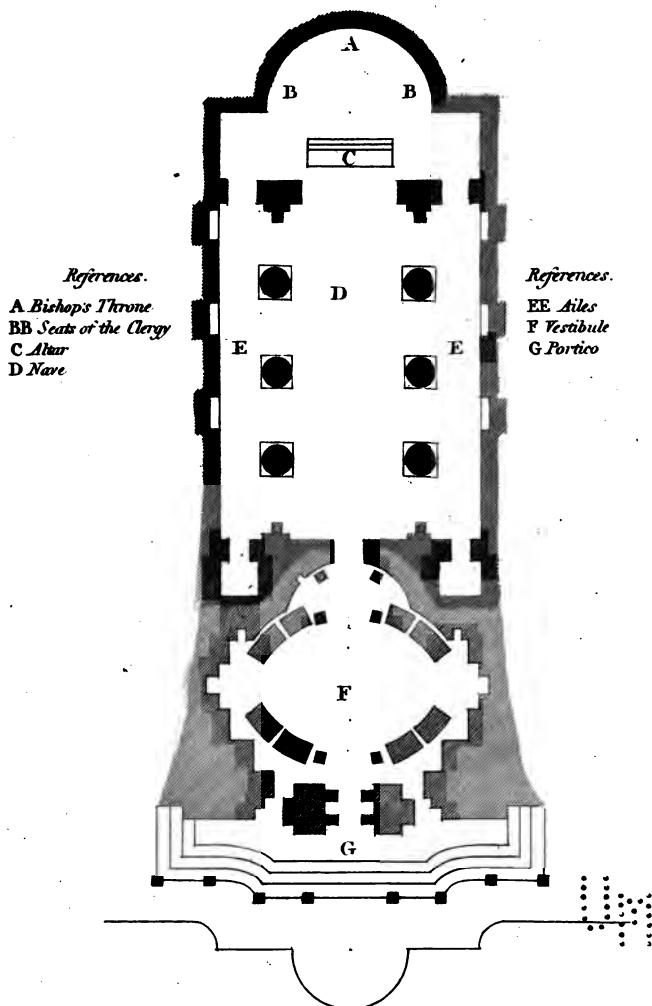
Baptistery, formerly destined for the instruction and accommodation of the catechumens. In this chapel only, and only upon the eves of Easter and Pentecost, was public baptism administered anciently in Rome; many magnificent ceremonies which occupied the whole night accompanied this solemnity, and rendered it more delightful to the fervent christians of that period than the most brilliant exhibitions of the day.

The view from the steps of the principal portico of St. John Lateran is extensive and interesting. It presents a grove before; on one side the venerable walls of the city: the lofty arches of an aqueduct on the other; the church of *Santa Croce* in front, and beyond it the desolate *Campagna*, bounded by the Alban Mount, tinged with blue and purple, and checkered with woods, towns and villages.

A wide and straight road leads through the solitary grove which I have just mentioned, to the *Basilica di Santa Croce in Gierusalemme*, another patriarchal church erected by Constantine on the ruins of a temple of Venus destroyed by his orders. This church derives its name from some pieces of the holy cross, and from a quantity of earth taken from Mount Calvary and deposited in it by St. Helena, Constantine's mother. It

BASILICA SANCT CRUCIS in JERUSALEM,
CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS

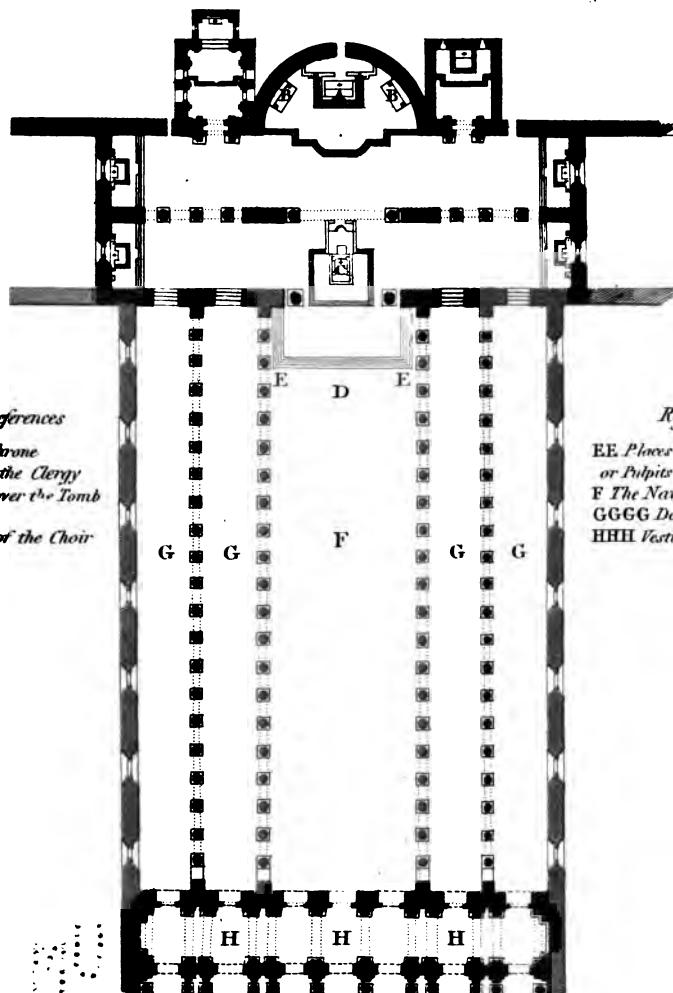
N.B. the faint Lines mark the additions of later times



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UN

BASILICA of ST PAUL.

N.B. The faint Lines mark the additions of later times.*References*

- A Bishop's Throne
- BB Seats of the Clergy
- C The Altar over the Tomb of St. Paul.
- D The place of the Choir
- G G
- G G
- H H
- H H

References

- EE Places of the Ambones or Pulpits.
- F The Nave
- GGGG Double Aisles
- HHH Vestibule

is remarkable only for its antique shape, and for the eight noble columns of granite that support its nave. Its front is modern, of rich materials, but of very indifferent architecture. The semicircular vault of the *sanctuary* is adorned with paintings in fresco which, though very defective in the essential parts, yet charm the eye by the beauty of some of the figures and the exquisite freshness of the coloring. The lonely situation of this antique basilica amidst groves, gardens and vineyards, and the number of mouldering monuments and tottering arches that surround it, give it a solemn and affecting appearance.

The patriarchal Basilica of St. Paul, called *S. Paolo fuori delle Mura*, at some distance from the *Porta Ostiensis*, is one of the grandest temples erected by the first Christian Emperor. It was finished by Theodosius and his son Honorius; and afterwards when shattered by earthquakes and time, it was repaired first by Leo III. and again after a long interval by Sixtus Quintus. Such was the respect which the public entertained for this church, and so great the crowds that flocked to it, that the Emperor's above-mentioned thought it necessary (if we may believe Procopius) to build a portico from the gate to the Basilica, a distance of near a mile. The magnificence of this portico seems to have equalled the

most celebrated works of the ancient Romans, as it was supported by marble pillars and covered with gilt copper. But whatsoever may have been its former glory, it has long since yielded to the depredations of age or barbarism, and sunk into dust without leaving even a trace to ascertain its former existence. The road is now unfrequented, and the church itself with the adjoining abbey belonging to the Benedictine monks, is almost abandoned during the summer months on account of the real or imaginary unwholesomeness of the air.

The exterior of this edifice, like that of the Pantheon, being of ancient brick looks dismal and ruinous. The portico is supported by twelve pillars, and forms a gallery or *vestibulum* lofty and spacious. The principal door is of bronze; the nave and double aisles are supported by four rows of Corinthian pillars, amounting in all to the number of eighty. Of these columns, four-and-twenty of that beautiful marble called *paonazzo* (because white tinged with a delicate purple) and the most exquisite workmanship and proportions, were taken from the tomb of Adrian (*Castel S. Angelo*). The transept or rather the walls and arches of the sanctuary rest upon ten other columns, and thirty more are employed in the decoration of the tomb of the Apostle and of the altars. These pillars are in general of porphyry,

and the four that support the central arches are of vast magnitude. Two flights of marble steps lead from the nave to the sanctuary: the pavement of this latter part is of fine marble; that of the former of shattered fragments of ancient tombs, marked with inscriptions. The altar stands under a canopy terminated by an awkward Gothic pyramid; the circumference of the sanctuary is adorned with some very ancient mosaics. The walls of the nave and centre rest on arches carried from pillar to pillar; those of the nave are high and covered with faded paintings. The length of the church is about three hundred feet, its breadth about one hundred and fifty, and from its magnitude, proportions and materials, it undoubtedly furnishes all the means requisite, if properly managed, of rendering it one of the most noble, and perhaps one of the most beautiful churches in the world. As it is, it presents a very exact copy of its ancient state, for it seems to have suffered considerable damage almost as soon as finished, from the wars, alarms and devastations that commenced in the reign of Honorius, and continued during several successive centuries.

Although many popes, and particularly Sixtus Quintus and Benedict XIV, have repaired or ornamented this venerable fabric; yet it still retains

an unfinished, forlorn and almost ruinous appearance. The pavement is, as has been observed above, made up of broken remnants; the ancient pictures that adorned the walls are nearly effaced by damp vapors; the beams and rafters of the roof form the only covering of the body of the church; and the whole Basilica, excepting the sanctuary, presents the aspect of a neglected and melancholy monument. The Benedictine monks are, in all countries where the Order exists but particularly in Italy, both rich and public spirited, that it is a subject of surprise, and just reproach, that while so many superb edifices have been erected by them in different towns and countries, one of the most ancient and celebrated temples in the Christian world should even in the capital itself, and under the eye of the pontiff, be allowed to moulder away and sink almost unnoticed into ruin. The expences requisite for the reparation and embellishment of such an edifice would be great without doubt; but to an opulent and religious society, money when employed for such a purpose cannot be an object of consideration, especially as the work might be carried on gradually, and with all due regard to economy.*

* This roof is much admired for its mechanism and revered for its antiquity; but however curious or venerable it

The arches from pillar to pillar introduced by the bad taste of the age of Diocletian, might be covered as in *Santa Maria Maggiore* by a regular entablature; and as in all the other *Basilicæ*, the floor might be flagged and the walls lined with marble. The paintings might then be restored with perfect security, and the work of reparation finished by removing the present Gothic obelisk that encumbers the tomb of the Apostle, and by employing the beautiful columns that now seem to groan under its weight in supporting a light and well-proportioned canopy. I have already said that *S. Paolo* might be made one of the most beautiful churches in the world, and the changes here pointed out would I think accomplish that

may be in these respects, it forms, as all mere carpentry must form, a very dull and unappropriate ceiling to a marble temple. The beams were originally lined with gold, and indeed the whole edifice was most splendidly decorated as we are assured by Petronius who visited it in its first glory.

Regia pompa loci est, princeps bonus has sacravit arces
Lusitque magnis ambitum talentis.
Bracteolas trabibus sublevit, ut omnis aurulenta
Lux esset intus, ceu jubar sub ortu.
Subdidit et Parias fulvis laquearibus columnas,
Distinguit illic quas quaternus ordo :
Tum Camyros hyalo insigni varie cucurrit arcus,
Sic prata vernis floribus resident.

Passio Beat. Apost.

object, and give it all the splendor of which it is susceptible. It already indeed exhibits the noblest collection of pillars now existing, and if these were set off to advantage by an appropriate cornice and corresponding decorations around, its colonnades would form a scene inferior in extent indeed, but equal if not superior in regular architectural beauty even to the magnificent arcades of the Vatican.

CHAP. IV.

The Basilica Vaticana, or St. Peter's.

To the Vatican we shall now turn and close our account of Roman churches, by a faint and imperfect description of some of the glories of this unrivalled fabric, the boast of modern skill and trophy of the united arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. The Basilica of St. Peter was the first and noblest religious edifice erected by Constantine. It stood on part of the circus of Nero, and was supposed to occupy a spot consecrated by the blood of numberless martyrs exposed or slaughtered in that place of public amusement by order of the tyrant.* But its

* This supposition is far from being groundless, as appears from the words of Tacitus speaking of the persecutions of Nero. Ergo abolendo rumori (jussum incendium Romæ) Nero subdidit reos et quæsitissimis pænis adfecit, quos per flagitia invisos, vulgus Christianos appellabat. . . . Et pereuntibus addita ludibria, ut ferarum tergis contecti laniatu canum interirant aut crucibus affixi, aut flammandi, atque ubi defecisset dies, in usum nocturni luminis urerentur.

principal and exclusive advantage was the possession of the body of St. Peter; a circumstance which raised it in credit and consideration above the *Basilica Lateranensis*, dignified its threshold with the honorable appellation of the *Limina Apostolorum*, and secured to it the first place in the affection and reverence of the Christian world. Not only monks and bishops but princes and emperors visited its sanctuary with devotion, and even kissed as they approached the marble steps that led to its portal. Nor was this reverence confined to the orthodox monarchs who sat on the throne of the founder; it extended to barbarians and more than once converted a cruel invader into a suppliant votary. The vandal *Genseric* whose heart seldom felt emotions of mercy, while he plundered every house and temple with unrelenting fury, spared the treasures deposited under the roof of the Vatican Basilica, and even allowed the plate of the churches to be carried in solemn pomp to its inviolable altars. Totila, who in a moment of vengeance had sworn that he would bury the glory and the memory of Rome in its ashes, listened to the admonitions of the

Hortos suos ei spectaculo Nero obtulerat et circense ludicrum edebat habitu aurigæ permixtus plebi, vel curriculo insistentis.

Tacitus Ann. xv. 44.

pontiff, and resigned his fury at the tomb of the Apostles.

Every age, as it passed over the Vatican, seemed to add to its holiness and its dignity; and the coronation of an Emperor, or the installation of a Pope, the deposition of the remains of a prince, or the enshrinement of the reliques of a saint, appeared as so many tributes paid to its supereminence, and gave it so many new claims to the veneration of the Christian world. At length, however, after eleven centuries of glory, the walls of the ancient Basilica began to give way, and symptoms of approaching ruin were become so visible about the year 1450, that Nicolas V. conceived the project of taking down the old church, and erecting in its stead a new and more extensive structure. However, though the work was begun, yet it was carried on with feebleness and uncertainty during more than half a century, till Julius II. ascended the papal throne, and resumed the great undertaking with that spirit and decision which distinguished all the measures of his active pontificate. Great princes generally find or create the talents requisite for their purposes, and Julius discovered in *Bramante*, an architect capable of comprehending and executing his grandest conceptions. A plan was presented and approved. The walls

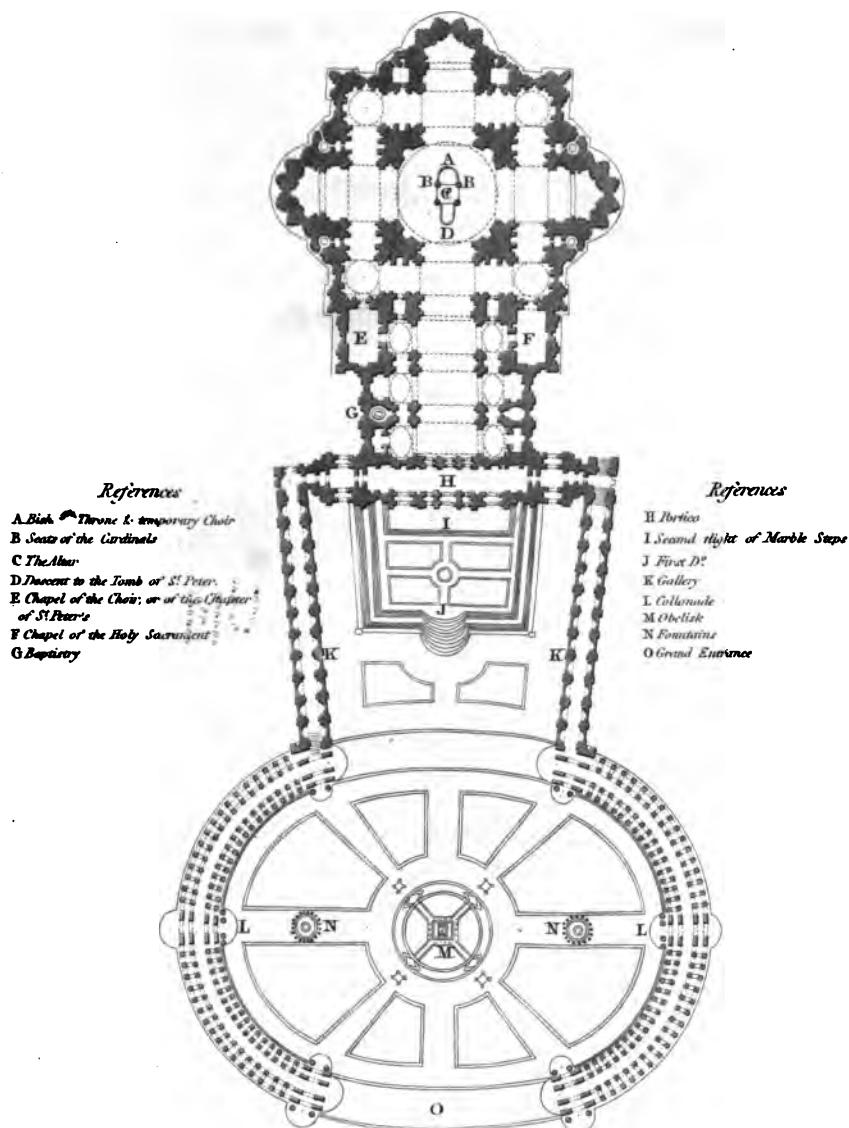
before means could be collected, or talents found to restore it, or to erect another of equal magnificence.

What then will be the astonishment, or rather the horror, of my reader, when I inform him that this unrivalled temple, the triumph and master-piece of modern skill, the noblest specimen of the genius and the powers of man, was, during the late French invasion, made an object of rapacious speculation, and doomed to ruin. Yet such is the fact. When the exhausted income of the state, and the plunder of all the public establishments were found unequal to the avarice of the generals, and to the increasing wants of the soldiers, the French committee turned its attention to St. Peter's, and employed a company of Jews to estimate and purchase the gold, silver, and bronze, that adorn the inside of the edifice, as well as the copper that covers the vaults and dome on the outside. The interior ornaments might perhaps have been removed without any essential or irreparable damage to the body of the fabric; but to strip it of its external covering was to expose it to the injuries of the weather, and to devote it to certain destruction; especially as the papal government, when restored, had not the means of repairing the mischief. But Providence interposed, and

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BASILICA VATICANA,

OR ST PETER'S



the hand of the Omnipotent was extended to protect his temple. Before the work of sacrilege and barbarism could be commenced, the French army, alarmed by the approach of the allies, retired with precipitation, and St. Peter's stands !

From the bridge and *Castel de St. Angelo*, a wide street conducts in a direct line to a square, and that square presents at once the court or portico, and part of the Basilica.* When the spectator approaches the entrance of this court, he views four rows of lofty pillars, sweeping off to the right and left in a bold semicircle. In the centre of the area formed by this immense colonnade,† an Egyptian obelisk, of one solid

* The late pope had some thoughts of widening this street, and giving it throughout an expansion equal to the entrance of the portico, so that the colonnade, fountains, obelisk, and church, would thus burst at once upon the eye of the spectator, when he turned from the bridge. Though the approach to St. Peter's is already sufficiently noble, yet this alteration would, without doubt, have added much to its magnificence. The invasion of the French, and the consequent distressing events, suspended the execution of this and many similar plans of improvement.

† This colonnade, with its entablature, balustrade, and statues, is seventy feet in height.

piece of granite, ascends to the height of one hundred and thirty feet; two perpetual fountains, one on each side, play in the air, and fall in sheets round the basins of porphyry that receive them. Before him, raised on three successive flights of marble steps, extending four hundred feet in length, and towering to the elevation of one hundred and eighty, he beholds the majestic front of the Basilica itself. This front is supported by a single row of Corinthian pillars and pilasters, and adorned with an attic, a balustrade, and thirteen colossal statues. Far behind and above it rises the matchless Dome, the justly celebrated *wonder of Rome and of the world*. The colonnade of coupled pillars that surround and strengthen its vast base, the graceful attic that surmounts this colonnade, the bold and expansive swell of the dome itself, and the pyramid seated on a cluster of columns, and bearing the ball and cross to the skies, all perfect in their kind, form the most magnificent and singular exhibition that the human eye perhaps ever contemplated. Two less cupolas, one on each side, partake of the state, and add not a little to the majesty of the principal dome.

The interior corresponds perfectly with the grandeur of the exterior, and fully answers the expectations, however great, which such an ap-

proach must naturally have raised.* Five lofty portals open into the portico or vestibulum, a gallery in dimensions and decorations equal to the most spacious cathedrals. It is four hundred feet in length, seventy in height, and fifty in breadth, paved with variegated marble, covered with a gilt vault, adorned with pillars, pilasters, mosaic and basso relieves, and terminated at both ends by equestrian statues, one of Constantine, the other of Charlemagne. A fountain at each extremity supplies a stream sufficient to keep a reservoir always full, in order to carry off every unseemly object, and perpetually refresh and purify the air and the pavement. Opposite the five portals of the vestibule are the five doors of the church; three are adorned with pillars of the finest marble; that in the middle has valves of bronze.

At you enter, you behold the most extensive hall ever constructed by human art, expanded

* Ad Basilicæ Vaticanæ vestibulum subsistimus; neque, audemus tam divinæ fabricæ majestatem rudi calamo violare. Sunt enim nonnulla, quæ nullo melius modo, quam stupore et silentio laudantur, *says the learned Mabillon: Iter Italicum.*

"I saw St. Peter's," says Gray, "and was struck dumb with astonishment."

in magnificent perspective before you; advancing up the nave, you are delighted with the beauty of the variegated marble under your feet, and with the splendor of the golden vault over your head. The lofty Corinthian pilasters with their bold entablature, the intermediate niches with their statues, the arcades with the graceful figures that recline on the curves of their arches, charm your eye in succession as you pass along. But how great your astonishment when you reach the foot of the altar, and standing in the centre of the church, contemplate the four superb vistas that open around you; and then raise your eyes to the dome, at the prodigious elevation of four hundred feet, extended like a firmament over your head, and presenting, in glowing mosaic, the companies of the just, the choirs of celestial spirits, and the whole hierarchy of heaven arrayed in the presence of the Eternal, whose “throne high raised above all height” crowns the awful scene.

When you have feasted your eye with the grandeur of this unparalleled exhibition in the whole, you will turn to the parts, the ornaments, and the furniture, which you will find perfectly corresponding with the magnificent form of the temple itself. Around the dome rise four other cupolas, small indeed when compared to its stu-

pendous magnitude, but of great boldness when considered separately: six more, three on either side, cover the different divisions of the aisles, and six more of greater dimensions canopy as many chapels, or, to speak more properly, as many churches. All these inferior cupolas are like the grand dome itself, lined with mosaics, many indeed of the master-pieces of painting which formerly graced this edifice, have been removed and replaced by mosaics which retain all the tints and beauties of the originals, impressed on a more solid and durable substance. The aisles and altars are adorned with numberless antique pillars, that border the church all around, and form a secondary and subservient order. The variegated walls are, in many places, ornamented with festoons, wreaths, angels, tiaras, crosses, and medallions, representing the effigies of different pontiffs. These decorations are of the most beautiful and rarest species of marble, and often of excellent workmanship. Various monuments rise in different parts of the church; but, in their size and accompaniments, so much attention has been paid to general as well as local effect, that they appear rather as parts of the original plan, than posterior additions. Some of these are much admired for their groups and exquisite sculpture, and form

very conspicuous features in the ornamental part of this noble temple.

The high altar stands under the dome, and thus as it is the most important so it becomes the most striking object. In order to add to its relief and give it all its majesty, according to the ancient custom still retained in the patriarchal churches at Rome and in most of the cathedrals in Italy, a lofty canopy rises above it, and forms an intermediate break or repose for the eye between it and the immensity of the dome above. The form, materials and magnitude of this decoration are equally astonishing. Below the steps of the altar and of course some distance from it, at the corners on four massive pedestals, rise four twisted pillars fifty feet in height, and support an entablature which bears the canopy itself topped with a cross. The whole soars to the elevation of one hundred and thirty-two feet from the pavement, and excepting the pedestals is of Corinthian brass! the most lofty massive work of that or of any other metal now known. But this brazen edifice, for so it may be called, notwithstanding its magnitude, is so disposed as not to obstruct the view by concealing the chancel and veiling the *Cathedral* or *Chair* of St. Peter. This ornament is also of bronze, and

consists of a group of four gigantic figures, representing the four principal Doctors of the Greek and Latin Churches, supporting the patriarchal chair of St. Peter. The chair is a lofty throne elevated to the height of seventy feet from the pavement; a circular window tinged with yellow throws from above a mild splendor around it, so that the whole not unfitly represents the pre-eminence of the apostolic See, and is acknowledged to form a most becoming and majestic termination to the first of Christian temples.

When I have added that every part and every ornament is kept in the most perfect repair; that the most exact neatness and cleanliness is observable on all sides; that the windows are so managed as to throw over the whole a light, clear and distinct, yet soft and gentle, I shall leave the reader to imagine what an impression the contemplation of an edifice so glorious must make on the mind of a youthful or enthusiastic traveller.

Under the high altar of St. Peter's is the tomb of that apostle, formerly called the *Confession of St. Peter*, an appellation which it has communicated to the altar and its canopy. The descent to it is before, that is to the west of the altar

where a large open space leaves room for a double flight of steps, and for an area before two brass folding doors that admit into a vault, whose grated floor is directly over the tomb. The rails that surround this space above are adorned with one hundred and twelve bronze cornucopæ, which serve as supporters to as many silver lamps that burn perpetually in honor of the Apostle. The staircase with its balustrade, the pavement of the little area, and the walls around, are all lined with alabaster, *lapis lazuli*, *verde antico*, and other kinds of the most beautiful marble. The pavement of the area is upon a level with the *Sacre grotte*, though the regular entrance into those subterraneous recesses is under one of the great pillars that support the dome.

The *Sacre grotte* are the remains of the ancient church built by Constantine, the pavement of which was respected and preserved with all possible care during the demolition of the old and the construction of the new Basilica. They consist of several long winding galleries extending in various directions under the present building. They are venerable for their antiquity and contents; and if Addison never visited Westminster Abbey, or trod its gloomy cloisters without strong impressions of religious awe, I may be pardoned when I acknowledge that I

felt myself penetrated with holy terror, while conducted by a priest in his surplice with a lighted torch in his hand, I ranged through these dormitories of the dead, lined with the urns of emperors and pontiffs, and almost paved with the remains of saints and martyrs. The intrepid Otho, the turbulent Alexander, and the polished Christina, lie mouldering near the hallowed ashes of the apostles Peter and Paul, of the holy pontiffs Linus, Silvester and Adrian. The low vault closes over their porphyry tombs, and silence and darkness brood uninterrupted around them.

My awe increased as I approached the monument of the apostles themselves. Others may behold the mausoleum of an emperor or of a consul, of a poet, or of an orator, with enthusiasm; for my part, I contemplated the sepulchre of these Christian heroes with heart-felt veneration. What, if a bold achievement, an useful invention, a well-fought battle, or a well-told tale, can entitle a man to the admiration of posterity, and shed a blaze of glory over his remains, surely the courage, the constancy, the cruel sufferings, the triumphant death of these holy champions, must excite our admiration and our gratitude, ennable the spot where their relics repose, and sanctify the very dust that imbibed their sacred blood. By sacrificing their lives to

the propagation of truth, and to the reformation of mankind, they are become the patriots of the world at large, the common benefactors of their species, and in the truest and noblest sense, heroes and conquerors. How natural then for a christian not only to cherish their names but to extend his grateful attention to their ashes and his veneration even to their tombs.

Superba sordent Cæsares cadavera
 Quæs urbs litabat impii cultûs ferax :
 Apostolorum gloriatur ossibus
 Fixamque adorat collibus suis crucem.
 Nunc, ♂ cruento purpurata nobili
 Novisque felix Roma conditoribus
 Horum tropæis aucta quanto verius
 Regina fulges orbe toto civitas !! * *Brev. Par.*

* St. John Chrysostom makes an eloquent allusion to this tomb, when speaking of the last day he exclaims—Εκσιδεν αρκαγησεται Παυλος, εκείδεν Πέτρος. Εγνοησατε, και φριξατε, ειον οφεται Θεαμα Ρωμη τον Παυλον εξαιφης ανισταμενον απο της θηκης εκεινης μετα Πέτρο, και αιρομενον εις την απαντησιν τα Κυριου.

And again, Εγω και την Ρωμην δια τετο φιλω και τοι γε αντην και επεριδεν εχων επαινειν, και απο τη μηγεθες, και απο της αρχαιοτητος, και απο τη καλλης, και απο της δυναστιας, και απο τη πλοτης, και απο των κατορθωματων των εν πολεμῳ

The vestry or sacristy of St. Peter's is a most magnificent edifice, connected with the church by a long gallery and adorned with numberless pillars, statues, paintings and mosaics. It is in reality a large and spacious church, covered with a dome in the centre, and surrounded with various chapels, recesses and apartments adapted to the devotion and the accommodation of the

αλλα ταυτα ταυτα αφεις, δια τητο αυτην μακαριζω, οτι
 (Παυλ^Θ) και ζων αυτοις εγραφε, και ουτως αυτως εφιλει, και
 παρων αυτοις διελεχθη, και του βιου εκει κατελυσε διο και
 επισημ^Θ η τοις εντευθεν μαλλου, η απο των αλλων απαντων
 —δια ταυτα θαυμαζω την πολιν, ε δια του χρυσον τον πολιν, ε
 δια της κουας, ε δια την αλληρ φαντασιαν.—Τις μοι νυν εδωκε
 περιχυθηναι τω σωματι Παυλο, και προσηγλωθηναι τη ταφη,
 και την κονιν ιδειν τω σωματ^Θ εκεινως—την κονιν τω σοματ^Θ,
 —δι ου ελαλει εναντιον βασιλεων, και εκ ησχυνετο;—τυραννος
 επεισομισε,—την οικεμενην τω ΘΕΩ προσηγγιαγε——την κονιν
 της καρδιας, γη ετω πλατεια ην αις και πολεις ολοκληρως δεχεσθαι, και
 δημος^κ και εδηνη—την καρδιαν εκεινην πυρεμενην καθ^τ
 εκαστον των απολλυμενων,—την καινην ζησασαν ζωην, ε παιστηρη
 την ημετεραν. Ζω γαρ εκει εγω, ζη δε εν εμοι, φησικ, ε
 ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ.—Εβελομην την κονιν ιδειν των χειρων, των εν
 αλυσσι,—δι ον ταυτα τα γραμματα εγραφετο—την κονιν των
 ποδων των περιθραμοντων την οικεμενην, και μη καμνετων, *

Hom: in Epist: ad Rom.

pontiff, the dean of St. Peter's, and the members of its chapter. It was erected by the orders of the late Pope Pius VI. at an immense expense; and though in many respects liable to criticism, yet it is on the whole entitled to admiration.

From the lower part of the *Basilica*, we pass to the roof by a well lighted staircase, winding round with an ascent so gentle that beasts of burthen go up without inconvenience. When you reach the platform of the roof you are astonished with the number of cupolas and domes and pinnacles that rise around you; with the galleries that spread on all sides, and the many apartments and staircases that appear in every quarter. Crowds of workmen are to be seen passing and repassing in every direction, and the whole has rather the form of a town than that of the roof of an edifice.

Here the traveller has an opportunity of examining closely and minutely the wonderful construction of the dome, and of discovering the skill and precision with which every part has been planned and executed. The vast platform of stone on which it reposes as on a solid rock; the lofty colonnade that rises on this platform, and by its resistance counteracts, as a continued buttress, the horizontal pressure of the

dome, all of stone of such prodigious swell and circumference; the lantern which like a lofty temple sits on its towering summit; these are objects which must excite the astonishment of every spectator, but can be perfectly understood and properly described by none but by a skilful architect thoroughly acquainted with the difficulties and the resources of his art.* The access to every part, and the ascent even to the inside of the ball, is perfectly safe and commodious. Those who wish to reach the cross on the outside, as some bold adventurers are said to have done, are exposed to considerable danger without attaining any advantage to justify their rashness.†

* The dome of St. Paul's is not calculated to give a just idea of that of St. Peter's. The inner dome of the former is of brick, and in shape not very unlike the conical form of a glass house; the dome to which the edifice owes all its external grandeur is a mere wooden roof raised over the other at a considerable distance, and covered with copper which conceals the poverty of its materials. Both the domes of the latter are of stone; they run up a considerable way together, and when they separate, they merely leave room enough for a narrow staircase between them, so that the traveller as he ascends touches both the domes with his elbows. They unite again at the top and conjointly support the weight of the lantern.

† Some of the midshipmen of the Medusa frigate per-

After having thus examined the upper parts, the interior and the subterraneous apartments of this edifice, the traveller will range round the outside and take a view of the external walls and termination. A large open space surrounds it, and affords room enough even for perspective. The order of the portico with its attic is carried in pilasters round the outside of the church, and gives it all the greatness and majesty that result from unbroken unity. The only defect is the clusters of half or quarter pilasters, with their imperfect capitals and angular entablature crowded together in the corners. There are architects I know who consider these groups as ornamental or at least as necessary, and of course as not incurring the appellation of defects. But, without discussing the principles of the art, they cer-

formed this feat with their usual spirit and agility. But this is not surprising in young tars.

"*Prodiga gens ultro lucis animæque capaces
Mortis!*"

Mr. *de la Lande* talks of a French lady who some years before scrambled up the inclined ladder, mounted the ball and leaned on the cross, and did all this "*avec une souplesse et une grace inconcevable.*" I hope no English lady will ever emulate such inconceivable grace.

tainly offer too many angles, and consequently too many breaks to the sight, and may justly be termed, if not defects, at least deformities.

I have thus presented a general picture of this celebrated edifice, and dwelt with complacency on its unrivalled beauties. I may now be allowed to examine it with the eye of a critic and venture to point out those parts which may be deemed liable to censure or capable of improvement. To begin with the colonnade. Every spectator of taste while he contemplates and admires this most extensive and magnificent scene of pillars, regrets that *Bernini*, influenced without doubt by the love of novelty so fatal to the beauty of edifices and to the reputation of architects, instead of a simple and perfect order, should have employed a composite of his own invention. Surely the pure Doric of the Parthenon, the Ionic of the temple of Fortuna Virilis, and the Corinthian of the Pantheon might have been adopted with more propriety and effect, than a fanciful combination of irregular Doric pillars and an Ionic entablature? To this defect *Bernini* has added another, by introducing too many pilasters, or to speak more properly massive piles that break the line unnecessarily, and increase the apparent weight without augmenting the solidity of the building.

The front of St. Peter's has been censured as having more of the appearance of a palace than of a church; it is pierced with so many windows, divided into so many parts, and supported by so many half pillars and pilasters. This deformity which is common to all the patriarchal churches in Rome, is in a great degree owing to the necessity which architects are under of providing a gallery for the ceremony of papal benediction, and thus of dividing the intercolumniation into arches and apartments. What a pity that such an extensive and magnificent front should be sacrificed to such an insignificant motive; especially as the ceremony in question might be performed with equal if not more effect from the grand entrance of the church itself. It is indeed much to be lamented that the original designs of Bramante and Michael Angelo were not executed, and the portico of St. Peter's built on the plan of that of the Pantheon; a plan that united simplicity with grandeur and would have given to the Vatican a beauty and a majesty unblemished and unparalleled. But it is the fate of great architects to be counteracted by ignorant employers, and not unfrequently obliged to sacrifice their sublime conceptions to the bad taste, to the prejudice or to the obstinacy of their contemporaries. The architect of St. Paul's shared the fate of that of St. Peter's,

and had the mortification to see his bold and masterly designs tamed and disfigured by dulness and parsimony. The inscription on the frieze ought I think to be corrected as below the dignity and destination of such a temple erected by the common father of all christians, in their name and at their expense. Thus instead of "*In honorem principis Apostolorum Paulus Borghesius Romanus,*" it should read, "*Deo optimo maximo in honorem principis Apostolorum Ecclesia Catholica;*" an inscription more worthy a temple which may justly be considered as the common property of the christian world.

In traversing the nave one is tempted to wish, notwithstanding the beauty of the arcades, that pillars had been employed in their stead, a support more graceful as well as more majestic. What a superb colonnade would two such long and lofty rows of pillars have formed! how much above all modern magnificence! and even how superior to the proudest monument that remains of ancient grandeur!

It has been justly observed, that no statues ought to have been admitted into St. Peter's but such as represent the most distinguished benefactors of the christian church, whose services have been generally felt, and whose names are

held in universal veneration; such as the apostles, the principle martyrs, the doctors of the first ages, and the most celebrated bishops. The forms of these ancient worthies, these "our fathers and masters in the faith" so well entitled to the most honourable places in every christian temple, might have occupied the niches of the nave and the transept with much dignity, and would have been contemplated by every spectator with interest and reverence. But though these holy personages are not excluded, yet many a conspicuous niche is occupied by a saint of dubious origin or obscure name, whose existence may be questioned by many, and is unknown to most, and whose virtues at the best had but a local and temporary, that is a very confined and very transient, influence. Thus of the four most remarkable niches in the whole church, of those which are formed in the piles that support the dome and which of course face the altar, two are filled by saints whose very names exist only in a legendary tale, I mean St. Veronica and St. Longinus; and a third is appropriated to St. Helen, the mother of Constantine the Great, who, though a princess of great virtue and eminent piety, might stand with more propriety in the porch near the statue of her son.

As for the founders of religious orders, such as

St. Dominic, St. Francis, St. Ignatius, St. Bruno, &c. my different readers will entertain very different opinions, according as they may approve or disapprove of such institutions. Some will think them worthy of every honor even of a statue in the Vatican; others will conceive that they might be stationed without disrespect in the porch or colonnade; and without pretending to derogate from the merit of these extraordinary personages I am inclined to favor this opinion. In reality the statues of men of tried and acknowledged virtue and learning might guard the approaches and grace the porticos of the august temple; but patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs alone should be admitted into the interior; they should line the sanctuary, and form an awful assembly round the throne of the victim Lamb. Statues so placed might edify the catholic, and could not displease the sensible protestant.

The doves, tiaras, medallions, &c. with which the sides of the arcades are incrusted, have been censured by many as ornaments too insignificant for the magnitude, and too gaudy for the solemnity of the place. This criticism may be well founded; yet they give a variety and richness to the picture, so that the eye excuses while the judgment points out the defect.

The pictures may be objected to on the same ground as the statues, as many of them represent persons and events totally unconnected with the sacred records, and sometimes not to be met with even in the annals of authentic history. The candid and judicious Erasmus would have the subjects of all the pictures exhibited in churches taken exclusively from the holy scriptures, while the histories of saints, when authentic, he thinks might furnish decorations for porticos, halls, and cloisters. It is a pity that this opinion, so conformable to good taste and to sound piety, has not been adopted and followed as a general rule in the embellishment of churches; as it would have banished from the sacred place many useless, some absurd, and a few profane representations. I do not pretend to hint that any of the mosaics above alluded to merit such severe epithets, but the christian when he enters St. Peter's, *the most magnificent edifice ever devoted to the purposes of religion*, may justly expect to find delineated on its walls the whole history of his faith from the opening to the closing of the inspired volumes; to see pourtrayed in succession, as he advances, the mysterious transactions, the figures, the predictions, the allusions of the Old with the corresponding events, the realities, the accomplishments the coincidences of the New Testament; to discover the threats and promises, the discourses and

parables, of his divine master embodied in living colors before him, and thus as he casts his eyes around, to contemplate in this noble temple a faithful transcript of the Holy Book, speaking to his eyes in the most brilliant and impressive characters, combining and displaying in one glorious prospect before him the past and the future, the dispensations and the designs of Providence; in short, all that is grand and terrible, and all that is mild and engaging in his religion.

These or similar expectations will not certainly be entirely disappointed; as the mosaic decorations of the numberless copolas and chapels are in general selected and applied with wonderful judgment and felicity: but I regret that such excellent choice and arrangement do not prevail throughout the whole fabric; that an intermixture of representations, if not fabulous at least convertible, should break the succession of scripture events; and while they add nothing to the incomparable beauty of the edifice, should take much away from the purity and correctness of its decorations. Such are the defects, real or imaginary, which critical observers have discovered in this wonderful pile; defects which confined to ornamental or accessory parts leave the grandeur and magnificence of the whole undiminished, and

only prove that the proudest works of man are stamped with his characteristic imperfection.

To conclude—In magnitude, elevation, opulence, and beauty, the church of St. Peter has no rival, and bears no comparison: in neatness, cleanliness, and convenience, so necessary to the advantageous display of magnificence, if anywhere equalled, it can no where be surpassed. It is cool in summer, and in winter dry and warm: its portals are ever open, and every visitant whether attracted by devotion or by curiosity may range over it at leisure, and without being molested or even noticed, either contemplate its beauties or pour out his prayers before its altars. Thus the Basilica Vaticana unites the perfection of art with the *beauty of holiness*, and may justly claim the affection and reverence of the traveller, both as the temple of taste and the sanctuary of religion.

OBSERVATIONS.

The only church which has been compared with St. Peter's is St. Paul's in London. If the latter be, as in many respects it is, the second church in the world, yet it is far inferior to the former, and cannot without absurdity be put upon a parallel with it, as the impartial traveller who has exa-

mained both will readily acknowledge. In fact, the size, proportions, and materials of the two edifices when put in opposition, shew at one view how ill-founded such a comparison must be.

ST. PETER'S.

ST. PAUL'S.

Length	700 feet	500 feet
Transept.....	500	350
Height	440	340
Breadth of the nave	90	60
Height of the nave	154	120

The Portland stone of which St. Paul's is built though in itself of a very beautiful color, is yet inferior in appearance to the *Travertino* of St. Peter's: especially as the latter retains its rich yellow glow uninjured, while the delicate white of the former is in most parts of the cathedral turned into a sooty black. The cold dark stone walls, the naked vaults, the faded paintings of the dome of St. Paul's chill the spectator, and almost extinguish all sense of beauty and all emotions of admiration. The marble linings, the gilded arches, the splendid mosaics that emblazon St. Peter's naturally dilate the mind, and awaken sentiments of wonder and delight.

The fronts of both these churches are disfigured by too many divisions, which by breaking one large mass into many small parts destroy all

greatness of manner, and impair in no small degree the general grandeur and effect. Which of the two fronts is most deficient in this respect it is difficult to determine; on the defects of the Vatican I have expatiated above; those of St. Paul's are the double gallery, the coupled pillars, and the composite cornice. The colonnade that surrounds the dome of St. Paul's, though liable in its form, proportions, capitals, &c. to much criticism, is yet the noblest ornament of the edifice, and considered by many as superior in appearance to the coupled columns that occupy a similar situation in St. Peter's. It happens however unfortunately, that the decoration which contributes so much to the majesty of the exterior should take away from the beauty of the interior, and by masking the windows deprive the dome of the light requisite to shew off its concavity to advantage. Yet, be the defects of St. Paul's even greater and more numerous than I have stated, it is on the whole a most extensive and stately edifice: it fixes the eye of the spectator as he passes by, and challenges his admiration: and even as next to the Vatican, though *longo proximum intervallo*, it claims superiority over all the transalpine churches, and furnishes a just subject of national pride and exultation. I take this opportunity of expressing the public indignation at the manner in which this cathedral is kept, the dirt collected on the

pavement and on the statues, the penurious spirit, that while it leaves the decoration of the dome to rot and peal off through damp and negligence, stations guards at the doors to tax the curiosity of strangers.

The church of *St. Genevieve* at Paris was expected to surpass St. Paul's and rival St. Peter's, as the best French architects were employed, and many years were consumed in forming the plan and preparing the materials. But the expectations of the Parisian public had been raised too high, and were totally disappointed, when this edifice which was to have eclipsed the most splendid fabrics of modern times, and put French architecture upon a level with that of Greece and Rome, was cleared of the scaffolding and exhibited to public view. Some of the defects attributed to the two great churches above-mentioned have been avoided, particularly in the portico which is built upon the model of that of the Pantheon, but very different from it in effect, as it wants boldness, mass and elevation. The inside is in the shape of a Greek cross crowned with a dome in the centre. This figure is by many deemed the most perfect, because it expands better to the eye, and enables the spectator to take in its different parts at one view. However this advantage is wanting in *St. Genevieve* owing to the

protrusion of the walls that support the dome, which protrusion, by detaching the parts from the centre, breaks the unity of design, and gives the nave, choir, and transept, the appearance of so many great halls opening into a common area, rather than that of the component members of one great edifice. Besides, there are too many subdivisions, especially over the cornice, where apparently to support the great vault numberless little arches arise in forms so airy and unsubstantial as almost to border on arabesque. To these and other minute defects which we pass over we must add one of a much more important description, that is want of solidity; a defect so extensively felt in the year 1802, as to excite serious apprehensions and suspend, at least for a time, the works necessary for completing the building. When the traveller peruses the inscription that still remains on the frieze, *Aux grands hommes la Patrie, reconnoissante*, and recollects that the *country* here meant was the bloody faction of the jacobins, and the *Great men* alluded to were the writers who prepared, or the assassins who accomplished the revolution, *Voltaire* and *Rousseau*, *Mirabeau* and *Marat*, he will not regret that a church thus profaned and turned into a Pandæmonium should tumble to the ground, and crush in its fall the impure carcases that are still allowed to putrefy in its vaults.

After all, in materials, in boldness of conception and in skill of execution, the cathedral of Florence is perhaps the edifice that borders nearest upon St. Peter's. It is also cased with marble, it is of the same form, and covered with a lofty dome of solid stone, and of such admirable construction, as to have furnished, if we may believe some authors, the idea and model of that of the Vatican. It was indeed finished long before the latter was begun, and was justly considered during the fifteenth century as the noblest edifice of the kind in the world. But in beauty, in symmetry, and in graceful architecture, it is far inferior not to St. Peter's only but to numberless churches in Italy, and particularly in Rome, Venice and Padua.

Santo Sophia of Constantinople may be considered as forming a link between ancient and modern architecture. It is true that in pure and correct taste, the boast of the eastern capital has little in common with either, yet it was erected by a Roman Emperor, and may be considered as the last effort of the art exerted under the influence of Roman greatness. Justinian, the founder of this church is said to have been so proud of his work, that he thanked God in the exultation of his heart, for having enabled him to raise a temple more magnificent than that of Solomon, and far

transcending in splendor all the fanes of the Gentile divinities.* This celebrated edifice although stripped of its christian ornaments and degraded into a Turkish M^{os}que, still retains its original form and essential architectural features. The elevation of the dome is one hundred and eighty feet, the length of the church is two hundred and sixty-nine, and its breadth two hundred and forty-three. These dimensions bear no proportion, I will not say to the Vatican, but to several other churches. The materials and ornaments seem indeed to have been splendid, but the want of taste in their application and arrangement, must have considerably diminished their effect. Before we leave Constantinople, whither we have been transported by our subject, we may be allowed to express a wish and even a hope, that the present generation may behold the cross restored to its ancient pre-eminence, the savage superstition of Mahomet banished from the v^erge of Christendom, and *Santa Sophia* restored to the pure worship of the Eternal Wisdom to whom it was originally dedicated.

The temple of Jerusalem as rebuilt by Herod, was without doubt one of the most noble edifices

* Gibbon xl.

which the world has ever beheld. The Romans themselves, though accustomed to the wonders of the imperial city, viewed it with astonishment, and Titus resolved to exempt its stately fabric from the general sentence of devastation. But man cannot save when God devotes to ruin; and Titus and Julian were the reluctant instruments employed by Providence, in fulfilling, to the letter, that dreadful prediction, *a stone shall not be left upon a stone.*

Although the account given by Josephus* be obscure, and evidently influenced by the national and professional feelings of the writer, yet we may learn from it a sufficient number of circumstances to ascertain, not indeed the precise form but the general grandeur of the edifice. According to this author, the platform on which it stood was a square of a stadium, or about six hundred and twenty feet in every direction; this platform was raised on immense substructions enclosing Mount Moria on all sides; the court which surrounded the temple was adorned with a triple portico, each portico six hundred and twenty feet long, thirty feet wide, and fifty high,

* Ant. Jud. lib. xv. cap. 11.—De Bello Judaico, lib. v. cap. 5.

excepting the middle portico, which with the same length had double the breadth and elevation of the other two: in fine, the front of the temple itself resembled a magnificent palace. From this statement we may conclude, that the substruction and colonnades were the principal and most striking features of this fabric. The former were of great elevation* as they rose from the bottom of the valley, and of prodigious solidity as they were formed of blocks of stone sixty feet long, nine thick, and ten broad.† The latter were supported by one hundred and sixty-two pillars, forty-five feet in height, between four and five in diameter, fluted Corinthian, and each of one single block of white marble. Of the rich furniture of the temple, of its gates, some of which were bronze and some covered with plates of gold, and of its ornaments in general, I make no mention as its

* Four hundred and fifty feet.

† To these astonishing masses allusion seems to be made in the two first verses of the thirteenth chapter of St. Mark. “ And as he was going out of the temple, one of his disciples said unto him, Master, look what stones and what buildings! And Jesus answering said; Beholdest thou these great buildings; there shall not be left stone upon stone that shall not be destroyed.”

architectural beauty and magnitude are the only objects of my present observations. Now the whole extent of the platform on which the temple stood, with all its surrounding porticos, is scarcely equal to the space covered by the church of St. Peter itself, and inferior to the circular part alone of the portico before it, which is seven hundred and seventy feet in its greatest, and six hundred in its least diameter. It is supported by two hundred and eighty pillars, forty-five feet high, and with its entablature and statues it rises to the elevation of seventy. Thus in extent, height, and number of columns it surpasses the Jewish portico, which enclosed the temple and all its edifices. Now if we consider that this colonnade is a part only of the portico of St. Peter's, and if we add to it the galleries that connect it with the church, and enclose a space of three hundred and thirty feet by three hundred and eighty, and if to this vast field of architectural grandeur we superadd the fountains and the pyramids, we shall find that the appendages to the temple of Jerusalem must yield in greatness to those of the Roman Basilica. As to the front of the temple itself, and its similitude to that of a palace; in this respect St. Peter's unfortunately resembles it too much; but in extent it far exceeds it, as the former was

scarcely one hundred and sixty feet in length, while the latter is four hundred.*

Among *pagan* temples not one can be put in competition with the Vatican for *grandeur* and magnitude. The two most famous were the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and that of Jupiter Capitolinus. Pliny the Elder has given us the dimensions of the former†. According to him it was four hundred and twenty-five feet in length and two hundred and twenty in breadth; it was supported by one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, sixty-feet high, the elevation of the edifice to the top of the pediment, was of course eighty feet. The number of columns, without doubt of the richest materials, as each was the present of a king, and also disposed in the best order, must have produced a very noble effect, but this edifice was in all its dimensions far inferior to the Roman Basilica.

* The learned reader will perceive that in the elevation of the pillars, I have followed not perhaps the very words of Josephus, which are evidently incorrect, but the regular proportion of the Corinthian order, which was a constant and almost invariable standard, at least in the reign of Herod, when it was the prevailing and favorite order,

† Lib. xxxvi. cap. 14.

The temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was nearly a square of two hundred feet, with a triple row of pillars in front, that is towards the Forum, and a double row on the sides. Here again, notwithstanding the splendor of such an assemblage of columns rising on such a site, the dimensions will admit of no comparison*. In fact, every edifice, whether in existence or on record, of whatsoever denomination, falls far short, in some respect or other, of the Basilica Vaticana, the grand temple of the Christian church; to render which as worthy as possible of its high destination, human ingenuity seems to have strained its powers, and art to have exhausted its resources.

* The temple of Olympic Jupiter, at Agrigentum, the ruins of which still remain, was certainly on a gigantic scale but inferior in dimensions to the temple of Ephesus, and consequently not comparable to the Vatican. (*See Swinburne on this Temple.*)—I quote this traveller with pleasure, because my own observations enable me to bear testimony of his accuracy.

CHAP. V.

Pontifical Service—Papal Benediction—Ceremonies in the Holy Week—Observations—Original form of Churches.

AFTER having thus given a general account of St. Peter's, and endeavoured to sketch out its extent and beauty, I may be expected to describe the magnificent ceremonies of which it is the theatre, and picture to the reader the *pomp and circumstance of public worship*, grand in all cathedrals, but peculiarly majestic in this first and noblest of christian temples. In fact, the same unwearied attention which has regulated the most minute details of the architecture and decorations, extends itself to every part of divine service, and takes in even all the minutiae of ritual observance. The ancient Romans loved parade and public shews, and introduced processions, rich habits, and stately ceremonies into all the branches of public administration, whether civil, military, or religious. This taste so natural and so useful, because calculated, while it feasts the eye and the imagination, to cover the

nakedness and littleness of man, and to clothe the individual with the dignity and the grandeur of the aggregate body, was infused into christianity as soon as christianity became the religion of the empire, and with it has been transmitted unaltered to the moderns. When therefore a traveller enters a Roman church he must consider himself as transported back to ancient times, and expect to hear the language, and see the habits, and the stately manners of the Romans of the four first centuries. Some may find fault with the ceremonies, and others may feel some surprize at the dresses; but not to speak of the claim which their antiquity has to veneration, they both possess a grace and dignity that not unfrequently command the respect and admiration even of the most indifferent.

The daily service of St. Peter's is performed in a large and noble chapel, that might without impropriety, be dignified with the appellation of a church, by a choir consisting of an arch priest, thirty-eight prebendaries, fifty minor canons or chaplains, besides clerks, choristers and beadle. The grand altar under the dome is reserved for the use of the pontiff, who on such occasions is always attended by the college of cardinals with their chaplains, the prelates attached to the court, and the papal choir or

musicians, who form what is called the pontiff's chapel, or *capella papale*. As there is no regular chancel in St. Peter's, a temporary one is fitted up for such occasions behind the altar, of a semicircular form covered with purple and adorned with rich drapery. In the middle raised on several steps stands the pontifical chair. The seats of the cardinals and prelates form a curve on each side.

I must here observe, that the seat of the bishop in the ancient and patriarchal churches at Rome is raised very little above those of the clergy. That the bishops sometimes sat on a more elevated chair even at a very early period is clear from a canon of the fourth council of Carthage,* which expressly orders that bishops in the church and in the assemblies of the clergy should enjoy that distinction; but that it was not a general custom is equally evident from the practice of St. Martin, and the offence which the introduction of it into Gaul gave to Sulpicius Severus. "In ecclesia," says this historian speaking of St. Martin, "nemo unquam illum sedere conspergit; sicut quendam nuper (testor Dominum) non sine meo pudore vidi, sublimi

* An. 390.

solio quasi regio tribunal, celsa sede residentem*." However in spite of the example of St. Martin and the censure of his disciple, the episcopal chair still continued to rise till it acquired the name, the elevation and more than the usual splendor of a throne. It does not indeed seem to have reached its full magnificence till the middle of the last century, when it appears to have arrived at its acmè, not in Rome, as the reader may naturally imagine, but in the cathedral of Durham, where the lord bishop sits enthroned in far more than papal eminence, and looks down upon the choir, the congregation, the altar, and the pulpit.

When the pope celebrates divine service, as on Easter Sunday, Christmas Day, Whit Sunday, St. Peter, and St. Paul, &c. the great or middle doors of the church are thrown open at ten, and the procession formed of all the persons mentioned above, preceded by a beadle carrying the papal cross, and two others bearing lighted torches, enters and advances slowly in two long lines between two ranks of soldiers up the nave. This majestic procession is closed by the pontiff himself seated in a chair of state supported by twenty

valets half concealed in the drapery that falls in loose folds from the throne; he is crowned with his tiara, and bestows his benediction on the crowds that kneel on all sides as he is borne along. When arrived at the foot of the altar he descends, resigns his tiara, kneels, and assuming the common mitre seats himself in the episcopal chair on the right side of the altar, and joins in the psalms and prayers that precede the solemn service. Towards the conclusion of these preparatory devotions his immediate attendants form a circle around him, clothe him in his pontifical robes, and place the tiara on his head: after which, accompanied by two deacons and two sub-deacons, he advances to the foot of the altar, and bowing reverently makes the usual confession. He then proceeds in great pomp through the chancel and ascends the pontifical throne, while the choir sing the *Introitus* or psalm of entrance, the *Kyrie Eleison* and *Gloria in excelsis*, when the pontiff lays aside his tiara and after having saluted the congregation in the usual form, *the Lord be with you*, reads the collect in an elevated tone of voice, with a degree of inflexion just sufficient to distinguish it from an ordinary lecture. The epistle is then read, first in Latin then in Greek; and after it some select verses from the psalms, intermingled with Alleluias, are sung to elevate the mind and prepare it for the gospel.

The pontiff then rises, gives his benediction to the two deacons that kneel at his feet with the book of the gospels, and resigning his tiara, stands while the gospel is sung in Latin and in Greek; after which he commences the Nicene creed which is continued in music by the choir. When the creed and the psalm that follows it are over, he descends from his throne, and approaching the altar with the same attendants and the same pomp as in the commencement of the service, he receives and offers up the usual oblations, fumes the altar with frankincense from a golden censer, and then washes his hands; a ceremony implying purity of mind and body. He then turns to the people, and in an humble and affectionate address begs their prayers; and shortly after commences that sublime form of adoration and praise called "the preface," because it is an introduction to the most solemn part of the liturgy, and he chaunts it in a tone supposed to be borrowed from the ancient tragic declamation and very noble and impressive. The last words, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of armies," &c. are uttered in a posture of profound adoration, and sung by the choir in notes of deep and solemn intonation. All music then ceases, all sounds are hushed, and an awful silence reigns around, while in a low tone the pontiff recites that most ancient and venerable invocation which

precedes, accompanies and follows the consecration, and concludes with great propriety in the Lord's prayer chaunted with a few emphatical inflections.

Shortly after the conclusion of this prayer, the pontiff salutes the people in the ancient form, "May the peace of the Lord be always with you," and returns to his throne, while the choir sing thrice the devout address to the Saviour, taken from the gospel, "Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us." When he is seated, the two deacons bring the holy sacrament, which he first reveres humbly on his knees, and then receives in a sitting posture*: the deacons and sub-deacons then receive the communion under both kinds. the anthem after communion is sung, a collect follows, and the deacon dismisses the assembly.

* This is the only instance that exists, I believe, in the whole catholic church of receiving the holy sacrament *sitting*; it is a remnant of the primitive custom, but as that custom was suppressed at a very early period, perhaps even in the apostolic age itself, I see no reason for retaining it in one solitary occasion. Benedict XIII. could never be prevailed upon to conform to it, but always remained standing at the altar, according to the usual practice.

The pope then offers up his devotions on his knees at the foot of the altar, and borne along in the same state as when he entered, passes down the nave of the church, and ascends by the *Scala Regia* to the grand gallery in the middle of the front of St. Peter's. His immediate attendants surround his person, the rest of the procession draws up on each side. The immense area and colonnade before the church are lined with troops and crowded with thousands of spectators. All eyes are fixed on the gallery; the chant of the choir is heard at a distance; the blaze of numberless torches plays round the columns; and the pontiff appears elevated on his chair of state under the middle arch. Instantly the whole multitude below fall on their knees; the canons of St. Angelo give a general discharge, while rising slowly from his throne, he lifts his hands to heaven, stretches forth his arm, and thrice gives his benediction to the crowd, to the city, and to all mankind; a solemn pause follows, another discharge is heard, the crowd rises, and the pomp gradually disappears.

The ceremony is without doubt very grand, and considered by most travellers as a noble and becoming conclusion to the majestic service that precedes it. Every thing concurs to render it interesting: the venerable character of the pontiff

himself, the first bishop of the Christian church, issuing from the sanctuary of the noblest temple in the world bearing the holiness of the mysteries, which he has just participated, imprinted on his countenance, offering up his supplication in behalf of his flock, his subjects, his brethren, his fellow creatures, to the Father of all, through the Saviour and Mediator of all. Surely such a scene is both edifying and impressive.

The chaunt or music used by the papal choir, and indeed in most catholic cathedrals and abbey churches is, excepting in some instances, ancient. Gregory the Great, though not the author of it, collected it into a body and gave it the form in which it now appears. The chaunt of the psalms is simple and affecting, composed of Lydian, Phrygian, and other Greek and Roman tunes, without many notes, but with a sufficient inflexion to render them soft and plaintive or bold and animating. St. Augustin, who was a good judge of music, represents himself as melted into tears by the psalms as then sung in the church of Milan under the direction of St. Ambrose, and seems to apprehend that the emotions produced by such harmonious airs might be too tender for the vigorous and manly spirit of Christian devotion.* As the transition from song to ordi-

* Confess. lib. ix. cap. 6. 7. Lib. x. cap. 33.

nary reading is flat and insipid, it cannot but take off much of the effect of the lecture; and moreover, as the common tone of voice is inadequate to the purposes of divine service in a large church, the ancients introduced a few modulations into the prayers and lectures just sufficient to raise and support the voice, to extend its reach, and to soften its cadences. These were taken from the different species of Roman declamations, and vary in number and solemnity according to the nature and the importance of the lecture. In the lessons and epistles, the interrogations, exclamations, and periods only are marked by a corresponding rise or fall: the gospel has its variations more numerous and more dignified: the preface is rich in full melodious and solemn swells borrowed, as it is supposed, from the stately accents of Roman tragedy. The psalms, or to use an expression more appropriate, the anthems that commence the service, precede the gospel, usher in the offertory and follow the communion, together with the *Gloria in excelsis* and creed, were set to more complicated and more laboured notes, but yet with all due regard to the sanctity of the place, the import of the words and the capacity of the hearers who were accustomed to join the song and to accompany the choir.

This ancient music, which has long been known by the name of the Gregorian chant, so well adapted to the gravity of divine service, has been much disfigured in process of time by the bad taste of the middle and the false refinements of the latter ages. The first encumbered it with an endless succession of dull unmeaning notes, *dragging their slow length along*, and burthening the ear with a dead weight of sound; the other infected it with the melting airs, the labored execution, the effeminate grace of the orchestra, useless, to say the least, even in the theatre, but profane and almost sacrilegious in the church. Such care seems to have been taken to avoid these defects, in the papal choir. The general style and spirit of the ancient and primitive music have been retained, and some modern compositions of known and acknowledged merit, introduced on stated days and in certain circumstances. Of musical instruments, the organ only is admitted into St. Peter's or rather into the papal chapel; and even that not always; voices alone are employed in general, and as those voices are numerous, perfect in their kind, and in thorough union with each other, and as the singers themselves are concealed from view, the effect is enchanting, and brings to mind *The celestial voices in full harmonic number joined*, that sometimes reached

the ears of our first parents in Paradise, and *lifted their thoughts to heaven.*

Of all the Roman ceremonies the pontifical service at St. Peter's is without doubt the most majestic; and if we add to it the procession on *Corpus Christi*, in which the pope bears the holy sacrament in solemn pomp along the colonnades then hung according to the ancient fashion with tapestry and graced with garlands, we shall have mentioned the two most splendid exhibitions perhaps to be seen in the Universe. But besides these there are others, particularly during the last week of Lent, which cannot fail to excite attention and interest. The procession with psalms, and the affecting chant of the Passion on Sunday; the evening service called *Tenebrae* in the Sixtine Chapel on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday; the morning service on the two latter days, particularly the *Mandatum*, so called from the first word of the anthem sung while the pope washes the feet of thirteen pilgrims, &c. are all rites which it is difficult to behold without edification and perhaps emotion.

I must not pass over the well known exhibition that takes place in St. Peter's on the night of Good Friday, when the hundred lamps that burn over the tomb of the apostle are extinguished,

and a stupendous cross of light appears suspended from the dome, between the altar and the nave, shedding over the whole edifice a soft lustre delightful to the eye and highly favourable to picturesque representations. This exhibition is supposed to have originated in the sublime imagination of Michael Angelo, and he who beholds it will acknowledge that it is not unworthy of the inventor. The magnitude of the cross hanging as if self-supported, and like a meteor *streaming in the air*; the blaze that it pours forth; the mixture of light and shade cast on the pillars, arches, statues and altars; the crowd of spectators placed in all the different attitudes of curiosity, wonder and devotion; the processions with their banners and crosses gliding successively in silence along the nave and kneeling around the altar; the penitents of all nations and dresses collected in groupes near the confessionals of their respective languages; a cardinal occasionally advancing through the crowd, and as he kneels humbly bending his head to the pavement; in fine, the pontiff himself, without pomp or pageantry, prostrate before the altar, offering up his adorations in silence, form a scene singularly striking by a happy mixture of tranquillity and animation, of darkness and light, of simplicity and majesty.

All these ceremonies of the Roman church are set off by every concomitant circumstance that can contribute to their splendor or magnificence. As indeed no people are better acquainted with the mode of conducting and managing public exhibitions than the Romans, they are performed with the utmost precision and dignity, with every attention to the effects of perspective, and to all the graces of drapery. Every person knows his place and the part he has to act in the solemnity: the dresses are adapted to the situation as well as to the rank of the wearers, who, whether they be sitting, standing or moving, contrive that they should fall into easy and majestic folds. The persons themselves are the pope, the cardinals, the chief magistrates of the city, the principal officers of state, and various prelates, presidents, and judges of the principal tribunals, all men either of high birth or great talents, and venerable for their age, their virtues, or their dignity. The theatres moreover (if such an expression may be applied to such an object) in which these sacred pomps are exhibited, are either the vast and lofty halls of the Vatican palace adorned with all the wonders of painting; or else the church of St. Peter, whose immense area, while it affords ample room for the ceremony itself, can contain countless multitudes without press or disorder. If therefore, as War-

burton observes, “ it be difficult to attend at a high mass performed by a good choir in any great church without sentiments of awe, if not of devotion;” it is not surprising that the same sacred service performed by such persons, with such accompaniments, and amid such scenes of grandeur and holiness, should impress the same sentiments with double force and effect.

These pompous offices at the Vatican only take place on the great festivals of Easter, Whitsuntide and Christmas, to which we may add St. Peter’s day, and perhaps one or two more occasional solemnities. On the other Sundays, and during the far greater part of the year, the altar stands a grand but neglected object, and the dome rises in silent majesty, unaccustomed to re-echo *with the voice of exultation and with the notes of praise*. The service of the cathedral is performed in a distant chapel, and private masses, it is true, are said at the different altars around, but the great body of the church seems deserted by its ministers, and like Sion of old, to complain that *none cometh to the solemnity*.

It may perhaps be a matter of just surprise to every thinking observer, that in the three noblest cathedrals existing, the service of the church should be performed, not in the regular choir

but in a side chapel, and that the pope should prefer the secrecy of his own oratory to the grand and majestic scenery of such noble temples. The pious Christian, as he ranges over these glorious fabrics, longs to see the genuine forms of the primitive church revived, and the spacious area filled with a crowded but orderly congregation; the men on the right, the women on the left, the youth drawn up on each side of the altar; the choir in double rows before it, with a pulpit for the readers on each side: behind it, the pontiff surrounded by his clergy, performing himself every Sunday the solemn duties of his station, presiding in person over the assembly, instructing his flock, like the Leos and the Gregorys of ancient times, with his own voice, and with his own hands administering to them the *bread of life* and the *cup of salvation*. Such was a christian congregation during the early ages, and such the regularity of ancient times. How grand would such an assembly now be in a temple like the Vatican! How awful and how affecting such a spectacle! How like an assembly of the blessed, and how conformable to the sublime description of the Revelations!—Barbarism, ignorance, and indifference have long since disturbed this admirable order, and in most places nearly erased its recollection; but the Roman pontiff, and he only, possesses influence sufficient to restore it; and to

spread it over the Christian world. If in reviving this part of primitive discipline, he would also exercise the power which the council of Trent has entrusted to him, and would admit, as I have hinted above, the laity to the cup (so solemn and impressive a part of the sacred rite) and if at the same time he would communicate to every nation the comfort of singing the praises of God in their own language, he would render to the church of Christ a most important and ever memorable service.*

I would not be understood as meaning by this latter observation to censure the use of ancient idioms in the liturgy, or to recommend *in toto* the introduction of modern dialects. The two great ancient languages which contain not only the principles and models of science and literature, but what is still more valuable, the very title-deeds and proofs of divine revelation, owe their existence to the liturgies of the Greek and Latin churches, and however widely diffused they may appear to be at present, it is difficult to say whether in the course of countless ages perhaps still to come, they may not again be indebted to the same means for their continuation. A

* Conc. Trid. Sess. xxiij.

deadly blow is now actually aimed at them by the pride or the policy of the French government; and extensive as the influence of that government is, it may succeed in its barbaric attempt, unless counteracted by the still more extensive and almost universal influence of the Catholic church. It is not my intention to interfere with the controversial part of this question, "*Dii meliora piis;*" but I own I should be sorry to see the divine dialect of Plato and of St. Paul, the full the majestic tones of Cicero and of St. Leo entirely banished from the altars, and replaced by the meaner sounds of Romaic or even by the more musical accents of Italian.* Nothing can be more delightful to the ear, and if I may judge from my own feelings, more impressive, than the Latin service when chanted in a full choir, supported, not by the organ only, but by the united voices of a crowded congregation, raised from every corner and re-echoed from every vault of an immense cathedral.

But with all the respect, due to the prescriptive pre-eminence of the two sacred dialects, hal-

* If, as a well known proverb says, Spanish is from its gravity well adapted to prayer, how much better is the dignity of Latin calculated for that solemn duty?

lowed by the writings of the Apostles, Fathers, and primitive martyrs, I may venture to recommend the use of modern languages at certain parts of the service, and the introduction of lectures and hymns adapted to the particular objects of the liturgy, when the officiating priest is occupied in silent adoration, and the ordinary chant of the choir is suspended. Such is the practice all over Catholic Germany, and throughout the vast extent of the Austrian dominions, where, if the traveller enters into any parochial church during service, he finds it filled with a numerous congregation all joining in chorus with a zeal and ardour truly edifying. I was peculiarly struck with the good effect of this custom in the churches of Bohemia, where the people are remarkable for a just and musical ear, and sing with admirable precision; but still more so in the cathedral of Vienna, where the voices of some thousands chanting in full unison the celebrated hymn, "Holy, holy, holy," cannot fail to elevate the mind, and inflame the coldest heart with devotion. This practice, sanctioned by the authority of so considerable a portion of the catholic church, has many good effects, as it contributes to the comfort and edification of the people, who always delight in hymns and spiritual songs; as it amuses the ear with melody and attaches the hearers to the holy sentiments

and doctrines which it conveys, and as it may thus act as a preservative from the infidelity of the times, not only by securing the assent, but by engaging the affections, on the side of religion. In fine, it tends to consecrate all languages to the praise of the Father Almighty, and to the propagation of the gospel of his adorable Son. "Nihil sublimius," says Leo the Great, in an ancient preface for Whit-Sunday, "collatum Ecclesiæ tuæ exordiis, quam ut evangelii tui præconia linguis omnium, credentium ora loquerentur, . . . et vocum varietas edificationi Ecclesiasticae non difficultatem faceret, sed augeret potius unitatem."

Before I close this chapter, I think it necessary to make a few additional remarks for the information of my readers in general, little accustomed to the scenes described, and perhaps totally unacquainted with many of the subjects alluded to. To such the following particulars may not be unacceptable. The Mass is the communion service, or consecration and administration of the holy sacrament. High mass is the same service, accompanied by all the ceremonies which custom and authority have annexed to its celebration. These ceremonies are in general very ancient, and may be traced as far back as the second or third century. The

language is that which prevailed at the period of the introduction of christianity; the dresses are nearly of the same era. The surplice, called in Latin *alba*, was probably borrowed from the linen *ephod* worn by the Levites in their functions under the old law. The other vestments are Roman. The *Stola*, called originally *Orarium* or *Sudarium*, was a long stripe of linen worn round the neck by persons of distinction, and particularly by magistrates or public speakers; it was intended, as its primitive name imports, for the same purposes as a handkerchief. The *Manipulus* or *Mappula* was a handkerchief to replace the *Stola*, when the latter in process of time had become an ornament only. The upper vestment, called *Casibulum* or *Planeta*, was originally a garment of a circular form, with an opening in the centre for the head, so that, when put on it hung down to the ground on all sides, and entirely covered the body. It was raised when the action of the arms was necessary, and sometimes tied up with ribands and tassels; it is particularly appropriated to the bishop or priest who officiates at the altar, and is used at mass only. On other occasions, the bishop or priest who presides wears the *Cope*, the ancient *Toga*, bordered on each side by the *Lotus Clavus*. This robe is the ordinary dress of the Pope in church, and on occasions of ceremony. The *Dalmatica*

and *Tunica* are the distinctive dresses of the deacon and subdeacon. These garments, which naturally derive grace and beauty from their form and drapery, are ennobled by their antiquity, and sanctified by their appropriation to the altar. They combine decency and majesty; they distinguish the public man from the individual; and like the robes of kings and of magistrates they garnish the exercise of office, and teach the minister to respect himself, and both the minister and the people to reverence the sacred charge of public function.

The use of torches and of incense is supposed to have been introduced into the church in the third century; it originated in the east, but soon became general: it was founded on figurative reasons. The former were borne before the Book of the Gospels, and reminded the faithful of the light diffused over the universe by the promulgation of the sacred volume, *and of that true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world**. The latter had been expressly commanded in the Old Law, and was considered in the New as a fit accompaniment to be offered

* St. John, i.

*with the prayers of the saints upon the golden altar before the throne.**

The most solemn part of the service is recited in a low tone, audible only to those who surround the altar; a circumstance which surprises protestants, and has frequently been censured with severity. However, this custom is almost coeval with the liturgy itself, and seems to have commenced almost immediately after the apostolic age. It was in all probability a measure of precaution. One of the most sacred rites of christianity, that of Baptism, had been exposed to public ridicule on the stage, and to prevent the recurrence of a similar profanation, in a more awful institution, it was thought prudent to confine the knowledge of the Eucharistic prayer to the clerical order. When a custom is once established reasons are never wanting to justify its continuance; and the secrecy which the fear of profanation rendered necessary in times of persecution was continued from motives of respect in the days of Christian prosperity. Every person acquainted with ecclesiastical antiquity knows with what extreme delicacy the Fathers of the fourth century speak of the mys-

* Rev. viii.

teries, and of course will not wonder that the Roman church, which glories in its adherence to antiquity, should continue the same practice. Besides, it is considered as more conformable to the nature of the mysterious institution, and more favorable to the indulgence of devotion, both in the priest and in the congregation, than the most emphatic and solemn recitation. Impressed with this idea, the Greeks have from time immemorial drawn curtains, and in the later ages raised a screen before the altar, that conceals the priest from public view, and environs him as the High Priest of old when he entered the Holy of Holies, with the awful solitude of the sanctuary.*

The rites which I have described are pure and holy; they inspire sentiments of order and decency; they detach the mind from the ordinary pursuits of life, and by raising it above its ordinary level, they qualify it to appear with due humility and recollection before the *Throne of the Lamb*,—the *Mercy Seat* of Jehovah!

The Roman *Basilicæ* excepting St. Peter's,

* The laity at present lose nothing by this silence, as they have the form of consecration, and indeed the whole service translated in their prayer-books.

are the most ancient now existing, and erected as they were in the earliest ages of christianity, give us a clear and precise idea of the notions of the Christians of that period with regard to the form and the arrangement of churches. In the first place, as not one of these churches bears any resemblance to a cross, we may conclude that Mr. Gibbon was mistaken, when he attributed to the first christians a partiality to that figure in the construction of their oratories, and an unwillingness to convert pagan temples into churches, because not erected in that form. Many temples from their narrow limits were, as I have already remarked, totally incapable of holding a christian congregation. Several of greater magnitude were actually converted into churches, and are to this day used as such; and if Constantine could in prudence, at a time when the Roman senate was still pagan, have offered the splendid seat of pagan worship to the bishop of Rome, the offer would have been readily accepted, and the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, though *not in the form of a cross*, would like the Pantheon have been sanctified by Christian rites, and might probably still have remained a noble monument of ancient magnificence. It is difficult to determine at what precise period the figure of the cross was introduced, but it seems to have been about the end of the fifth

century, as the church of St. Sophia, erected in the sixth, is in that form; but, whenever introduced, its adoption need not be regretted, as it very happily combines variety with unity, and beauty with convenience.

We cannot pass the same encomium upon those partitions, called screens, which divide the chancel from the nave, and by concealing the most ornamented part of the church from the view, and veiling the principal object, the altar, break the perspective, deprive the edifice of a proper termination, and apparently reduce its dimensions to half its real magnitude. When and why these screens were introduced it may be difficult to determine, but as they are only found in Saxon and Gothic churches we may suppose that they are coeval with those buildings, and were from the beginning considered as constituent parts of them. Their utility is not very perceptible. Some suppose them necessary in northern climates, in order to shelter the congregation from the cold winds that penetrate and chill the open parts of such vast edifices as cathedrals; but this reason, which may appear satisfactory when confined to countries in which the congregation is seldom so numerous as to fill the choir of a cathedral, is totally inapplicable to places where service is attended by

the populace, and where the congregations are regularly sufficient to crowd every part of the church, not excepting even the aisles and transepts. I am therefore inclined to suspect, that the propensity of the northern nations to mystic allusions, and perhaps a wish to increase the reverence due to the altar, by removing it to a greater distance from the laity, might have suggested the idea of a screen to the architects of the middle ages.

There is, it must be admitted, something very impressive in the distant view of a Gothic altar, seen from the arched entrance of the choir, through a long and double line of clergy in surplice, faintly lighted by the beams that drop from the painted windows above, or by the lamps and tapers that gleam around, encircled by ministering priests, and half lost in clouds of incense; there is, I say, something in such solemn scenery that seizes the imagination, and excites emotions of awe and religious melancholy.* But al-

* How far the altar ought to be ornamented is a question which has been debated with much warmth since the reformation. The Latins, Greeks, and even the Lutherans are accustomed to adorn it with more or less splendor or gaudiness, according to their taste and opulence. The church of England, when not overawed by the clamors of

though these dispositions are good and suitable to the place and occasion, yet the means employed to produce them, the dim perspective, and the artificial gloom border upon theatrical illusion, and seem better adapted to the sullen superstition of the Druids than to the plain and majestic forms of Christian worship. How different the effects of arrangement in a Roman *Basilica*, where, in a semicircle behind the altar, the bishop and his clergy form a venerable tri-

the sectaries that assail her on all sides, is inclined to favor this practice; while the Calvinistic school of Geneva, hostile to every thing that delights the eye or flatters the feelings of a polished mind, have either cast the table of the Lord out of the church, or stripped it of all its decent accompaniments, and abandoned it in a corner to dust and cobwebs. But whatever a man's opinion may be upon this subject, he must be very morose indeed if he find much to blame in the Roman altars; I mean those of the *Basilicae*; which unencumbered with tabernacles, reliquaries, statues or flower-pots, support a cross and six candlesticks; furniture, which is sufficient without doubt for all the purposes of solemnity, and yet may be endured even by a puritan. The other ornaments, or rather superfluities which are too often observed to load the altars of catholic churches, owe their introduction to the fond devotion of nuns or nun-like friars, and may be tolerated in their conventional oratories, as the toys and playthings of that harmless race, but ought never to be allowed to disfigure the simplicity of parochial churches and cathedrals.

bunal ; where the people before, ranged according to sex and age, exhibit an orderly multitude ; and the altar itself in the middle displays in full light the sacred volume and the emblems of redemption ? An assembly thus combining simplicity, order and dignity, naturally elevates the soul, and inspires sentiments not of terror but of admiration, not of fictitiousness but of real solid devotion. It recalls to mind the glorious vision of the Revelations*, and almost brings before our eyes *the elders sitting clothed in white, the lamps burning before the throne, the lamb standing as if slain, and the multitudes which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people and tongues.*

* Chap. iv. v. vii.

CHAP. VI.

Villas—the Tiber—the Mausoleum of Cecilia Metella—Egerian Grotto and Fountain—Church of St. Constantia—Mons Sacer.

THE various villas that encircle Modern Rome, form one of its characteristic beauties, as well as one of the principal features of its resemblance to the ancient city, which seems to have been environed with gardens, and almost studed with groves and shady retirements. Thus Julius Cæsar had a spacious garden on the banks of the Tiber, at the foot of the Janiculum, which he bequeathed to the Roman people: Mæcenas enclosed and converted into a pleasure ground, a considerable part of the Esquiline Hill, which before had been the common burial place of the lower classes, and the resort of thieves and vagabonds; an alteration which Horace mentions with complacency in his eighth satire. To these we may add the *Horti Lucullani* and *Serviliani*, incidently mentioned by Tacitus, and particularly the celebrated retreat of the historian Sallust, adorned with so much mag-

nificence and luxury that it became the favorite resort of successive Emperors. This garden occupied the extremities of the Viminal and Pincian Hill, and enclosed in its precincts, a palace, a temple and a circus. The palace was consumed by fire on the fatal night when Alaric entered the city: the temple of singular beauty, sacred to Venus (*Veneri Felici Sacrum*) was discovered about the middle of the sixteenth century, and destroyed for the sale of the materials: of the circus little remains but masses of walls that merely indicate its site, while statues and marbles found occasionally continue to furnish proofs of its magnificence.

The gardens of Lucullus are supposed to have bordered on those of Sallust, and with several other delicious retreats, which covered the summit and brow of the Pincian Mount, gave it its ancient appellation of *Collis Hortulorum*. To the intermingled graces of town and country that adorned these fashionable mansions of the rich and luxurious Romans, Horace alludes when addressing Fuscus Aristius, he says

Nempe inter varias nutritur sylva columnas—

as in the verse immediately following

Laudaturque domus longos quæ prospicit agros.

Hor. Ep. i. 10.

he evidently hints at the extensive views which might be enjoyed from the lofty apartments, erected expressly for the purpose of commanding a wide range of country.

The villas of Modern Rome often occupy the same ground, share some portion of the splendor, and enjoy all the picturesque advantages of the gardens of the ancient city. In point of perspective beauty, Rome has, indeed, at all times possessed peculiar felicities. It covers a considerable extent of country, encloses several hills within its ramparts, and affords a great variety of views, sometimes confined to its interior, and sometimes extending to the surrounding country and the distant mountains. It is true that the ancient Roman might contemplate from his garden, towering in or near distant perspective, one or more of those stupendous edifices which then adorned the city, and were deservedly ranked among the wonders of the world; but I know not whether, in the melancholy spectacle of the same majestic edifices now scattered on the ground and overgrown with cypresses, the modern villa does not exhibit a sight more awful and more affecting. If the traveller wishes to be convinced of the truth of this remark, let him from the terrace of the *Villa Borghese*, fix his eyes on the dome of St. Peter's, expanded

in all its splendor and all its perfection before him; and then let him ascend the Palatine Mount, and from the cypress groves of the *Villa Farnesiana* look down upon the shattered mass of the Coliseum spread beneath him in broken pomp, half covered with weeds and brambles.

O champs de l'Italie, O campagnes de Rome,
 Ou dans tout son orgueil git le neant de l'homme !
 C'est la que des aspects fameux par de grands noms,
 Pleins de grands souvenirs, et de hautes lecons,
 Vous offrent ces objets, tresors des paysages.
 Voyez de toutes parts comment le cours des ages
 Dispersant, dechirant de precieux lambeaux,
 Jetant temple sur temple, et tombeaux sur tombeaux,
 De Rome etale au loin la ruine immortelle ;—
 Ces portiques, ces arcs, ou la pierre fidele
 Garde du peuple roi les exploits eclatants :
 Leur masse indestructible a fatigue le temps.
 Des fleuves suspendus ici mugissoit l'onde ;
 Sous ces portes passoient les deponilles du monde ;
 Par tout confusement dans la poussiere epars,
 Les thermes, les palais, les tombeaux des Cæsars !

Abbé de Lille, Jardins. Chant. iv.

No villa presents a greater number of the local felicities, immortal ruins, divine remains, big with grand recollections and awful instruction, so well described in these verses as the *Orti Farnesi*. The gardens cover the greater part of the Palatine Mount, and spread over the

vast substructions and scattered vestiges of the imperial palace. They front the Capitol, command the Forum, and look down upon the neighboring Coliseum; thus exhibiting in different points of view, and successively, the noblest remains of Roman magnificence now existing. They were formerly cultivated with care, and adorned with a great variety of antique vases, busts, and statues; but having unfortunately fallen by inheritance to the royal family of Naples, the ancient ornaments have been transported to that capital, and the place, notwithstanding its exquisite beauties, has been almost entirely neglected.

The *Villa Spada*, or *Brunati* (for these villas change their names with their proprietors) occupies, on a much smaller scale, a part of the Palatine Hill and of the imperial palace, and enjoys some of the advantages of the *Orti Farnesiani*. The ruins of the palace cover the greater part of it, and on one side look down on the valley that separates the Palatine from the Aventine Mount; from a gallery in a recess still remaining, the Emperor might behold the games of the *Circus Maximus*, which occupied the greater part of that valley.

On the summit of *Mount Cælius* stands the

Villa Matthei, once famous for the beauty and number of its antiques, and though now like the *Orti Farnesi*, forsaken and neglected, it is still interesting for its groves, its verdure, its prospects, and its solitudes.

Villa Negroni, once the favorite retreat of Sixtus Quintus, encloses an immense space of ground on the Esquiline and Viminal Hills, covered with groves, and opening upon various beautiful prospects. It contains two handsome and spacious buildings. Its numerous antiquities have been removed. The celebrated *Agger Tarquinii*, or rampart, raised by Tarquinitus Priscus, intersects this garden, and claims the attention due to its age and origin.

The *Villa Aldobrandini* is small and ill-furnished, but celebrated for one remarkable object, the *Noxxe Aldobrandine*, an ancient painting, which represents, as every reader knows, the nuptial ceremony in graceful figures, easy drapery, and charming groupes.

The *Villa Ludovizi* is a part only of the gardens of Sallust, and as it stands on the summit of the Pincian Hill, it necessarily commands some very beautiful prospects. Its delicious walks are shaded with ilex, cypress, and bay,

of the noblest growth, and of the most luxuriant foliage; and it has the singular advantage of being enclosed in a great degree by the venerable walls of the city. The elevated *Casino*, or summer-house in the centre, affords from its battlements an extensive view of the *Campagna*, and the mountains that form its boundaries, particularly of those of *Albano* and *Sabina*. On a ceiling in this *Casino* is the Aurora of *Guercino*, much admired by all connoisseurs, and by those of the French school preferred to that of *Guido*. It certainly has more contrast, and more bustle; but what can equal the grace, the freshness, the celestial glory of that matchless performance, which combines in one splendid vision all the beautiful features and accompaniments ascribed to the morning by the poets; Homer and Virgil seem to have presided over the work, and Ovid and Tasso given the picture its finishing touches.

The *Strada Pinciana* separates this villa from the gardens of the *Villa Medici*, once the residence of the cardinal of that family, and from its lofty situation, superb collection of statues, pillars, and marbles, as well as from the beauty of its gardens, well entitled to the attention and favor of those patrons of the arts. But it has

the misfortune to belong now to a sovereign; its antiquities have therefore been transported to his capital, Florence; its noble apartments are neglected, and its gardens alone remain the resort and the delight of every serious traveller.

The *Orti Barberini* rises to the south of the court of St. Peter's, and while it commands from its terrace a full view of one side of the colonnade, it presents to the eye of those who are coming towards the Vatican a beautiful background for the other side, and spreads its pines and cypresses in such a manner as to form in appearance an aerial garden suspended over the pillars, and shading the statues.

The gardens belonging to the *Corsini* palace have acquired some celebrity from the meetings of the Academy of the *Quirini*. A similar circumstance throws a still greater lustre over the *Bosco Parrhasio*, a rural theatre where the Arcadians meet to hear and examine the poetical effusions of their associates. The Arcadian Academy is known to be one of the principal literary societies in Rome, instituted towards the end of the seventeenth century, for the promotion of classical knowledge, and composed of some of the first scholars in that Capital, and indeed in

all Europe.* One of its principal objects was to correct the bad taste then prevalent, and to turn the attention of youth from the glare, conceit, and over refinements of false, to the ease, and unaffected graces of true wit. They took their name from a people celebrated for the simplicity of their manners; and as the love of rural scenery is inseparable from true taste, they chose a grove for the place of their assembly, and gave it the name of Parrhasian. The *Bosco Parrhasio* is situated on the side of the Janiculum.

All the gardens and villas hitherto mentioned, are within the ancient walls of the city, and may be considered as constituent parts of it, contributing much to its beauty, its coolness, and its magnificence: but besides these, many others lie in the suburbs and neighborhood, and give the immediate environs of Rome an uncommon share of amenity and interest.

To begin by the *Porta S. Pancrazio*, that nearest the Janiculum, anciently the *Porta Aurelia*; proceeding along the *Via Aurelia* about a mile from the gate, we arrive at the *Villa*

* The French having degraded this academy by the absurd appellation of the *arcades*, which some English translators have wisely converted into *arches*

Pamfili or *Belrespiro*. This country seat, which now belongs to the Prince *Doria*, is supposed to occupy the same ground as the gardens of the Emperor Galba, and is remarkable for its edifices, its waters, its woods, its antiquities of every description, its great extent, and its general magnificence. It is moreover well supported both with regard to the house, the ornamental buildings, and the gardens. The disposition and arrangement of the plantations, as well as the form and destination of the water, are stiff and formal, according to the obsolete mode of French gardening;* yet the growth and luxuriancy of the one, and the extent and profusion of the other, almost hide the defect and catch and delight the eye, in spite of unnatural art and misplaced symmetry.

One of the most conspicuous objects in the immediate neighborhood of Rome is the *Monte Mario*, anciently *Clivus Cinnæ*, a bold eminence lying about a mile north-west from the *Porta Angelica*, clothed with vineyards and crowned with groves of cypress and poplar. On its sum-

* I might with greater propriety have said *Italian* gardening, as the French, in this respect as in most others, only copied the Italians. The latter again imitated their ancestors.—See *Pliny's well-known Description of his Laurentian and Tuscan villas.* *Lib. 11. Ep. 17. v. Ep. 6.*

mit rises the *Villa Mellini*, remarkable for the noble view that lies expanded under its terrace. The Tiber intersecting the city and winding through rich meadows; the *Prata Quintia* and *Prata Mutia*, fields still bearing in their names the trophies of Roman virtue and Roman heroism: the *Pons Milvius* with its tower, and the plains consecrated by the victory of Constantine; the Vatican palace with its courts and gardens; the Basilica of St. Peter with its portico, its obelisk, and its fountains; the *Campus Martius* covered with the churches, squares and palaces of the modern city; the seven hills strewed with the ruins of the ancient; the walls with their towers and galleries; the desert *Campagna*, with Mount Soracte rising apparently in the centre; and the semi-circular sweep of mountains tinged with blue or purple, now bright with the sun, now dark in the shade, and generally gleaming with snow—such is the varied and magnificent scene spread before the traveller, while reposing on the shaded terrace of the *Villa Mellini*.

The same prospect may be enjoyed, but with less advantage, from the *Villa Madama*, which lies further on the side of the hill towards *Ponte Milvio*. In the gardens of this villa is a rural theatre formed by the natural winding of a little dell, and shaded by a whole forest of beautiful

evergreens. In the golden days of the Medici (for this villa was erected and its gardens were laid out by a cardinal of that family) this sylvan scene was crowded by the polished Romans of the times, assembled to listen to the compositions of rival poets, and to decide the priority of contesting orators. After this literary exhibition the spectators were regaled in lofty halls planned by *Raffaello* and painted by *Giulio Romano*, with all the delicacies of the orchard, and with all the charms of music and conversation. But these days are now no more; the Medicean line is extinct; and ancient fame and surviving beauty, and the architecture of *Raffaello* and the pencil of *Giulio* plead in vain in behalf of this superb villa. It belongs to the King of Naples and is, as it has long been, entirely neglected.

On the opposite side of the city, a little way from the *Porta Salara* stands the *Villa Albani*, till lately one of the best supported and best furnished seats in the neighborhood of Rome, or indeed in Europe. The palace is magnificent, and was adorned as were the gardens with a considerable and chosen collection of antiquities, to the number nearly it is said of eight hundred. To these may be added two hundred and sixty pillars of granite, porphyry, and marble, which supported and adorned the villa and the galleries;

a species of grandeur that exists only in Rome and its vicinity. But the Alban villa has been stript of all its ornaments. The cardinal *Albani*, its proprietor, had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the French, by the zeal and activity with which he opposed the intrigues of their agents previous to the invasion of the ecclesiastical state, and was punished on their entrance into the city by the pillage and devastation of his palaces and gardens.

We shall now proceed to the *Villa Borghese*, or *Villa Pinciana* (so called from the proximity of the *Porta Pinciana* now shut up) which, from the space it occupies (supposed to be about four miles in circumference) its noble vistas, frequent fountains, ornamental buildings, superb palace, and almost innumerable antiquities, is justly considered as the first of the Roman villas, and worthy of being put into competition with the splendid retreats of Sallust or of Lucullus. It stands upon a continuation of the Pincian Hill, at a little distance from the walls of the city, about half a mile from the *Porta Flaminia* or *del Popolo*. It covers the brow of the hill, and from the terrace has a noble view of the city, and of the Vatican. The gardens are laid out with some regard both for the new and for the old system; for though symmetry prevails in general, and long alleys

appear intersetting each other, lined with statues and refreshed by cascades, yet here and there a winding path allures you into a wilderness formed of plants abandoned to their native luxuriancy, and watered by streamlets murmuring through their own artless channels. The ornamental buildings are, as usually happens to such edifices, deficient in correctness and purity of architecture. The temple of Diana is encumbered with too many ornaments. The Ionic temple in the little island is indeed graceful, but rather too narrow for its elevation, a defect increased by the statues placed upon the pediment. One of these ornamental buildings contains a considerable collection of statues, &c. found on the site of *Gabii* (for ruins there are none) the territory of which now belongs to this family.

The *Casino* or palace itself is of great extent, but though erected on the plans and under the inspection of the principal architects of the age, and though built of the finest stone, yet it neither astonishes nor pleases. The reason of this failure of effect is evident; the ornaments are so numerous and the parts so subdivided as to distract the eye, and to leave no room for any one predominant impression. The basso relievos, and statues scattered with such prodigality over the exterior of this *Casino* are sufficient, if disposed with

judgment and effect, to adorn the three largest palaces in Europe. The interior consists of several large saloons and apartments, and a gallery; all of which, particularly the latter, are lined and inlaid with the richest marbles, and supported by the noblest pillars, intermingled with bronze and gilding, and adorned with the best specimens of ancient art in sculpture and in painting. Such indeed is the value of this collection, and such the splendor of the apartments in which it is displayed, that no sovereign in Europe can boast of so rich a gallery or of a residence so truly imperial. This villa with its valuable collection and furniture escaped undamaged during the French invasion, owing to the apparent partiality which one of the princes of the family is supposed to have manifested towards the republican system.*

Its gardens are always open to the public, who, in a Latin inscription by no means inelegant, are welcomed or rather invited to the free enjoyment of all the beauties of the place, and at the same time intreated to spare the shrubs and flowers,

* This prince has since married a sister of Bonaparte, and made over to him his unparalleled collection; he has in return, obtained his contempt.

and to respect the more valuable ornaments, the urns, statues, and marbles. The Romans accordingly profit by the invitation, and resort in crowds to the *Villa Borgheæ*, particularly on Sundays; when the walks present a very lively and varied scene, composed of persons of all descriptions and ranks, moving in all directions through the groves and alleys, or reposing in groupes in the temples or near the fountains. This liberal mode of indulging the public in free access to palaces and gardens, and thus sharing with them, in some degree, the advantages and pleasures of luxury, a mode so common in Italy, merits much praise, and may be recommended as an example that deserves to be imitated by the proprietors of parks and pleasure grounds, particularly in the neighborhood of great towns and cities.

The reader will perceive that, out of the many villas that adorn Rome and its vicinity, I have selected a few only, as fully sufficient to give him a satisfactory idea of the nature and the decorations of these celebrated suburban retirements. Howsoever indeed they may differ in extent and magnificence, their principal features are nearly the same; the same with regard to artificial ornaments as well as natural graces. Some ancient remains are to be found in all, and several in most, and

they are all adorned with the same evergreens, and present upon a greater or less scale the same Italian and ancient scenery. They are in general, it is true, much neglected, but for that reason the more rural. The plants now abandoned to their native forms cover the walks with a luxuriant shade, break the long straight vistas by their *fantastic* branches, and turn the alleys and quincunxes into *devious* paths and *tangled* thickets. They furnish a delightful variety of rides and walks; and, as they are interspersed throughout the ancient city and round its suburbs, they give the traveller fatigued with his researches, or oppressed with the summer heats, a frequent opportunity of reposing himself on the margin of a fountain under the classical shade of the ilex, the pine, and the poplar.

Qua pinus ingens, albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.

Hor.

From the villas we pass by a very natural transition to the grand or beautiful objects that lie in the neighborhood of the city, and within the compass of a walk from its gates. To specify all these objects would be an undertaking too extensive for the bounds of the present work; I shall there-

fore confine myself to a few only, and point out to the reader such excursions as appear most interesting.

The banks of the Tiber cannot fail to attract the frequent steps of the classic traveller; the Tiber, *Deo gratissimus amnis*, a river more distinguished in the history of mankind than the Nile or the Thames, the Rhine or the Danube. Hence some travellers measuring its mass of waters by its bulk of fame, and finding its appearance inferior to their preconceptions, have represented it as a mere rill, a petty and insignificant streamlet. However, though far inferior in breadth to all the great rivers, yet, as it is generally from a few miles above Rome to the sea about three hundred feet wide upon an average, it cannot with justice be considered as a contemptible rill. Above and a little below the city it runs through groves and gardens, and waters the villas and retreats of the richer Romans; but beyond *Ponte Molle* it rolls through a long tract of plains and hills, fertile and green, but uncultivated and deserted. Yet these very banks, now all silence and solitude, were once, like those of the Thames, covered with life, activity, and rural beauty, lined with villages, and not unfrequently decorated with palaces. “*Pluribus prope solus*,” says Pliny, “*quam ceteri in omnibus terris amnes*,

*accolitur, aspiciturque vallis.** Such was the glory of the Tiber, not only in the golden days of Augustus and Trajan, but even in the iron age of Valentinian and Honorius, after Italy had long been the seat of civil war, and more than once the theatre of barbarian fury and of Gothic devastation.† Below the city, when it has passed the *Villa Malliana*, once the seat of Leo and of the Latin muses,‡ it falls again into a wilderness, and

—through the desert plain
Winds its waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.
Thompson's Liberty, P. 1.

The traveller may commence his next excursion

* Lib. iii. 5.

† "The Gaul," says Claudio, "may erect new mansions on the banks of the Rhine."

—et saevum gentibus amnem
Tibridis in morem domibus prævelet amonis.

De Laud. Stilich. 11.

‡ Strada lays at this villa the scene of the beautiful allegory in which he designates the character of the different Latin poets by their occupation in the machinery of an artificial mountain. An allegory introduced by Addison into the *Guardian*.

from the Capitol, and crossing part of the Forum, turn towards the Palatine Mount. On his left he will notice the solid wall of the Rostra; the temple of Romulus raised on the spot where the twin brothers were exposed; and a spring, called by some antiquaries the fountain of Juturna, bursting from a deep cleft in the rock. On his right he will observe the Cloaca Maxima with its solid arches, a stupendous work of Tarquinius Priscus. He will next pass under the arch of Janus, cross a corner of the Forum Boarium, and turning to the left advance along the Palatine on one side, and the Circus Maximus on the other. He then enters the street that leads with a gentle sweep between the Clivus Scauri and Mount Celius on the left, and on the right the Thermae Antonini and Mount Aventine, to the Porta Capena. As he proceeds on the Via Appia he will pass the ancient Basilica of St. Sebastian, and shortly after come to the Circus of Caracalla.

This circus, about two miles from the gates of Rome, presents such remnants of its ancient walls as enable us to form a clear notion of the different parts and arrangements of a circus. A considerable portion of the exterior, and in many places the vault that supported the seats, remain. The foundation of the two obelisks that terminated the *spina* (a sort of separation that ran length-

ways through the circus) and formed the goals, still exists. Near the principal goal on one side, behind the benches, stands a sort of tower where the judges sat. One of the extremities supported a gallery which contained a band of musicians, and is flanked by two towers, whence the signal for starting was given. Its length is one thousand six hundred and two feet, its breadth two hundred and sixty: the length of the spina is nine hundred and twenty-two. The distance from the *carcer* or end whence they started to the first meta or goal was five hundred and fifty feet. There were seven ranges of seats, which contained about twenty-seven thousand spectators. As jostling and every exertion of skill, strength or cunning were allowed, the chariots were occasionally overturned, and as the drivers had the reins tied round their bodies, several melancholy accidents took place. To remove the bodies of charioteers bruised or killed in such exertions, a large gate was open in the side of the circus near the first meta, where such accidents were likeliest to take place on account of the narrowness of the space; and this precaution was necessary, as the ancients deemed it a most portentous omen to go through a gate defiled by the passage of a dead body. On the end opposite the *carcer* was a triumphal arch or grand gate, through which the victorious charioteer drove amidst the shouts and acclamations

of the spectators. There were originally four sets of drivers, named from the colors which they wore, *Albati*, *Russati*, *Prasini*, and *Veneti*. To these four Domitian added two more, *Aurei* and *Purpurei**. Each color drove five rounds with fresh horses. There are stables, therefore, close to the circus; and in the centre of these stables a circular fabric of at least seventy-two feet diameter, with an open space around enclosed by a high wall. This building was probably a riding school, and is supposed to have been crowned with a temple. Indeed, such is the solidity of the walls and vault that they seem calculated to support a higher edifice than the mere roof; and such, at the same time, was the magnificence of the Romans, that they seldom left a public edifice without a becoming termination: besides, some very beautiful blocks of marble, forming part of a Corinthian cornice with other fragments found on the spot, authorize this conjecture, and give it a great degree of probability.

A little beyond the circus of Caracalla, and in full view from it, rises the mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, a beautiful circular edifice, built by Crassus, in honor of that Roman matron his wife, and

* Suet. Domit. 7.

daughter to Quintus Metellus Creticus. It is of considerable height and great thickness: in the centre is a hollow space reaching from the pavement to the top of the building. In this concavity was deposited the body in a marble sarcophagus, which in the time of Paul III. was removed to the court of the Farnesian palace. The solidity and simplicity of this monument are worthy of the republican era in which it was erected, and have enabled it to resist the incidents and survive the lapse of two thousand years.

A celebrated antiquary attributes to the architectural formation of this edifice, the singular effect of re-echoing clearly and distinctly such words as were uttered within a certain distance of its circumference; so that at the funeral of Metella the cries and lamentations of the attendants were repeated so often, and in such soft and plaintive accents, that the spirits of the dead, and even the infernal divinities themselves, seemed to partake the general sorrow, and to murmur back the sighs and groans of the mourners. As this fiction is poetical, and does some credit to the author, it is but fair to present it to the reader in his own words. “ Quodque in eo maxime mirandum est, artificio tam singulari composita est ea moles, ut Echo loquentium voces septies et octies distincte et articulate referat; ut in exequiis

et funere quod *Crassus uxori* solemniter celebrabat, ejulatus plorantium multiplicaretur in immensum, non secus ac si Dii Manes et omnes inferorum animæ fatum Cæciliæ illius commiserati ex imo terræ continuis plangerent ploratibus, suumque dolorem testarentur communem, quem lachrymis viventium conjunctum esse vellent*."— Contiguous to this mausoleum rise the remains of ramparts, houses, and churches erected in the middle ages, and presenting in their actual state a melancholy scene of utter desolation.†

The traveller on his return may traverse the circus of Caracalla, now a luxuriant meadow, pass under its time-worn gate, and crossing the road, descend into a pleasant dell where he will find a grotto and a fountain with a few trees scattered around them. The grotto is covered with a solid arch and lined with walls. The niches on both sides were probably occupied in ancient times by the divinities of the place; over the fountain a

- * Boissard.

† At the lawless period when the Roman nobles defied the feeble authority of the Popes, and the shadowy privileges of the people, and passed their days in perpetual warfare with each other, the family of the Gaietani turned this sepulchre into a fortress, and erected the battlements that still disfigure its summit.

statue rather disfigured by time appears in a reclining posture. Various evergreen shrubs hang over the fountain, play around the statue, and wind and flourish through the grotto and over its entrance. The statue represents the Nymph Egeria; and the grotto, the fountain, and the grove that once shaded it, were consecrated by Numa, to the same nymph and to the muses. "Lucus erat," says Titus Livius, "quem medium ex opaco specu fons perenni rigabat aquâ, quo quia se persæpe Numa sine arbitris, velut ad congressum deæ, inferebat, Camoenis eum lucum sacravit; quod earum ibi consilia cum conjugé sua Egeria essent.*" A streamlet, pure limpid and wholesome, flows from the fountain and waters the little valley. Juvenal complains of the marble ornaments and artificial decorations of this fountain, and wishes that it had been abandoned to its ancient simplicity, to its grassy margin and to its native rock.† His wishes are now

* I. 21.

† In vallem Egeriae descendimus et speluncas
Dissimiles veris. Quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum ?

Juv. iii.

The metamorphosis of Egeria into a fountain, so prettily related by Ovid, took place in the vale of Aricia.

nearly accomplished ; the vault indeed remains, but the marble lining, the pillars, the statues have disappeared and probably lie buried under the mud that covers the pavement of the grotto. The mendicant crowd that frequented the grove in that poet's day are also vanished, and the solitude of the place is as deep and undisturbed as when it was the nightly resort of the Roman legislator.

*Conjuge qui felix nymphā ducibusque Camænis
Sacrificos docuit ritus ; gentemque feroci
Assuetam bello, pacis traduxit ad artes.*

Ovid Met.

On the brow of the hill that borders the Egerian valley on the south stands the little church of St. Urban, formerly a temple of Bacchus, or, as it is with more appearance of truth, denominated by others, the temple of the Muses, looking down upon the valley and the groves sacred to these goddesses. As the portico was taken in to enlarge the cella, and adapt it better for the purposes of a church, the four marble pillars of fluted Corinthian are now incased in the wall.

A little further on is a brick temple, small in-

*Nam conjux urbe relicta
Vallis Aricinæ densis latet abdita sylvis.*

deed, but well-proportioned and adorned with pilasters and a regular cornice. Antiquarians differ with regard to its appellation. Some suppose it to be sacred to the God Rediculus, who prompted Annibal, when encamped there, to return and withdraw from the city. But as Annibal was encamped, not on this but on the opposite side of the city, beyond the Anio and three miles from the Porta Collina, and as Livius makes no mention of any such temple, this opinion seems to be ill-grounded. Others suppose it to be the temple erected to Fortuna Muliebris on the retreat of Coriolanus. Such a temple was indeed erected and perhaps on this spot, though Coriolanus was not encamped here, but three or four miles further from the city at the Fossæ Cluiliæ. At all events, a temple erected by public authority, even in that age of simplicity, would probably have been built not of brick, but of stone, so that after all it may possibly have been one of the many sepulchres which bordered the Via Latina, and almost covered the space between it and the Via Appia.* The traveller then turns again towards

* Experiar quid concedatur in illos
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina. *Jud. Sat. i.*
Cui per medianam nolis occurgere noctem
Clivosæ veheris dum per monumenta Latinae. *Sat. v.*

the Via Appia, recrosses the river Almo (*Lubricus Almo*) and re-enters by the Porta Capena.

Upon another day the traveller may go out by the Porta Nomentana (now *Pia*) and proceeding about a mile, visit the church of St. Agnes remarkable for its antiquity (having been erected by Constantine) for the double row of marble pillars one above the other that support its roof, and for the porphyry and alabaster columns which adorn its altar and its tabernacle. Its form is the same as that of other churches of the same era.

Near this edifice stands the church of St. Constantia (the daughter of Constantine) formerly her mausoleum, and supposed to have been at a still earlier period, a temple of Bacchus. It is of a circular form, supported by a row of coupled columns and crowned with a dome. Behind the pillars runs a gallery, the vaulted roof of which is incrusted with ancient mosaics, representing little genii playing with clusters of grapes amidst the curling tendrils of the vine. I have spoken elsewhere of the tomb of the saint, a vast porphyry vase ornamented with various figures, and, observed that as the body had been deposited many years ago under the altar, the sarcophagus was transported to the museum of the Vatican.

About two miles farther the traveller will find the *Ponte Lamentano*, anciently Pons Nomentanus, a bridge over the Anio; and a little beyond it, he may ascend the Mons Sacer, twice dignified by the retreat, and by the temperate but determined resistance, of an oppressed and generous people. This hill although of no great elevation is steep and in the form of a rampart* towards the river, and it runs along decreasing as it advances towards the *Ponte Salaro*. It is now a lonely eminence, covered with luxuriant grass, but destitute of shade, ornament, or memorial. Yet few places seem better entitled to distinction, as few incidents are recorded in history more honorable to the Roman people than the transactions which took place on the *Mons Sacer*, where they displayed in such a conspicuous manner the three grand virtues that constitute the Roman character—firmness, moderation and magnanimity.

About two miles northward of the Pons Nomentanus is the Pons Salarius (*Ponte Salaro*) remarkable for the well known combat between Manlius Torquatus and the gigantic Gaul; as

* This form it probably owes to the occasion:—Vallo, fossaque communis castris.—*Liv. lib. ii. 32.*

also for the neighboring encampment of Annibal, when he approached the city, and by threatening Rome itself hoped to terrify the Consuls and induce them to raise the siege of Capua. The traveller may then return by the Via Salaria and re-enter the city by the gate of the same name.

Besides these walks; as it is not my intention to specify all, it will be sufficient to observe that every gate possesses its attractions, presenting on the roads and paths which it opens to the steps of the traveller, its views of rural beauty or its remains of ancient grandeur; its churches sanctified by the memory of the Good, its fields consecrated by the struggles of the Brave, and its sepulchres ennobled by the ashes of the Great. Wheresover he directs his observation he finds himself surrounded by the wonders of modern art, and by the monuments of ancient splendor; so that his eye is gratified by noble exhibitions, and his mind elevated by grand and awful recollections. A certain inexpressible solemnity peculiar to the place reigns all around: the genius of Rome and the spirits of the illustrious dead still seem to hover over the ruins, to guard the walls, and superintend the destinies of the "Eternal City."

CHAP. VII.

Tibur—Horace's Villa.

AFTER having passed five delightful weeks in a first and rapid survey of the ancient ruins and of the modern magnificence of Rome, we turned our attention to the neighboring country, and hastened to visit some of the classical retreats of the Sabine and Alban mountains. Accordingly on Thursday the thirteenth of May, we made an excursion to *Tivoli*, the ancient Tibur, and proceeding along the Via Tiburtina, again visited the ancient patriarchal Basilica of St. Laurence, about one mile from the gate. This is not the only church that bears the title of St. Laurence, as there are three others at least in Rome that enjoy it also; but it is the most ancient, and at the same time it has the honor of possessing the martyr's remains. As I approached his shrine with reverence I recollected the beautiful lines of *Vida*.

Adveniet lustris mundo labentibus ætas
Quæ domus Æneæ præstans Romana propago

Insoniti juveni flammis extrema sequuto
Centum aras, centum magnis penetralia templis
Eriget, et tumulo divinum imponet honorem.

About two miles further on we passed the *Ponte Mamolo* over the *Anio* or *Teverone*. This bridge is said to have been built by Mammea mother of Alexander Severus. The *Campagna*, extending thence to the mountains of Sabina, is flat but fertile and covered either with rich grass or promising corn. Woods surrounding distant villas or farms appeared here and there covering the summits of little hills.

About eight miles from the above-mentioned bridge we crossed the little green streamlet, called from its sulphureous exhalations the *Solfatara*. The lake or pool from which it rises is about a short mile from the road, somewhat less than a mile in circumference, and near two hundred feet deep. Its waters are of an iron grey, and its surface is frequently spotted with a bituminous matter, which mixing with weeds and vegetable substances gradually coagulates, and forms what may be called a floating island. There were ten or twelve of these little green masses when we visited the lake, and being carried by the wind to the side, they remained united and motionless till we separated and set some of them afloat.

As they continually increase in number, so they gradually diminish the surface of the lake, and will probably in time cover it over entirely. It was formerly much larger than it is at present, and used occasionally to overflow the neighbouring plains; to prevent this inconvenience the little canal which intersects the road was cut by the orders of the Cardinal *d'Este*, to give an outlet to the increasing waters and carry them to the Anio. This lake was in high repute among the ancients, and much frequented on account of the oracle of Faunus, whose temple surrounded by a sacred grove stood on its bank. Hence Virgil, who consecrates the usages established in his time by referring them to remote antiquity, or by ascribing their origin to the interference of the gods, represents Latinus as consulting the oracle of Faunus on this spot, and as receiving during the night a mysterious answer. The sulphureous exhalations of the lake, the celebrity of the temple, and the singular method of consulting the oracle, are all finely described in these lines.

At rex sollicitus monstris, oracula Fauni
Fatidici genitoris adit, lucosque sub altâ
Consulit Albuneâ, nemorum quæ maxuma sacro
Fonte sonat sœvumque exhalat opaca mephitim.
Hinc Italæ gentes, omnisque Ænotria tellus,

In dubiis responsa petunt. Huc dona sacerdos
Quam tulit, et caesarum ovium sub nocte silenti
Pellibus incubuit stratis, somnosque petivit;
Multa modis simulacra videt volitantia miris,
Et varias audit voces, fruiturque Deorum
Colloquio, atque imis Acheronta adfatur Avernus.

Aeneid. vii. 81.

At present the oracle is forgotten ; the sacred grovè whence the voices issued has been long rooted up; and the very situation of the temple itself is a matter of mere conjecture. Bituminous exhalations indeed still impregnate the air to a considerable distance, and the lake exists though its extent is much diminished. The surface of the surrounding fields is an incrustation gradually formed over the water, and the hollow sound which it yields to the tread of horses evidently betrays the existence of an abyss beneath.

The *Ponte Lugano*, a bridge over the Anio, presents itself about a mile and a half farther on. This bridge is said to have taken its name from the Lucanians, who were here defeated by the Romans; it is remarkable for a tomb of the Plautian family, a round tower built of large blocks of Tiburtine stone, resembling the sepulchre of Cecilia Metella, both in its original form

and its subsequent appropriation. It was employed as a military station during the middle ages, and surmounted by a battlement; a circumstance barbarous in point of taste, yet not to be regretted in the present instance, as it preserved the remains of these two monuments.

About two miles farther a road turns off to the villa of Adrian. This imperial residence stood on a hill, with the extensive vale of Latium on one side, and a little deep glade called *Tempe* on the other. It commanded a delightful view of the Sabine mountains with Tibur here, and there a prospect of the Alban hills with their towers and forests; behind, the vale lost itself in distant mountains; in front, appeared Rome itself extended over its seven hills, and reflecting from all its palaces the beams of an evening sun. The sides of the hill are everywhere rather steep, and the rock itself aided a little by art forms an excellent barrier, enclosing a long narrow space of at least seven miles in circumference. As we are assured by an ancient author that Adrian, after having travelled over the whole empire, determined to collect around him on this spot the most remarkable edifices that lay dispersed over the Roman world, the reader will no longer wonder at the number of buildings constituting this villa, nor feel any un-

usual astonishment in perusing a catalogue embracing the following objects: the imperial palace; quarters for the legionary soldiers, cavalry and infantry, and others for the invalids; three theatres; a naumachia; a hypodrome; temples of Apollo and the Muses, of Diana, of Venus, of Serapis; halls and habitations for the different sects of philosophers; a library; a Pæcile, resembling that at Athens; and porticos almost without number, together with various edifices, the names and objects of which are now undiscoverable. Statues, columns, and marbles of the rarest kinds, have been, and are continually, discovered when excavations are made amidst the ruins of these amazing fabrics; while briars and brambles fill the halls and stuccoed apartments, and a mixed confusion of orchards and gardens, forest and fruit trees, vineyards and corn waving over them, present a strange and melancholy contrast.

Returning to the road, we began and continued for some time to ascend the high hill on which *Tivoli* stands, passing through groves of olives till we reached the summit; when after having examined the noble site of the house of the Jesuits, and the *Villa de Santa Croce*, we entered *Tivoli*. This town, the *Tibur* of the ancients, boasts of high antiquity, and what is

much better, still possesses a considerable population, amounting, it is said, to ten thousand inhabitants. The town itself is not handsome, though it contains some very fine houses and stands in a delightful situation, sheltered on one side by *Monte Catili*, and a semicircular range of Sabine mountains, and commanding on the other an extensive view over the *Campagna* bounded by the sea, Rome, Mount Soracte and the pyramidal hills of *Monticelli*, and *Monte Rotondo* the ancient Eretum. But the pride and ornament of *Tivoli* are still as anciently the fall and the windings of the Anio, now *Teverone*. This river, having meandered from its source through the vales of Sabina, glides gently through *Tivoli* till coming to the brink of a rock it precipitates itself in one mass down the steep, and then boiling for an instant in its narrow channel rushes headlong through a chasm in the rock into the caverns below.

The first fall may be seen from the windows of the inn or from the temple; but it appears to the greatest advantage from the bridge thrown over the narrow channel a little below it. From this bridge also you may look down into the shattered rock, and observe far beneath the writhings and agitation of the stream struggling

through its rocky prison. To view the second fall, or descent into the cavern, we went down through a garden by a winding path into the narrow dell, through which the river flows after the cascade, and placing ourselves in front of the cavern beheld the Anio in two immense sheets tumbling through two different apertures, shaking the mountain in its fall, and filling all the cavities around with spray and uproar. Though the rock rises to the height of two hundred feet in a narrow semicircular form, clothed on one side with shrubs and foliage, yet a sufficient light breaks upon the cavern to shew its pendent rocks, agitated waters and craggy borders. Such is the residence of the Naiad : *Domus Albuneæ resonantis ; . . . pendentia pumice tecta.*

About an hundred paces from the grotto, a natural bridge, formed by the water working through the rock, enables the spectator to pass the river, and to take another view of the cascade, less distinct with regard to the cavern but more enlarged, as it includes a greater portion of the superincumbent rock in front, with the shagged banks on both sides. The rock immediately above and on the left is perpendicular and crowned with houses, while from an aperture in its side at a considerable height gushes a rill,

too small to add either by its sound or size to the magnificence of the scenery.

The bank on the opposite side is steep and shaggy, but leaves room for little gardens and vineyards. On its summit stands the celebrated temple commonly called of the Sybil, though by many antiquarians supposed to belong to Vesta. This beautiful pile is so well known that it is almost unnecessary to inform the reader that it is circular (as all the temples of Vesta) of the Corinthian order, built in the reign of Augustus, and admired not for its size but for its proportions and situation. It stands in the court of the inn, exposed to the weather without any roof or covering; but its own solidity seems to be a sufficient protection. Of its eighteen pillars ten only remain with their entablature. An English nobleman, well known in Italy for his numberless purchases, is reported to have offered a considerable sum for this ruin, with an intention of transporting it to England, and re-erecting it in his park. The proposal, it is said, was accepted by the innkeeper, on whose property it stands; but fortunately, before the work of devastation was begun, a prohibition was issued by government, grounded upon a declaration that ruins are public property, and of course not to be defaced or removed without express per-

mission, which as it tended to strip the country of the monuments of its ancient glory, and consequently of its most valuable ornaments, the government could not and would not give. This attempt to transplant the temple of Vesta from Italy to England may perhaps do honour to the late Lord Bristol's patriotism or to his magnificence; but it cannot be considered as an indication of either taste or judgment.

The temple of *Tivoli* derives it is true much intrinsic merit from its size and proportions, but it is not architectural merit alone which gives it its principal interest. Placed on the verge of a rocky bank it is suspended over the *præceps Anio*, and the *echoing abode* of the Naiads; it has beheld Augustus and Mæcenas, Virgil and Horace, repose under its columns; it has survived the empire and even the language of its founders; and after eighteen hundred years of storms and tempests, of revolutions, and barbarism, it still exhibits its fair proportioned form to the eye of the traveller, and claims at once his applause and his veneration.

Near the temple of Vesta, stand the remains of another temple supposed to be that of the Sybil, consisting of four pillars, and now forming a part of the wall of the parish church of St.

George. Besides these, scarce any other vestige remains of ancient Tibur, though considering its antiquity, its population, and its salubrity, it must have possessed a considerable share of magnificence. But if its artificial ornaments have perished, and if its temples and its villas have long since crumbled into dust, the unalterable graces which nature has conferred upon it still remain, and its orchards, its gardens, and its cool recesses bloom and flourish in unfading beauty. If Horace, who so often and so fondly celebrates the charms of Tibur, were to revive, he would still find the *grove*, the *irriguous garden*, the *ever-varying rill*, the *genial soil*; in short all the well known features of his beloved retreat. To enjoy this delicious scenery to advantage, the traveller must cross the bridge and follow the road which runs at the foot of the classic *Monte Catillo*, and winds along the banks of the Anio, rolling after its fall through the valley in a deep dell. As he advances, he will have on his left the steep banks covered with trees, shrubs, and gardens; and on his right, the bold but varying swells of the hills shaded with groves of olives. These sunny declivities were anciently interspersed with splendid villas, the favorite abodes of the most luxurious and the most refined Romans. They are now replaced by two solitary convents, lifting each its white tower above the

dark green mass of olives. Their site, often conjectural or traditionary, is sometimes marked by some scanty vestiges of ruin, and now and then by the more probable resemblance of a name. Thus several subterraneous apartments and galleries near *San Antonio* are supposed to be the remains of the seat of Vopiscus, celebrated by Statius. That of Propertius

Candida qua geminas ostendunt culmina terres
Et cedit in patulos lympha Anjena lacus

is supposed to have stood on the site of the other convent *St. Angelo*; while the villa of Quintilius Varus, or rather its foundations still retain the kindred appellation of *Quintiliola*. But the house of Vopiscus, as must appear evident to any reader who thinks proper to consult the poet alluded to, must have been in the dell, and have actually hung over the river, as it occupied both the banks and saw its surrounding shades reflected from the surface of the water.*

The fond attachment of Horace to Tibur,

Nemora alta citatis
Incupuere vadi, fallax resonat image
Frondibus, et longas eadem fugit unda per umbras

united to the testimony of Suetonius, has induced many antiquaries to imagine, that at some period or other of his life he possessed a little villa in its neighbourhood, and tradition accordingly ennobles a few scattered fragments of walls and arches with the interesting appellation of Horace's villa. The site is indeed worthy the poet, where, defended by a semicircular range of wooded mountains from every cold blustering wind, he might look down on the playful windings of the *Anio* below, discover numerous rills gleaming through the thickets as they glided down the opposite bank, enjoy a full view of the splendid mansion of his friend Mæcenas rising directly before him, and catch a distant perspective of *Aurea Roma*, of the golden towers of the Capitòl soaring majestic on its distant mount. But whatever his wishes might be, it is not probable that his moderate income permitted him to enjoy such a luxurious residence in a place so much frequented, and consequently so very expensive; and indeed the very manner in which those wishes are expressed seems to imply but slight hopes of ever being able to realize them. “ *Tibur,*

Littus p̄t̄pmque domi : nec te mitissimus amnis
Dividit, alteras servat prætoria ripas,
Non extrea sibi, fluviumve obetare queruntur,
Statim Syl. i. 8.

&c. sit—*utinam*—Unde *si*—Parcæ prohibent *inque*.” If Horace actually possessed a villa there, the wish was unnecessary, as the event lay in his own power. The authority of Suetonius seems indeed positive, but it is possible that the same place may be alluded to under the double appellation of his Sabine or Tiburtine seat.* The poet, it is true, often represents himself as *meditating* his compositions while he wandered along the plains and through the groves of Tibur;

Circa nemus, uvidique

Tiburis ripas opereos parvus

Carmina fingo.

But as he was probably a frequent companion of Maecenas in his excursions to his villa at Tibur, he may in those lines allude to his solitary rambles and poetical reveries. Catullus, a Roman knight, had fortune sufficient to indulge himself in such

* That villas in the vicinity of Tibur sometimes took their name from the town, and sometimes from the territory, is evident from Catullus.

O Funde noster, seu Sabine, seu Tibur
 Nam te esse Tiburtem autumant quibus non est
 Cordi Catullum laedere; at quibus cordi est
 Quovis Sabinum pignore esse contendunt.

an expensive residence, and accordingly speaks with much complacency of his Tiburtine retreat, which on account of its proximity to the town, he calls *suburbana*. Menatius Plancus also possessed a villa at Tibur, apparently of great beauty. To this the poet alludes in that ode* where, in enlarging on the charms of the place, he recommends indirectly and with much delicacy to his friend, who in a moment of despondency had resolved upon a voluntary exile, his delightful seat at Tibur as a retirement far preferable to Rhodes and Mitylene, places in those times much frequented by disaffected or banished Romans.

But to abandon these aerial charms, spread indeed like flitting shades over every grove and every meadow, but perceptible only to the eye of imagination, let us turn to the visible beauties that line our walk and appear in new forms at every turning. As the traveller, following the bend of the hill, comes to the side of the road opposite to the town, he catches first a side glimpse,

* Seu te fulgentia signis
Castra tenent, seu densa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui.

Carm. Lib. i. Od. 7.

and shortly after a full view of the *Cascatelli*, or lesser cascades, inferior in mass and grandeur, but equal in beauty to the great fall in the town. They are formed by a branch of the *Anio* turned off from the main body of the river, before it reaches the precipice; for the uses of the inhabitants, and after it has crossed the town bursting from a wood on the summit of the hill, and then tumbling from its brow in one great and several lesser streams, first down one and then another declivity, through thickets and brambles, spangled with dew drops or lighted up with a rainbow. The elevation and mass of these cascades; the colors and broken masses of the rocks down which they tumble; the shrubs, plants and brambles that hang over the channel and sometimes bathe themselves in the current; the river below fretting through a narrow pass under a natural arch; the olives that shade that arch, and the vines that wave around it; the bold bendings and easy sweeps of the surrounding mountains; and the towers of the town rising on the top of the hill beyond the cascade, with the ruins of Maecenas's villa on its shelving side, form one of the most delicious pictures for softness and beauty, wildness and animation, that can be imagined. The traveller is usually conducted by his guide to a sort of natural stage, formed by the rock projecting boldly over the river, just

opposite the cascade. Here he may seat himself on the grass under the shade of a tufted olive-tree, enjoy at leisure the delightful sight; nor wonder that Horace, when surrounded by such scenery, should feel the full influence of inspiration.

— Quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluent
Et spissæ nemorum come
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem. iv. Od. 3.

However, a side view is considered as the best, because it augments the apparent mass of waters; and this we enjoyed as we continued our walk along the road; while before us the opening valley exhibited a distant perspective over the *Campagna* to the seven hills and the towers of Rome, and the Mediterranean closing or rather bordering the picture with a gleam of purple.

We passed *Quintiliolo*, and the pond once probably the receptacle of those favorite fish which as Cicero sarcastically observes, seem to have occupied so much of the time and thoughts of their indolent proprietors. At the foot of the hill in a meadow called *Campo Limpido*, near the road, springs a fountain which some travellers have thought proper to dignify with the appellation of *Bandusia*; but though its source be abundant, its waters pure, and its appearance

picturesque, yet it is far remote from the classical fountain of that denomination. After having passed the bridge, and ascended part of the declivity towards the town, we entered a field, in order to visit a circular edifice of brick with a vaulted roof, resembling, though of a smaller size, the temple of Minerva Medica, supposed by some to be the Fanum Tussis, by others a sepulchre; the situation seems more appropriate to the latter, the form better calculated for the former. It has several niches for statues, is of excellent proportions, and though stripped long since of all its ornaments, is yet in good preservation.*

Mæcenas's villa stands at the extremity of the town on the brow of the hill, and hangs over several streamlets which fall down the steep. It commands a noble view of the Anio and its vale beneath, the hills of *Albano* and *Monticelli*, the *Campagna*, and Rome itself rising on the borders of the horizon. It still presents several traces of its former magnificence, such as a triple row of arches, seventeen below and fourteen above, forming a suite of apartments spacious enough

* Some antiquaries are of opinion, that it was a bath; but its situation on a declivity and at a distance from the town, seems unfavorable to such a destination.

for all the purposes of private luxury. The active Cardinal *Ruffo* during the reign of the late pontiff, turned it into a foundery, after having stripped the walls and the roof of the ivy, and effaced the venerable marks of ruin which the hand of time had shed over them. A branch of the river pours through the arched gallery and vaulted cellars, and shaking the edifice as it passes along, rushes in several sheets down the declivity. The ancient magnificence of this villa is probably equalled by that of the modern *Villa Estense*, erected by a Cardinal of that name in the sixteenth century, in a lofty situation, surrounded with terraces, water-falls, groves of cedars, cypresses, and orange trees, and adorned with statues, vases, and marbles. The gardens are laid out in the old style, and not conformable to our ideas of rural beauty, and the whole is in a most lamentable state of decay. Very different was its condition when described by Strada, who lays the scene of two of his *Prolusions* in its gardens.

There are in the town or immediate neighbourhood of *Tivoli*, other villas of great extent and some magnificence, enjoying in proportion similar advantages of situation and of prospect, and perhaps no spot in the universe affords more of either; but unfortunately the modern Romans,

like the Italians and the continental nations in general, are not partial to country residence. They may enjoy the description, or commend the representation of rural scenes, and occupations in books and pictures, but they feel not the beauties of nature, and cannot relish the calm, the solitary charms of a country life. Hence the delicious retreats of Tibur, and the rival beauties of the Alban Mount, scenes that delighted the philosopher and enchanted the poet in ancient days, are now beheld with indifference, and perhaps honored once a year, during the *Villegiatura*, with a short and impatient visit.

Englishmen who are generally educated in the country, and are attached by all the ties of custom and of inclination to rural scenery, may appreciate the beauties of Tibur, and do justice to the description of the poet. While they behold the hills, the woods, the streams,

Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda

Mobilibus pomaria rivis,

1 Od. 6.

which so often inspired the Roman Lyrist; they may conceive, and even share his enthusiasm, and did not a better sentiment suppress the wish, they might exclaim with him,

Tibur Argeo positum colono,
Sit mens sedes utinam senectae
Sit modus lasso maris et viarum
Militiaeque.

May 15th. We rose about three in the morning, and although the weather appeared rather lowering, we mounted at four, and forming a party of nine, proceeded on our road towards the Sabine mountains, in order to visit Horace's villa.

The Via Valeria is, without doubt, the shortest road to *Vico Varo*, but we took one which, though very bad and somewhat longer, gave us an opportunity of seeing more of the country. As we were winding along the hills, we saw the river meandering beneath us through a beautiful dell, and forming a variety of pleasing scenes, especially near a spot where the ruins of two aqueducts throw their arches over the road, and form a sort of frame for the towers of Tivoli and its neighboring mountains. An artist who was in company with us took a sketch on the spot, and has since made a very fine drawing of it. The aqueducts frequently reappeared during the course of the day, sometimes rising like masses of brown rock on the hills, and sometimes sweeping in a succession of lofty arches over the

plains. The face of the country was here wooded and there naked, but always bold, and in general very fertile. Its most striking features were, a ruined castle on the bank of the river, distant towns lodged in the high recesses of the mountains, particularly *St. Polo* far on the left, and *Castel Madama* just opposite. The latter is said to be extremely healthy on account of its airy situation; it affords a fine view of the valley, of the river; and of the mountains, with their various hamlets. From the side of the hill we looked down upon *Vico Varo*, whose churches and walls of white stone appeared to much advantage. This town nearly retains its ancient name, and is the *Variae* mentioned by Horace, as the principal municipality where, it seems, representatives from the circumjacent villages used to meet.

Quinque bonos solitum Variam demittere patres.

Lib. i. Epist. 14.

It stands on a hill close to the Anio, has considerable remains of its wall, composed of vast stones, like those employed in the Coliseum, and though not large, must have been opulent, if we may judge from such a magnificent rampart.

From *Vico Varo* we proceeded along the river

about two miles, to a bridge remarkable for the remains of a lofty arch, formed to conduct the Claudian aqueduct over the Anio. Only a small part of the arch is standing, while the channel opened through the rock on the opposite side, near a mill, is still perfect. The banks here are extremely bold, particularly on the nothern side of the river, where they rise to a great elevation, and seem to hang over the mill and the stream. The rock is hollowed out by nature into a variety of grottos, said to have been for some time the retreat of St. Benedict, the patriarch of the western monks. On the top of the rock stands the Franciscan convent of *S. Cosimato*, a neat and convenient building, with a very clean church. Hither we repaired, in order to take shelter from a very heavy shower, and were received by the good fathers with cordiality, and treated in a very hospitable and polite manner. About one o'clock we sallied forth, and returning back some little way, took a path leading directly northward. I must observe, that from the convent, and indeed some little time before you reach it, you discover towards the north two villages beautifully situated on the summit of a woody and well cultivated hill supported by a range of mountains behind; one of these villages is called *Canta Lubo*, the other

Bardela. The latter is *Mandela*, which, on account of its high situation, Horace represents as suffering much from the effects of the cold.

Rugosus frigore pagus.

As we advanced, we found ourselves in a fine valley, with beautiful hills rising close on our left, while on our right, in the midst of fertile meadows bounded on the opposite side by the hill of *Mandela*, and a ridge of successive mountains, glided the *Licenza*, anciently the *Digentia*, the favorite stream of Horace.

Me quoties reficit gelidus *Digentia* rivus.

Its bed is wide, stony, and shallow in summer. We had not proceeded far, when to the left, on the brow of a craggy steep, we perceived the *Fanum Vacunæ*,* whence the poet dated one of his philosophic epistles; it was almost in ruins in his time, and probably sunk under the pressure of age not long after: a village has risen

* Hoc tibi dictabam post templum putre Vacunæ.

Vacuna was the Minerva, or perhaps the Victory of the Sabines. The temple here alluded to, or one to Victory on the same site, was repaired by Vespasian. This goddess had another temple, or at least a grove, near Reate and the Velinus. *Plin. lib. iii. cap. 12.*

upon its site, and assumed the name of *Rocca Giovane*. Near the path which leads up to this village issues a spring, called by some writers, the fountain of Bandusia.

The road then ran at the foot of Mount Lucretialis, and a more beautiful mountain has rarely been discovered by a traveller or celebrated by a poet; it rises in a gentle but irregular swell, forming several hills of different shapes as it ascends, and leading the eye through several easy gradations to its summit. Rocks and precipices frequently break its lines, and open various caverns and grottos in its sides and on its declivities. Its lower regions are divided into corn fields and vineyards; groves of olives and of chestnuts interspersed with forest trees thrown negligently about, sometimes single sometimes in clumps, and now and then in woods wave round its middle: its upper parts are heathy pasture, and in many places covered with brambles, shrubs and forests. Herds may be seen ranging through the meadows, and flocks of goats spread over the wilds and browsing on the precipices. Arcadia itself could scarcely have exhibited more beautiful scenes, or opened more delightful recesses; so that Lucretialis, without being indebted to poetical exaggeration for the compliment, might easily be

supposed to have attracted the attention of the rural divinities, and allured them to its delicious wilderness.*

About a mile and a half beyond the road which leads to *Rocca Giovane* we turned up a pathway, and crossing a vineyard found ourselves on the spot where Horace's villa is supposed to have stood. A part of a wall rising in the middle of brambles and some mosaic pavements, are the only traces that now remain of the poet's mansion. It was probably remarkable neither for its size nor its decorations; † neatness and convenience it must have possessed. *Mundæque parvo sub lare Cænæ.* Its situation is extremely beautiful. Placed in a little plain or valley in the windings of Mount Lucretialis, it is sheltered on the north side by hills rising gradually but very boldly; while towards the south a long hillock covered with a grove, protects it from the scorching blasts of that quarter. Being

* *Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lyceo Faunus, et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis pluviosque ventos.*

† *Non ebur, neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar.*

opened to the east and west it gives a full view of *Rocca Giovane*, formerly *Fanum Vacunæ*, on one side: on the other, two towns the nearest of which is *Digentia*: the farthest *Civitella*, perched each on the pointed summit of a hill present themselves to view; below, and forming a sort of basis to these eminences, *Ustica* speckled with olives and spangled with little shining rocks, stretches *its recumbent form.**

Behind the house a path leading through a grove of olives and rows of vines, conducts to an abundant rill descending from *Fonte Bello* (perhaps anciently the *Bandusia*) a fountain in the higher regions of the mountain. It is collected in its fall from an artificial cascade into a sort of basin whence it escapes, pours down the hill and glides through the valley, under the name of *Digentia*, now *Licenza*. This rill, if I may judge by its freshness, still possesses the good qualities Horace ascribed to it and still seems to flow so cool and so clear.

— Ut nec
Frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus.

* Utcunque dulci, Tyndari, fistula

Valles et *Ustica* cubantis

Levia personuere saxa.

Lib. i. Od. 17.

I must indeed here observe, that the whole tract of country which we have just traversed corresponds in every particular with the description which Horace gave of it two thousand years ago. Not only the grand and characteristic features*—the *continued chain of mountains*—the *shady valley*—the *winding dell*—the *abundant fountain*—the *savage rocks*—features which a general convulsion of nature only can totally efface, not these alone remain, but the less and more perishable beauties—the *little rills*—the *moss-lined stones*—the frequent *groves*—the *arbutus half concealed in the thickets*—the occasional *pine*—the *oak* and the *ilex suspended over the grotto*—these meet the traveller at every turn, and rise around him as so many monuments of the judgment and of the accuracy of the poet.†

* Continui montes nisi dissocientur opaca

Valle

Hic in reducta valle caniculæ

Vitabis æstus

Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus

inhospita tesqua

Ruris amæni.

† Rivos et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque

Impune tutum per nemus arbutos

Quærent latentes—

We were less fortunate in this our poetical pilgrimage than usual, as a heavy rain began

Quid si rubicunda benigne
Cornæ vepres et pruna ferant, si quercus et ilex
Multæ fruge pecus, multæ dominum juvat umbrâ—
Imminens villæ pinus . . .
Cavis impositum ilicem
Saxis

Cluverius concludes that Horace had a view of Mount Soracte from his Sabine villa, because he commences an ode with the words,

Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte.

But this is not the case, as Mount Lucretialis interposes in that direction and obstructs all view, excepting that of its own varied ridge. The ode alluded to was probably composed at Rome, as the amusements which Horace recommends in the last stanza but one, were peculiar to the city, *nunc et campus et areae*, &c. The learned geographer also insists upon Ustica's being a valley, on account of the epithet *cubantis*, which he maintains could not be ascribed to a hill. Most of my readers will probably think otherwise, and conceive that such an epithet is applicable to hills only, and this opinion is confirmed by the name which a hill in the neighborhood of Mount Lucretialis still bears. Its form is long and rises gradually, as that of a person *leaning on his elbow*: its surface is marked by a number of white smooth stones; and it is always pointed out as the Ustica alluded to by Horace.

about twelve o'clock in the day, and accompanied by strong gusts of wind continued pouring in an incessant torrent till twelve at night. It soon penetrated our clothes; the tardiness of our mules gave it full time to operate; so that notwithstanding our enthusiasm and a few occasional bursts of merriment we paced slowly along the Via Valeria, wet and benighted till we reached *Tivoli* about ten o'clock. Thus we learned by experience, that Horace had some reason to thank the rural divinities for protecting his flocks from the inclemencies of the mountains, and from the *rainy winds*, whose effects he seems to have felt and dreaded. The wind continued high and chill during the whole of the following day (Sunday). On Monday the weather resumed its usual serenity, and we returned to Rome.

CHAP. VIII.

The Alban Mount and Lake—Tusculum and Cicerō's Villa—Aricia, and the Grove and Temple of Diana—The Lake of Nemi, and Palace of Trajan—Antium—Forests and Plains of Laurentum—Ostia—Mouth of the Tiber.

THE Alban Mount, which forms such a conspicuous and majestic feature of Roman landscape, and presents itself so often to the reader's notice in Roman history and literature, next attracted our attention and furnished an object for a second excursion. The road to it is the Via Appia, which begins at the Porta Capena, crosses the *Almone* flowing near the walls; and as it traverses the *Campagna* presents aqueducts and sepulchres that border its sides with ruins.

Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchrīs.

The Fossa Cluillia,

Horatiorum qua viret sacer catnpus;

the theatre of the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii lies between five and six miles from

the gate on the right. Several tombs stand on the side of the hillock that borders these fields, but no one in particular is pointed out as belonging to the unhappy champions. Their monuments however existed in the time of Titus Livius*, and as their forms and materials were probably very plain and very solid, they must have remained for many ages after, and may be some of the many mounds that still stand in clusters about the very place where they fell. The multiplicity of the tombs that line the road is so great, that when entire, and surrounded, as several of them anciently were, with cypresses and ornamental enclosures, they must almost have touched each other, and formed a funereal street. This circumstance affords a strong argument, that the environs of the city, at least on this side, could not have been so thickly inhabited as is usually imagined. Besides Cicero, in one of his Epistles, alludes to the danger of being robbed in broad day on the road to *Albano*†, a circumstance which implies solitude, and gives the plain extending at the foot of the Alban Mount, a reputation similar to that attached not long ago to the predatory districts of Blackheath or Hounslow.

* Lib. i. 25.

† Ad. Att. vii. 9.

On the side of the hill, on or near the site of the ancient Bovillæ, stands a tavern, the very same if we may credit tradition into which Clodius retired when wounded, and from which he was afterwards dragged by Milo's attendants. Near the gate of *Albano* on the side of the road rises an ancient tomb, the sepulchre (as it is called by the people) of Ascanius; but in the opinion of antiquaries that of Clodius himself. It is entirely stripped of its ornaments and external coating, and has no other claim to the traveller's attention than its antiquity.

The town of *Albano* consists almost totally of one long street, in general well built and airy; but its chief advantage is its lofty situation; and its ornaments are the beautiful country houses and walks that surround it on all sides. The principal villa belongs to a Roman Duke, and occupies part of the site of Pompey's Albanum, and its gardens laid out in the best modern style wind delightfully amidst the ruins. Its views open on the sea coast, and command the whole of that classic ground which Virgil has made the scene of the last six books of the Eneid; the seven hills and the humble capital of Evander; the mouth of the Tiber where Eneas landed; Laurentium with its surrounding forests; the lake

of Turnus; the *Vada Sacra Numici*, and all the Rutilian territory.

A fine road shaded with double rows of ilex leads from *Albano* to *Castel Gandalfo* and the Alban Lake. This well-known lake is seven miles in circumference, and surrounded with a high shelving shore, which is covered with gardens and orchards. The immediate borders of the lake are lined with trees that bathe their branches in its waters. It is clear as crystal, is said to be almost unfathomable in some places, and is supposed to be contained in the crater of an extinguished volcano. An *emissarius* or outlet was formed at so early a period as the year of Rome 358, to prevent the sudden and mischievous swells of the lake which had then recently occasioned considerable alarm. The immediate occasion of this undertaking was a command of the Delphic oracle. The work still remains a singular instance of the industry and superstition of the Romans. It is bored through the body of the mountain or rather through the solid rock, and runs somewhat more than a mile under-ground: going out of the lake it first passes through a court or apartment formed of huge masses of Tiburtine stone, shaded above by a large and spreading ilex: it then enters the

narrow channel which diminishes in height, as it advances, but in all places leaves room for the purposes of repairing and cleansing.*

On the highest, that is, the southern bank of the lake, stood Alba Longa, a city known only in Roman story, for not a vestige of it remains; dignified while it stood by its contest with infant Rome, and when it fell, by the short but eloquent description which Titus Livius gives of its destruction.† Nothing can be more delightful than the walks around the lake, sometimes approaching the edge of the steep banks and looking down upon the glassy surface extended below, and at other times traversing the thickets and woods that rise all around, and refresh the traveller as he passes under their vast contiguity of shade. Another *umbrageous* alley, partly through woods, leads to *Marino*, a very pretty town: the approach to it with the rocky dell, the fountain in the midst, the town on the emi-

* Vide *Liv. L.* v. c. 16. *Cic. De Div. lib. i. 44.* *Val. Max. cap. vi.* This work was finished in less than a year. The Emperor Claudius began a similar emissarius to let out the waters of the Lacus Fucinus, and employed in it thirty thousand men for eleven years.

† *Lib. i. 29.*

nence above, the woods below and on the side of the road, might furnish an excellent subject for a landscape.*

The same alley continues to *Grotta Ferrata*, once the favorite villa of Cicero, and now an abbey of Greek monks. It stands on one of the Tumuli or beautiful hills grouped together in the Alban Mount. It is bounded on the south by a deep dell, with a streamlet that falls from the rock, and having turned a mill meanders through the recess and disappears in its windings: this stream, now the *Marana*, was anciently called *Aqua Crabra*, and is alluded to by Cicero. Eastward rises a lofty eminence once crowned with Tusculum; westward the view descends, and passing over the *Campagna*, fixes on Rome and the distant mountains beyond it: on the south, a gentle swell presents a succession of vineyards and orchards, and behind it, towers the summit of the Alban Mount once crowned with the temple of Jupiter Latiaris. Thus Cicero, from his portico, enjoyed the noblest and most interesting view that could be imagined to

* The fountain is supposed to be the source of the *Aqua Ferentina*, and *Marino* the *Caput Aque Ferentiae*, so often mentioned in Roman history.

a Roman and a Consul; the temple of the tutelary divinity of the empire, the seat of victory and of triumph, and the theatre of his glorious labors, the capital of the world,

Rerum pulcherrima Roma!

That Cicero's Tusculum was extensive, highly finished, and richly adorned with columns, marbles, and statues, there can be no doubt, as he hath both the desire and the means of fitting it up according to his own taste and the luxury of the times. That all his villas were remarkable for their beauty we may learn from one of his epistles, where he calls them the brightest ornaments or rather the very eyes of Italy, and it is highly probable that Tusculum surpassed them all in magnificence, as it was his favorite retreat, owing to its proximity to Rome, which enabled him to enjoy the leisure and liberty of solitude without removing to too great a distance from the business and engagements of the city. Moreover, this villa had belonged to Sylla the Dictator who was not inclined to spare any expense in its embellishments, and it had been purchased by Cicero at an enormous price, and by him enlarged and furnished with additional ornaments. Among the statues we find, that his library was adorned with those of the muses, and his academy

with an hermathena; as he expresses a particular partiality for pictures we may conclude that such decorations were not wanting. Annexed to it were a lyceum, a portico, a gymnasium, a palestra, a library, and an academy for literary discourses and philosophical declamations during the winter; the thick groves which surrounded it, afforded the orator and his learned friends a cooler and more rural retreat during the heats of summer. The scenes of several of his philosophical dialogues, as for instance, of that *De Divinatione*, and of his *Tusculan Questions*, are laid, as every reader knows, on this classic spot, and their recollection connected with the memory of our early years naturally increases the interest and reverence with which we tread this sacred ground:*

Rura nemusque sacrum dilecta que jugera musis.

* I am well aware that some antiquaries of reputation maintain that Cicero's villa was seated on the very ridge of the mountain, and ground their opinion not only on some Roman bricks inscribed with his name, found in that site, but on the positive statement of an old commentator on Horace. But in the first place, in the plunder of Cicero's villa, which took place in consequence of his exile, the bricks and materials might have been carried off as well as the trees and plants themselves; and in the second place the name and age of the commentator, as well as the sources of

The reader will probably expect a description of the ruins of this villa, which Dr. Middleton and Mr. Melmoth represent as still existing; but in opposition to such respectable authorities, I am sorry to observe, that not even a trace of ruins is now discoverable. The principal, perhaps the whole of the buildings, still stood at the end of the tenth century, when St. Nilus a Greek monk from Calabria fixed himself on the spot, and after having demolished what remained of the villa, erected on its site, and probably with its materials, his monastery, which in process of time became a rich abbey, and as it was first founded, so it is still inhabited by Greek monks of the order of St. Basil. At each end of the portico is fixed in the wall a fragment of

his information are all unknown, and consequently his authority cannot be very great. The statues which I have mentioned above, of the muses and the hermathena, were found at *Grotta Ferrata*, though the discovery of those statues, or of any others, can afford but little strength to an opinion, as such articles seldom remain very long in the same place, and are so easily transferable. The principal argument in favor of the common opinion is the constant tradition of the country down to the beginning of the eleventh century, when as it is related by contemporary writers St. Nilus erected his monastery on the ruins of *Cicero's Tusculum*.

basso relievo; one represents a philosopher sitting with a scroll in his hand, in a thinking posture; in the other, are four figures supporting the feet of a fifth of a colossal size supposed to represent Ajax. These, with the beautiful pillars that support the church, are the only remains of the decorations and furniture of the ancient villa. *Conjiciant*, says an inscription, *quaer et quanta fuerint.**

The plane tree, which Cicero in the person of Scævola notices with so much complacency in the introduction to the first book *De Oratore*, still seems to love the soil, and blooms and flourishes in peculiar perfection all around.† One in

* The church contains little remarkable excepting the chapel of St. Nilus, painted by Dominichino in a masterly style. The wall is separated into compartments, and in each compartment is represented one of the principal actions of the patron saint. The Demonic boy near the altar, and St. Nilus praying near the end of the chapel, are supposed to be the two best.

† Me haec tua platanus admonuit, quae non minus ad opacandum hunc locum patulis est diffusa ramicis, quam illa cuius umbram socius est Socrates, quae mihi videtur non tam ipsa equum, quam describitur quam Platonis oratione crevisse. *De Orat.* i. 7.

particular, bending over an abundant fountain, spreads such a luxuriancy of foliage, and forms a shade so thick and impenetrable as would have justified Plato's partiality and Scœvola's encomiums.

From *Grotta Ferrata* we proceeded to the hills that hang over *Freccati*, the summit of which was once crowned with Tusculum, whose elevation and edifices of white stone made it a beautiful and striking object in Roman landscape,* and communicated its name to all the rural retreats (and there were many) in its neighborhood. This town survived the hostilities of the barbarians, and was doomed to fall in a civil contest by the hands of the Romans themselves, about the year 1190. Its ruins remain scattered in long lines of wall, and of shattered arches, intermingled with shrubs and bushes, over the summit and along the sides of the mountain. The

The scene of these Dialogues is laid in Crassus's Tuscan villa, the same, if I mistake not, which was afterwards Sylla's and then Cicero's.

* *Superni villa candens Tusculi.*

Horace here appropriates to the villa of his friend a quality, which it possessed in common with the town, and all the great buildings in the same situation.

view is extensive in every direction, but particularly interesting towards the north-east, where immediately under the eye appear *Monte Catone* and the *Prata Porcia* once the property of Cato, whose family name they still bear; farther on, the Lake Regillus well known for the apparition of Castor and Pollux; a little towards the south, Mount Algidus, and the whole Latin vale extended below; Preneste seated on a lofty eminence; and Tibur embosomed in the distant mountains.

The modern town of *Frescati* stands on the side of the hill much lower down than the ancient city, but yet in an elevated and airy situation. It is surrounded with villas, many of which are of great beauty and magnificence. Its interior contains nothing remarkable.

The next day we beat our course southward. The first object that struck us out of the gate was the ancient tomb, called by the people the sepulchre of the Horatii and Curiatii. This monument is of great magnitude, and of a bold and striking form. It was originally adorned with five obelisks; of which two only remain. A variety of shrubs grow from its crevices, wave in garlands round its shattered pyramids, and hang in long wreaths to the ground. The melancholy

interest which such an appearance awakens will be increased, when the traveller learns that the venerable pile before him may possibly cover the remains of Cneius Pompeius, *nobile nec victim fatis caput*.* I say possibly, and am willing to adopt this opinion, which is not without authority; yet if it really were true, as Plutarch relates, that Cornelia had her husband's ashes conveyed to Italy, and deposited in his Alban villa (which it is to be recollectcd had been seized by Antony) how are we to explain the indignant complaint of Lucan.

Tu quoque cum sævo dederas jam templa tyranno,
Nondum Pompeii cineres, O Roma, petisti
Exul adhuc jacet umbra ducis ! *Lib. viii. 835.*

We may at least infer, that no such event had taken place before Lucan's time, or that it was then unknown, and of course that no mausoleum had been raised on the occasion. If therefore this monument be in honor of that celebrated Roman, it must have been a mere cenotaph erected at a later period.

About a mile farther on at the end of a finely

* Lucan vii.

shaded avenue stands Aricia, where Horace passed the first night of his journey to Brundusium.

Egressum magnâ me exceptit Aricia Roma
Hospitio modico

Whatever mode of travelling the poet employed, whether he walked, rode, or drove, he could not have fatigued himself with the length of his stages, as that of the first day was only fourteen miles, and those of the following days very nearly in the same proportion. He has reason therefore to use the word *repimus*. But of this classic tour more perhaps hereafter.

The application of the modern article, and a consequent mistake in the spelling very common in the beginning of Italian names, has changed the ancient appellation of this little town into *La Riccia*. It is extremely well built and pretty, particularly about the square which is adorned with a handsome church on one side, and on the other, with a palace or rather a villa. It stands on the summit of a hill and is surrounded with groves and gardens. Of the ancient town situated at the foot of the same hill in the valley, there remain only some arches, a circular edifice once perhaps a temple, and a few scattered substructions. The immense foundations of the Via

Appia, formed of blocks of stone, rising from the old town up the side of the hill, in general about twenty-four feet in breadth and sometimes almost sixty feet in elevation, are perhaps one of the most striking monuments that now remain of Roman enterprise and workmanship. This ascent was called *Clivus Virbii** from Hippolytus, who assumed that name when restored to life by Diana.

At Trivia Hippolitum secretis alma recondit
Sedibus et nymphæ Egeriae, nemorique relegat;
Solus ubi in sylvis Italî ignobilis ævum
Exigeret, versoque ubi nomine Virbius esset.

Virgil *Aen.* vii.

About a mile farther, on an eminence stands a church called *Madonna di Galloro*, a very picturesque object at a little distance; and two miles thence rises the town of *Gessano*, beautiful in its regular streets, in its woody environs, and in the neighboring lake of *Nemi*.

This lake derives its modern name from the *Nemus Diane*, the sacred groves that shaded its

* This place is alluded to by Juvenal and Persius as famous for beggars, full as common and as troublesome in ancient as in modern Italy.

banks: like that of *Albano* it occupies a deep hollow in the mountain, but it is much inferior to it in extent, and fills only a part of the amphitheatre formed by the crater. The remaining part with the high banks is covered with gardens and orchards well fenced and thickly planted, forming an enchanting scene of fertility and cultivation. The castle and the town of *Nemi* stand on the eastern side, on a high rock hanging over the water. The upper terrace of the Capucins gives the best view. Opposite to it lies *Gensano* stretched along a wooded bank, shelving gently to the verge of the lake; behind rises *Monte Giove* (*Mons Jovis*) and beyond extend the plains and woods that border the sea shore: towards the south-east rises the *Monte Artemisio*, derived as every reader knows from Diana, whose temple anciently formed a conspicuous feature in the scenery and the history of this territory. Diana was a divinity of mixed character, more inclined however to cruelty than to tenderness; and though she delighted principally in the slaughter of wild beasts, yet she now and then betrayed a latent partiality for human victims. Hence, though Roman manners would not allow the goddess to indulge her taste freely, yet she contrived by the mode established in the appointment of her priests to catch an occasional repast. That mode was singular. The priest was always a

fugitive, perhaps an outlaw or a criminal; he obtained the honor by attacking and slaying his predecessor, and kept it by the same tenure, that is till another ruffian stronger or more active dispossessed him in the same manner.

*Regna tenent manibusque fortēs, pedibusque fugaces
Et perit exemplo postmodo quisque suo.*

Ovid. Fast. iii.

This priest enjoyed the title of *Rex Nemorensis* and always appeared in public brandishing a drawn sword, in order to repel a sudden attack. Yet such a cruel goddess and such a bloody priest seem ill placed in a scene so soft and so lovely, destined by nature for the abode of health and pleasure, for the haunt of Fauns and Dryads, with all the sportive band of rural divinities.

The fable of the restoration of Hippolytus and his concealment in this forest, is much better adapted to its scenery:

*Vallis Aricinæ sylvā procinctus opacā
Est lacus antiqua religione sacer,
Hic latet Hippolytus, furiis direptus equorum.*

Ovid.

From the base of the rock on which the town

of Nemi stands, gushes the fountain of Egeria* (for this nymph had a fountain and a grove here as well as at Rome) alluded to by Ovid in the following verses :

Defluit incerto lapidoso murmure rivus
Sæpe sed exiguis haustibus inde bibes :
Egeria est quæ præbet aquas, Dea grata Camænis
Ille Numæ conjux, consiliumque fuit.

Ovid. Fast. iii. v. 268.

The fountain is abundant and is one of the sources of the lake. The woods still remain and give the whole scene an inexpressible freshness and beauty in the eye of a traveller fainting under the heat of July, and panting for the coolness of the forest.

The Roman Emperors delighted as may naturally be supposed in this delicious spot, and Trajan in particular, who erected in the centre of the lake a palace (for it can scarce be called a ship) of very singular form and construction. This edifice was more than five hundred feet in length, about two hundred and seventy in breadth,

* I need not remind the reader of the transformation of the Nymph into this very fountain, and Ovid's pretty account of it.

and sixty in height, or perhaps more correctly in depth. It was built of the most solid wood fastened with brass and iron nails, and covered with plates of lead which were double in places exposed to the action of the water. Within, it was lined and paved with marble or a composition resembling marble; its ceilings were supported by beams of brass; and the whole was adorned and fitted up in a style truly imperial. It was supplied by pipes with abundance of the purest water from the fountain of Egeria, not only for the use of the table, but even for the ornament of the courts and apartments. This wonderful vessel was moored in the centre of the lake, which thus encircled it like a wide moat round a Gothic, I might almost say, an enchanted castle; and to prevent the swelling of the water an outlet was opened through the mountain like that of the Alban Lake, of less magnificence indeed, but of greater length. On the borders of the lake various walks were traced out, and alleys opened, not only as beautiful accompaniments to the edifice, but as accommodations for the curious who might

Montisque jacens radicibus imis
Liquitur in lacrumas—donec pietate dolentis
Mota soror Phosbi, gelidum de corpore fontem
Fecit et aternas artus tenuavit in undas.

Ovid. Met.

flock to see such a singularly splendid exhibition.

When this watery palace sunk we know not, but it is probable that it was neglected, and had disappeared before the invasion of the barbarians, as may be conjectured from the quantity of brass that remained in it according to the account of *Marchi*, a learned and ingenious Roman, who in the year 1535 descended in a diving machine, and made such observations as enabled him to give a long and satisfactory description, from whence the particulars stated above have been extracted.* It is much to be lamented, that some method has not been taken to raise this singular fabric, as it would probably contribute from its structure and furniture to give us a much greater insight into the state of the arts at that period than any remnant of antiquity which has hitherto been discovered.

The traveller returning may wind through the delightful woods that flourish between the two lakes and enter *Albano* by the abbey of *S. Paolo*, or rather by the fine avenue of *Castle Gandolfo*.

On the following day we ascended the highest

* See Brotier's *Tacitus*, Supp. App. and Notes on *Trajan*.

pinnacle of the Alban Mount. The road which we took (for there are several) leads along the Alban Lake, and climbs up the declivity to a little town or rather village called *Rocca del Papa*. Above that village extends a plain called *Campo d'Annibale*, because that General is said, I know not upon what authority, to have been encamped there for some days. The hollow sweep formed in the mountain beyond this plain has given it its modern appellation of *Monte Cavo*. Above this plain we proceeded through the woods that clothe the upper region of the mountain, “*Albani tumuli atque luci*,” and sometimes on the ancient pavement of the *Via Triumphalis* that led to its summit. From this grove came the Voice that commanded the continuation of the Alban rites; and on this summit stood the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, where all the Latin tribes with the Romans at their head used to assemble once a year, and offer common sacrifice to the tutelar Deity of the nation. Hither the Roman generals were wont to repair at the head of their armies after a triumph; and here in the midst of military pomp and splendor they presented their grateful acknowledgments to the Latin Jupiter. To this temple Cicero turned his eyes and raised his hand, when he burst forth in that noble apostrophe, “*Tuque ex tuo edito Monte Latiaris Sancte Jupiter cuius ille lacus*

nemora finesque," &c. We may safely conclude that a temple of such repute and such importance must have been magnificent; and accordingly we find that Augustus appointed a regular corps of troops to guard it and its treasures. The effect of this superb edifice raised on such a lofty pedestal, and towering above the sacred groves, must have been unusually grand, not only in the towns and villages at the foot of the mountain but in Rome itself, and over all the surrounding country. The view, as may be supposed, is extensive and varied, taking in the two lakes with all the towns around them, and in the various recesses of the mountain; the hills and town of Tusculum, Mount Algidus, and the Alban Vale; the *Campagna*, with Soracte and Rome; the sea coast with Ostia, Antium, *Nettuno*; the woods and plains that border the coast, and the island of Pontia (the prison of so many illustrious exiles) rising like a mist out of the waters.

But the most interesting object by far in this prospect is the truly classic plain expanded immediately below, the theatre of the last six books of the Eneid, and once adorned with Ardea, Lavinium, and Laurentum. The forest in which Virgil laid the scene of the achievements and of the fall of the two youthful heroes Euryalus and Nisus; the Tiber winding through the plain, and

the groves that shade its banks and delighted the Trojan hero on his arrival; all these are displayed clear and distinct beneath the traveller, who while seated on the substructions of the temple, may consider them at leisure, and compare them with the description of the poet. The Alban Mount is, indeed, in the Eneid what Mount Ida is in the Iliad, the commanding station whence the superintending divinities contemplated the armies, the city, the camp, and all the motions and vicissitudes of the war.

At Juno ex summo qui nunc Albanus habetur
(Tunc neque nomen erat neque honos aut gloria monti)
Prospiciens tumulo, campum spectabat et ambas
Laurentum Troümque acies, urbemque Latini.

Æn. xii. 133.

Of the temple nothing remains but parts of the foundations, too insignificant to enable the observer to form any conjecture of the extent or form of the superstructure. The ground is now occupied by a church and a convent, remarkable for nothing but the situation; but it is highly probable that some vestiges of the temple, some pillars or fragments of pillars, of friezes and cornices might with very little trouble be discovered; and the capital of one pillar would be sufficient to fix the elevation of the whole structure.

The air on the Alban and Tuscan hills is always pure and wholesome; the soil is extremely fertile, and in some places, remarkable as it was anciently for excellent wine. The best now bears the name, as it grows in the neighborhood, of *Gensano*, anciently *Cynthianum*.

ANTIUM.

As *Albano* is not above ten miles distant from the coast, we took an opportunity of making an excursion thither and visiting *Antium*, the capital of the *Volsci*, often mentioned in Roman annals. The road to it runs along the Alban hills, then over the *Campagna*, and through a forest bordering the sea coast for many miles. It contains some very fine trees, though the far greater part were cut down and sold to the French some time before the revolution. The fall of so much wood, though at the distance of thirty miles from Rome, is said to have affected the air of that city, by exposing it to the winds that blow from the marshes on the shore, and thus rendered some of the hills formerly remarkably salubrious, now subject to agues and fevers. The wood consists of young oak, ilex, myrtle, and box, and is peculiarly refreshing, not by its shade only but by the perfumes that exhale on all sides from its odoriferous shrubs. This pleasure however is consi-

derably diminished by the apprehension of robbers; an apprehension not altogether ill-grounded, as all the criminals who escape from Rome and its neighborhood betake themselves to this forest, and lurk for years in its recesses. Its extent is great, as with little interruption it runs along the coast sometimes five, sometimes ten miles in breadth, from the mouth of the *Tiber* to Circe's promontory. The ground it covers is low and occasionally swampy.

Antium was once a considerable port, improved, augmented, and embellished by Nero, and much resorted to by the higher classes of the Romans who adorned it with many magnificent villas; it was however more remarkable for the Temple of Fortune alluded to by Horace, and for a long time in high celebrity*. Of this temple, and of the structures raised by Nero, nothing now remains but subterraneous arches and vast foundations. The port has been repaired and fortified by some of the late pontiffs, but though capable of admitting large vessels it is totally unfrequented†. A few straggling houses alone re-

* O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium. *Lib. i. Od.*

† The town of *Nettuno*, near Antium, seems to be the remains of its ancient port.

main of the town, though some handsome villas shew that the beauty and coolness of the situation deserve more attention and a better fate.* *Antium*, situated on the point of a little promontory,

* There is no inn at *Nettuno*, and we sat down to a cold repast under the shade of a spreading ilex near the sea; in the mean time we sent a servant to the town to procure lodgings for the night, which was approaching. He returned very soon, and having fortunately met Mr. Fagan, a gentleman to whom most English travellers who were at Rome about the same period have to acknowledge obligations, brought from him a present of two flaggons of excellent *Albano* wine, and at the same time an assurance that lodgings should be provided for us without delay. After having enjoyed the coolness of the evening on the beach we proceeded to the town, and were conducted first to the shop, and then to the house of an hospitable apothecary. The house was large, and appeared in some parts totally uninhabited; but there were two rooms, one of which was very spacious, fitted up with tolerable convenience, considering the climate and the customs of the country. Into these we were introduced. The supper was served up late: it was abundant, and though cooked in the Italian style, to which we were not partial, supplied a very good meal to persons not absurdly fastidious. The master and mistress of the house now made their appearance, and were prevailed upon with great difficulty to sit down. Their behaviour was easy, unaffected, I might almost say, graceful. They were very young, and both of expressive and animated countenances; the woman was beautiful and united, as the younger part of the sex are supposed to do in Antium and its vicinity, the dark eyes and air of the coun-

sheltered by woods behind and washed by the sea before, and commanding an extensive view of the Roman coast to *Ostia* and the mouth of the *Tiber* on one side, and to *Astura* and Circe's promontory on the other, might attract the eye of a man of taste and opulence.

Astura is an island and promontory about six miles by sea from *Antium*; it once belonged to Cicero, and seems to have been a favorite retreat; he hastened to it from his Tuscan villa with his brother on receiving intelligence of the proscription, and sailed from it to his Formian. He passed a considerable part of his time here while

try with the freshness and the bloom of more northern regions. One of the party noticed their youth, and hinted some surprise at an union which appeared almost premature: upon which the husband gave us their history; spoke of the intimacy of their respective parents; of their own early and fond attachment; of the opposition of their families, on account of their youth; of their clandestine marriage, and of the misery occasioned by the resentment of their fathers. He added, that the latter had at length relented, and had received them a few weeks before with all the indulgence of tender and affectionate parents; and that as God had also blessed their industry, they now hoped to pass a long and happy life in each other's embraces. This interesting narrative was given with the utmost frankness, and at the same time with great feeling; and was not a little improved by the fond and approving smiles which the young lady cast occasionally at her husband.

mourning the death of his daughter Tullia, and seems to have fixed upon it as the site of the temple which he had resolved to erect to her memory. “*Est hic*,” says he, “*quidem locus amoenus et in mari ipso, qui et Antio et Circaës aspici possit**,” and expresses a wish to secure that monument of his parental tenderness against the consequences of a change of proprietors, and the vicissitudes of all succeeding ages. Fond wishes! vain precautions! Wherever the intended temple may have been erected it has long since disappeared, without leaving a single vestige behind to enable even the inquisitive traveller to trace its existence. Some doubt indeed may be entertained about its erection: though as Cicero had seen and approved a plan, and even authorized Atticus to enter into an agreement with a Chian artist for the pillars, it is highly probable that it was erected; and if we may judge from the expression above quoted, at *Astura*, where I have no doubt some remains might if properly sought for, be discovered.

The next day we again amused ourselves in ranging through the groves that overshadow the ruins of Pompey's villa, and the woods that bor-

* Ad. Att. xii. 19.

der the lakes, and flourish in the middle regions of the mountain.

OSTIA.

A few days after our return to Rome, we determined to visit *Ostia*, once the port of that capital, and great mart of the Mediterranean. It is fifteen miles from it; the road at first runs through two ridges of hills, and afterwards over a fertile plain bounded by the same ridges, and forming a sort of wide verdant amphitheatre, intersected by the *Tiber*. The face of the country the whole way is fertile and green, and varied by several gentle swells, but deficient in wood, and consequently in beauty. The sea coast, however, even at the distance of four or five miles, is bordered with a wood of *ilex*, and various shrubs intermixed with large trees, and entangled with *underwood*, forming a forest, which lies, poetically speaking, near the spot where the unfortunate Euryalus bewildered himself; it accurately answers the description of it given by Virgil.

Sylva fuit late dumis atque ilice nigra
Horrida, quam densi complerant undique sentes;
Rata per occulos lucebat semita calles.
Euryalum tenebrae remorum onerosaque præda
Impediunt, fallitque timor regione viarum:

Nitus abit; jamque imprudans evaserat hostes
 Atque lacus qui post Albas de nomine dicti
 Albani; tum rex stabula alta Latinius habebat.

Lib. ix. 381.

I have said poetically speaking, as it will appear to the most negligent reader that Virgil did not mean to adhere to the letter in his topographical descriptions; otherwise we shall be reduced to the necessity of supposing, that in the space of a few minutes, or of an hour at the utmost, Nisus left his friend not far from the camp on the banks of the *Tiber*, reached the Alban hill and lake fifteen miles off, and returned back again.

In this forest are several large shallow pools, whose stagnant waters are supposed to infect the air, and contribute not a little to its unwholesomeness. The *Tiber* is rapid and muddy; its banks are shaded with a variety of shrubs and

flowery plants, and are perhaps beautiful enough to justify the description of Virgil:

Atque hic Aeneas ingentem ex aequore lucum
 Prospicit. Hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus ameno
 Vorticibus rapidis et multâ flavus arenâ
 In mare prorumpit. Varix circumque supraque
 Adsuetæ ripis volucres, et fluminis alveo
 Aethera mulcebant cantu, laoque volabant. *Aen.* vii.

The stream, though divided into branches, is yet considerable. The southern branch into which Æneas entered is not navigable.

Lævus inaccessis fluvius vitatur arenis

Hospitis Ænæs gloria sola manet.

Rutil.

The largest is called *Fiumecino*: on its northern bank stands *Porto*, the ancient *Portus Romanus*, projected by Julius Cæsar, begun by Augustus, finished by Claudius, and repaired by Trajan. To form a solid foundation for part of the mole, Claudius ordered the ship, or raft, constructed under his predecessor Caligula, in order to convey the Vatican obelisk from Egypt to Rome, to be sunk. Such was its vast bulk, that it occupied nearly one side of the port. Of this port, scarce a trace remains: the town is insignificant, though a bishopric. The island formed by the two branches of the river was called *Insula Sacra*.

The present town of *Ostia* is a miserable fortified village, containing scarcely fifty sickly inhabitants. Such is the badness of the air, real or supposed, that none but malefactors and banditti will inhabit it. The ancient town lay nearer the sea, as appears by the inside or brick walls of some temples, vaults or baths, mosaics, &c. Excavations have been made, and statues, pillars,

and the most precious marbles found in abundance, and many more will probably be discovered if the excavations be continued. One of the party, while looking for pieces of marble amidst the heaps of rubbish found a small *Torso* of the Venus of *Medicis*, about four inches in length. It was white and fresh, as if just come from the hands of the artist. This town was anciently of considerable size and importance. It seems to have been three or four miles in circumference, and the residence of opulence and luxury, if we may judge by the number of temples and aqueducts (one of which lines the road from Rome) and by the rich materials found among its ruins.

From the account which I have given of the country bordering on the coast, it will be found to present nearly the same features as in the time of Pliny, who thus describes the view along the road that crossed it in one of his letters;— “*Varia hinc et inde facies, Nam modo occur- rentibus sylois via coaretatur, modo latissimis pratis diffunditur et patescit: multi greges ovium, multa ibi equorum boumque armenta.*”* This appearance of the country extends all along the coast, and even over the Pomptine marshes.

* 2 Epist. 17.

Laurentum, the superb capital,

*turres et tecta Latini
Ardua,*

stood on the coast, about six miles from *Ostia*, on the spot now occupied by a village, or rather a solitary tower, called *Paterno*. No vestiges remain of its former magnificence, excepting an aqueduct; a circumstance not surprising, as it probably owed all that magnificence to the imagination of the poet. A little higher up, and nearer the Alban hills, rises *Pratica*, the old *Lacinium*. Between these towns flows, from the *Lacus Turni*, a streamlet that still bears the hero's name, and is called *Rivo di Torno*. *Ardæa*, the capital of the *Rutilians*, is still farther on, on the banks of the *Numicus*. The forest around was called the *Laurentia Sylva*, as also *Laurentia Palus*, from the many pools interspersed about it, as I have already remarked, and then as now, the resort of swine, though that breed seems considerably diminished.

Ac veluti ille canum morsu de montibus altis
Actus aper, multos Vesulus quem pinifer annos-
Defendit, multosque palus Laurentia sylvâ
Pastus arundineâ.

AEn. x.

The whole of this coast, now so lonely and abandoned, was anciently covered with seats,

resembling villages, or rather little towns, forming an almost uninterrupted line along the shore, and covering it with life, animation, and beauty.

"*Littus ornant varietate gratissima, nunc continua, nunc intermissa tecta villarum quæ præstant multarum urbium faciem,*" says Pliny in the letter already cited. It seems even to have been considered as healthy, for Herodian informs us that during the plague which ravaged Rome and the empire under Commodus, the Emperor retired to *Laurentum*, as the sea air, perfumed by the odor of the numerous laurels that flourished along the coast, was considered as a powerful antidote against the effects of the pestilential vapors.*

* Herodian, lib. i. 36.

CHAP. IX.

Journey to Naples—Velletri—Pomptine Marshes—Feronia—Terracina, Anxur—Fondi and its Lake—Mount Caecubus—Gaieta—Cicero's Villa and Tomb—Liris—Mount Massicus—Falernus Ager—Naples.

SHORTLY after our return from the coast, we prepared for our journey to Naples, and set out accordingly on Friday the twenty-seventh of May, about three o'clock in the afternoon. The clouds had been gathering the whole morning, and we had scarcely time to pass the *Porta Capena*, when the storm burst over us with tremendous fury; it was the first we had experienced in Italy, and remarkable for the livid glare of the lightning, and the sudden and rapid peals of thunder, resembling the explosion of artillery. The re-echo from the mountains round, gradually losing itself in the Apennines, added much to the grand effect. On the Campagna there was no shelter; our drivers therefore only hastened their pace, and whirled us along with amazing rapidity. However, the storm was as short as it

was violent; it had diminished when we reached the stage called the *Torre de Mezzavia*, anciently *Ad' Medium*, and after changing horses, we drove on to *Albano*. From *Albano* the road winds at present, or at least winded when we passed it, round the beautiful little valley of *Aricia*, formed by some of the lower ramifications of the Alban Mount, and presented on the left a fine view of *Albano*, *Aricia*, *Galaura*, *Monte Giove*, *Gensano*, all gilded by the rays of the sun, just then bursting from the skirts of the storm, and *taking his farewell sweet*. These glowing tints were set off to great advantage by the dark back ground, formed by the groves and evergreen forests that clothe the higher regions of the mountain. Night shortly after closed upon us, and deprived us of several interesting views which we might have enjoyed from the lofty situation of the road, that still continued to run along the side of the hill. Among other objects, we lost on our left the view of *Lavinia*, anciently *Lanuvium*, so often mentioned by Cicero as connected with Milo,* and alluded to by Horace as infested by wolves.†

We arrived about twelve o'clock at *Velletri*,

* Cic. Pro. Mil.

† ab agro

Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino.

Lib. iii. 27.

an ancient town of the *Volsci*, that still retains its former name and consideration. It became a Roman colony at a very early period, and was the seat of the Octavian family and the birth-place of *Augustus*. Though it contains some considerable edifices, particularly palaces, yet it appears ill built and gloomy. Its situation however is very fine. Placed on the southern extremity of the Alban hills, it commands on one side, over a deep valley, a view of Cora and the Volscian mountains; and on the other, of a fertile plain, late the Pomptine marshes, bounded by the sea and *Circe's* promontory. The country through the two next stages is extremely green and fertile, presenting rich meadows adorned with forest scenery whose mild beauties form a striking contrast with the harsh features of the bordering mountains. The village of *Cisterna*, probably on the site of the *Tres Tabernæ*, is lively and pleasing. At *Torre de tre Ponti*, the ancient *Tripunktum*, several military stones, columns, &c. dug up on the Appian road when repaired by the late Pope, will attract the attention of the traveller. Near it stood *Forum Appii*, built at the time the road was made, and inhabited by innkeepers and the boatmen who plied on the canal that crossed the marshes*.

* *Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis.* *Hor.*

Here commence the famous Pomptine marshes, and at the same time the excellent road formed through them on the substructions of the Appian by the same pontiff. This road runs on an exact level, and in a straight line for thirty miles. It is bordered on both sides by a canal, and shaded by double rows of elms and poplars. It is crossed by two rivers, the *Ufens* and the *Amasenus*, which still retain their ancient appellations, and remind the traveller of some beautiful descriptions, and particularly of the affecting adventure of Metabus, so well told by Virgil.

The *Pomptinae Paludes* derive their appellation from *Pometium*, a considerable town of the *Volsci*. Though this city was so opulent as to enable Tarquin to build the Capitol with its plunder, yet it had totally disappeared even before the time of Pliny. It is difficult to discover the precise date of the origin of these marshes. Homer, and after him Virgil, represent the abode of Circe as an island, and Pliny alluding to Homer quotes this opinion, and confirms it by the testimony of Theophrastus, who, in the year of Rome 440, gives this island a circumference of eighty stadia or about ten miles. It is not improbable that this vast plain, even now so little raised above the level of the sea, may, like the territory of *Ravenna* on the eastern coast, have

once been covered by the waves. Whatever may have been its state in fabulous times, the same Pliny relates, on the authority of a more ancient Latin writer, that at an early period of the Roman republic, the tract of country afterwards included in the marshes contained thirty-three cities, all of which gradually disappeared before the ravages of war, or the still more destructive influence of the increasing fens. These fens are occasioned by the quantity of water carried into the plain by numberless streams that rise at the foot of the neighboring mountains, and for want of sufficient declivity creep sluggishly over the level space, and sometimes stagnate in pools, or lose themselves in the sands. The principal of these streams are, the *Astura*, the *Nymfa*, the *Teppia*, the *Aqua Puzza*, in the upper; and the *Amasenus* and *Ufens* in the lower marshes*. The pools or lakes line the coast, and extend from the neighborhood of the mouth of the *Astura* to the promontory of Circe. The flat and swampy tract spread from these lakes to the foot of the Volscian mountains, and covered an extent of eight miles

* Qua Saturæ jacet atra palus, gelidusque per imas
Quærit iter valles, atque in mare conditum Ufens.

Virg. *AEn.* vii.

in breadth and thirty in length, with mud and infection. The loss of so much fertile land, and the exhalations arising from such a vast tract of swamp, carried, not unfrequently to the Capital itself by southerly winds, must have attracted the attention of a people so active and industrious as the ancient Romans.

Appius Claudius, about three hundred years before the Christian era, when employed in carrying his celebrated road across these marshes, made the first attempt to drain them, and his example was, at long intervals, followed by various consuls, emperors, and kings, down to the Gothic Theodoric inclusively. The wars that followed the death of this prince, the devastation of Italy, and the weakness and unsettled state of the Roman government, withdrew its attention from cultivation and left the waters of the *Paludes* to their natural operation. The Popes, however, when their sovereignty was established and their attention no longer distracted by the piratical visits of distant or the inroads of neighboring barbarians, turned their thoughts to the amelioration of the inundated territory; and we find accordingly that from Boniface VIII. down to the late pontiff Pius VI. no less than fifteen Popes have attempted this grand undertaking. Most of these

efforts were attended with partial, none with full success. Whether the failure is to be ascribed to the deficiency of the means employed at the beginning, or to the neglect of repairs and the want of continual attention afterwards, it is difficult to determine; though considering the skill and opulence of the Romans, it is more natural to attribute the defect either to the nature of the evil in itself irremediable, or to the distracting circumstances of the intervening times.

Of the methods employed by Appius, and afterwards by the Consul Cethegus, we know little; though not the road only but the traces of certain channels dug to draw the water from it, and mounds raised to protect it from sudden swells of water, are traditionally ascribed to the former. Julius Cæsar is said to have revolved in his mighty mind a design worthy of himself, of turning the course of the *Tiber* from *Ostia*, and carrying it through the Pomptine territory and marshes to the sea at *Terracina*. This grand project which existed only in the mind of the Dictator perished with him, and gave way to the more moderate but more practicable plan of Augustus, who endeavoured to carry off the superfluous waters by opening a canal all along the *Via Appia* from *Forum Appii* to the grove of *Feronia*. It was customary to embark on this canal at night time,

as Strabo relates and Horace practised*; because the vapors that arise from the swamps are less noxious during the coolness of the night than in the heat of the day. Many of the inconveniences of the marshes still continued to be felt, as appears from Horace's complaints†, and from the epithet applied by Lucan to the Via Appia.

Et qua Pomptinas Via dividit *Uda* paludes. L. iii.

However the canal opened by Augustus still remains, and is called the *Cavata*.

The luxury and the improvident policy of the immediate successors of Augustus, and the civil wars that raged under Galba, Otho, Vitellius and Vespasian, diverted their attention from works of peace and improvement; so that the marshes had again increased and the waters swelled, so as to render the Via Appia nearly

* Horace embarked in the evening, and arrived at Feronia about ten o'clock next morning; having travelled about seven-and-twenty miles in sixteen hours. The muleteer seems to have been as slow and as sleepy as modern German drivers.

† *Aqua . . . tetterima . . .*
mali culices, ranæque palustres.

impassable*. At length Nerva resumed the task, and his glorious successor Trajan carried it on during ten years and with so much activity that the whole extent of country from *Treponti* to *Terracina* was drained, and the *Via Appia* completely restored, in the third consulate of that Emperor. This event is commemorated in three inscriptions, one of which may be seen on a marble slab at the village of *Treponti*; another more explicit was found near the forty-second mile stone on the *Via Appia*; and the third exists on a stone in one of the angles of the wall of the cathedral at *Terracina*. During the convulsions of the following centuries the marshes were again overflowed, and again drained by Cecilius Decius in the reign of Theodoric. The commencement of this work is announced in an epistle drawn up in the declamatory style of the times, and addressed by the Gothic prince to the senate. Its success is stated in another to Decius,

* Silius Italicus, who flourished in this interval, appears to have given an accurate description of them as they were in his time, though he is speaking of the age of Annibal—

Et quos pestifera Pomptini uligine campi;
Qua Saturæ nebulosa palus restagnat, et atro
Liventæ cæno per squalida turbidus arva
Cogit aquas Ufens atque inficit æquora limo.

Sil. Ital. lib. viii.

containing a grant of the lands drained by him free from taxes for ever.

Of the different popes who have revived this useful enterprise, Boniface II., Martin V., and Sixtus Quintus carried it on with a vigor adequate to its importance, and with a magnificence worthy of the ancient Romans. But the short reigns of these benevolent and enterprising sovereigns did not permit them to accomplish their grand designs; and their successors of less genius or less activity contented themselves with issuing briefs and imposing obligations on the communities and proprietors to support and repair the drains. The glory of finally terminating this grand undertaking, so often attempted and so often frustrated, was reserved for the late pontiff Pius VI. who immediately on his elevation to the papal throne turned his attention to the Pomptine marshes. The level was taken with precision, the depth of the different canals and outlets sounded, the degree of declivity in the beds of the rivers ascertained, and at length the work was begun in the year 1778. It was carried on with incredible ardor and vast expense for the space of ten years; and at length it was crowned with complete success and closed in the year 1788. The impartial reader will readily acknowledge, that much praise is due to the pontiff, who in spite of every difficulty (and

many occurred not only from the nature of the work, but from the petty interests, intrigues and manœuvres of the parties concerned) had the courage to commence, and the perseverance to complete, an undertaking of such magnitude. The *unproductive marsh forced to bear the plough* and maintain the *neighboring cities*; the river restrained from inundations and *taught a better course*, are considered by Horace* as the most glorious of Augustus's achievements, and with reason, if glory be the result of utility. Yet Augustus had the immense resources of the Roman empire at his command; he had idle legions to employ instead of laborers, and his success was partial only and temporary. In truth the draining of the Pomptine marshes is one of the most useful as well as most difficult works ever executed, and reflects more lustre on the reign of Pius VI. than the dome of the Vatican, all glorious as it is, can confer on the memory of Sixtus Quintus.†

* Art. Poet. 64.

† It is fortunate for the Pope, and indeed for Catholics in general, that there is such clear and frequent mention of the Pomptine marshes in ancient authors; otherwise these destructive swamps would undoubtedly have been attributed by such travellers as Burnet, Addison, Misson, &c. to the genius of the papal government, and to the nature of the catholic religion, to indolence, superstition ignorance, &c.

I have said that the success was complete ; this however must be understood upon the supposition that the canals of communication be kept open and the beds of the streams be cleared*. The difference between the latter and all preceding attempts is this ; on former occasions the level was not taken in all parts with sufficient accuracy, and of course the declivity necessary for the flow of the waters not every where equally secured. This essential defect has been carefully guarded against on the late occasion, and the *emissarii* or great drains so conducted as to insure a constant current. The principal fault at present is said to be in the distribution of the land drained, the greater part of which having been purchased by the *Camera Apostolica* was given over to the Duke of *Braschi*. Roman noblemen have never been remarkable for their attention to agriculture, and the duke content probably with the present profit is not likely to lay out much in repairs, particularly in times so distressing as the present. Had the land been divided into lesser portions, and given to industrious families, it might have been cultivated

* It is reported that since the last French invasion these necessary precautions have been neglected, and that the waters begin to stagnate again.

better, and the drains cleansed and preserved with more attention. The government indeed ought to have charged itself with that concern; but in governments where the people have no influence, public interests are seldom attended to, with zeal, constancy, and effect.

When we crossed the Pomptine marshes, fine crops of corn covered the country on our left, and seemed to wave to the very foot of the mountains; while on the right numerous herds of cattle and horses grazed in extensive and luxuriant pastures. Nor indeed is the reader to imagine, that when the marshes were in their worst state they presented in every direction a dreary and forbidding aspect to the traveller or the sportsman who ranged over them. On the side towards the sea they are covered with extensive forests, that enclose and shade the lakes which border the coasts. These forests extend with little interruption from Ostia to the promontory of Circe, and consist of oak, ilex, bay, and numberless flowering shrubs. To the north rises *Monte Albano* with all its tumuli, and all the towns and cities glittering on their summits. To the south, towers the promontory of Circe on one side, and the shining rock of Anxur on the other; while the Volscian mountains, sweeping from north to south in a bold semicircle, close

the view to the east. On their sides the traveller beholds *Cora*, *Sezza*, *Piperno*, like aerial palaces shining in contrast with the brown rugged rock that supports them. These towns are all ancient, and nearly retain their ancient names. The wall and two Doric temples still attest the magnificence of *Cora*. *Setia* is characteristically described in the well known lines of Martial, which point out at once both its situation and principal advantage.

Quæ paludes delicata Pomptinas
Ex arce clivi spectat uva Setini.

The town is still as anciently little, but it no longer possesses the delicate and wholesome wines which it anciently boasted; for although vineyards cover the hills around and spread even over the plains below, yet the grape is supposed to have lost much of its flavor. *Piperno* is the *Priverni antiqua urbs* of Virgil, whence the father of Camilla was expelled. The road from Rome to Naples passed through these towns before the late restoration of the *Via Appia*, and the draining of the marshes.

The post-house called *Mesa* was the ancient *Admedias Paludes*. At the extremity of the marshes we crossed the *Amasenus*, now united with the *Ufens*, and falling with it into the

canal on the right. The bridge is handsome and graced with an inscription, in a very classical style, relative to the change made in the bed of the former river. It runs as follows:

Qua leni resonans prius susurro
Molli flumine sese agebat Oufens
Nunc rapax Amasenus it lubens: et
Vias dedidicisse ait priores
Ut Sexto gereret Pio jubenti
Morena, neu sibi ut ante jure possit
Viator male dicere aut colonus.

The Amasenus is indeed here a deep and rapid stream, and was when we passed it clear, though it carried with it such a mass of water from the marshes. The scenery around the bridge is wooded, cool, and was to us particularly refreshing. The stream was full and rapid as when Metabus reached its banks.

Ecce fugæ medio summis Amasenus abundans
Spumabat ripis; tantis se nubibus imber
Ruperat. Virgil Æn. xi.

The woods and thickets around seem to present the same scenery as anciently, and correspond well with the rest of the history, the solitary education and the half-savage life of Camilla. We were now about to emerge from the *Paludi*, the only marshes ever dignified by classic celebrity. They have at length laid aside their

horrors, and appeared to us clothed with harvest, and likely again to become what they were in the early ages of the Roman republic, the granary of Latium. Titus Livius relates that the Romans under the apprehension of scarcity had recourse to the Pomptine territory for corn. Now the hilly part of that territory produced much wine indeed, but little corn; the latter must therefore have grown in the plains which have since become the marshes*. They still retain their forests, the haunt now as anciently of wild boars, of stags, and sometimes of robbers†; and their numerous streams, the resort of various kinds of excellent fish; hence they are still much frequented by fishermen, and indeed by sportsmen of all descriptions.

Between two and three miles from Terracina, a few paces from the road, a little ancient bridge crosses a streamlet‡ issuing from the fountain of Feronia.

Viridi gaudens Feronia luco.

Virgil, viii. 800.

* *Liv.* iv. 25.

† *Juvenal*, Sat. iii.

‡ The streamlet is mentioned by Horace :

Ora manusque tuâ lavimus Feronia lymphâ.

The grove in which this goddess was supposed to delight has long since fallen; one only solitary ilex hangs over the fountain. The temple has sunk into the dust; not even a stone remains! Yet she had a better title to the veneration of the benevolent than all the other goddesses united. She delighted in freedom, and took deserving slaves under her protection. They received their liberty by being seated on a chair in her temple, inscribed with these words, *Bene meriti servi sedant: surgant liberi.**

The rocky eminence of *Anxur* now rose full before us, seemed to advance towards the sea, and as we approached presented to our view a variety of steep cliffs. On the side of one of these craggy hills stands the old town of *Terracina* looking towards the marshes (*prona in paludes*): the new town descends gradually towards the beach and lines the shore; it was considerably augmented by the late Pope, who built a palace, and resided here during the spring and autumn, in order to urge on his favourite undertaking. On the ridge of the mountain stood the ancient *Anxur*, and on the summit immediately over the sea, rose the temple of

* See Servius, quoted by Cluverius, 1014.

Jupiter, on a conspicuous and commanding site, whence he was supposed to preside over all the circumjacent country*, and to regulate the destiny of its inhabitants. On this pinnacle still remain two vast squares, consisting each of a number of arches, and forming probably the substruction of the temple of Jupiter and that of Apollo. The colonnades of these two temples, the color of the rock which supported them, and the lofty walls and towers of the city which enclosed them and crowned the cliff, gave *Anxur* the splendor and majesty so often alluded to by the poets;

Impositum saxis late cudentibus Anxur. *Hor.*

Superbus Anxur. *Mart.*

Arcesque superbi Anxuris. *Statius.*

The situation of *Terracina* reclining on the side of the mountain, and stretched along the shore is very picturesque; its long lines of white edifices, and particularly the façade of the Pope's palace, give it a general appearance of magnificence. However it possesses few objects of curiosity. The cathedral is a dark and dismal pile; it contains some antique pillars and mo-

* Queis Jupiter Anxurus arvis
Presidet

numents, and suffered much from the French. Some slight traces of the ancient port repaired by Antoninus, are still visible. This town seems to have been rising rapidly into consideration by its increasing commerce, till the late invasion of the French checked its growth and threw it back into insignificance; and indeed few places seem better calculated for bathing and public resort than *Terracina*; its beach is flat; its sands are level and solid; the sea is tranquil; a river bathes its walls; and the scenery around is rich, bold, and variegated. Hence, in ancient times, it was a place much frequented during the summer, and noticed and celebrated by the poets.

O Nemus, O fontes, solidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, et aequoreis splendidus Anxur aquis;
Et non unius spectator lectulus undæ
Qui videt hinc puppes fluminis, inde maris.

Martial, Lib. x.

Martial elsewhere alludes to the salubrity of the place, and its waters; as when speaking of several delightful retreats along the same coast he mentions the two points that close on each side the bay of *Terracina*.

Seu placet Eneia nutrix, seu filia solis,
Sive salutiferis candidus Anxur aquis. *Lib. v.*

If the traveller can spare a day he may hire a boat, and sail along the coast to the promontory of Circe, which forms so conspicuous a figure in his prospect and appears from *Terracina*, as Homer and Virgil poetically describe it, a real island. As he ranges over its lofty cliffs he will recollect the splendid fictions of the one, and the harmonious lines of the other. He may traverse the unfrequented groves; but instead of the palace of Circe he will discover the lonesome village of *Santa Felicita*, a few solitary towers hanging over the sea, and perhaps some faint traces of the ancient *Circeia*, covered with bushes and overgrown with shrubs. Nearly opposite *Terracina* and the promontory of Circe, but visible only from the hills, lie a cluster of islands, the principal of which, *Ponza* now, anciently *Pontia*, was little noticed under the republic, but ennobled under the Cæsars by the exile and death of several illustrious victims of imperial tyranny.

Five or six miles from *Terracina* at the foot of a high hill, in a defile with the rock on one side and the sea on the other, called *Passo di Portella*, stands a tower with a gate, forming the barrier between the Roman and Neapolitan territories. It is called *Torre del Epitaffio*, and is occupied by a few Neapolitan troops, the com-

mander of which examines the passports. We had now entered the territory of the *Aurunci* or *Ausonians*, a people who under the latter appellation gave their name to all Italy. Their territory however was not extensive, nor was their power ever great. A little beyond the tower, the mountains seem to recede, the country opens and gradually expands into the fertile valley of *Fondi*. The *Via Appia* intersects it nearly in the middle. On the right between the road and the sea we beheld a fine expanse of water, the *Lacus Fundanus* or *Amyclanus**[†], formed by several streams which, falling from the mountains, cross the plain and empty themselves in its bosom. Its borders, towards the road, are covered with myrtle, poplars, luxuriant shrubs and flowers. Such was also its ancient dress†. It is separated from the sea by a forest; and indeed the whole vale is beautifully adorned with orange and citron trees, interspersed with cypress and poplars.

Fondi is a little town, consisting of one street on the *Via Appia* which is here in its ancient form, that is composed of large flags, fitted together with wonderful art, although in their na-

* Still *Lago di Fondi*.

† Pliny xiv. 6.

tural shape, and without cement. With regard to the appearance of the town* I must observe, that two circumstances must necessarily give almost all southern towns a gloomy appearance; in the first place, the streets are generally narrow; and in the second, the windows are seldom glazed. These deformities, for such they are in our eyes, are the natural consequences of the climate, and prevailed in ancient as well as in modern Italy and Greece. In Rome itself, even when embellished by Augustus, the streets were narrow, and remained so till the city was rebuilt by Nero after the conflagration†. The wines of this territory, and indeed of this coast, were anciently in high repute, and still enjoy some reputation.

The mountain which the traveller beholds in front as he is going out of *Fondi*, or rather a little to the right, is *Mount Cæcubus*. I must observe that the exhalations which arise from

* The most remarkable event perhaps in the history of *Fondi* is an assault made upon it by a Turkish force, for the purpose of carrying off its countess, *Julia di Gonzaga*, the most beautiful princess of her age. The town was taken by surprise, and plundered; but the reader will learn with pleasure that the Lady escaped.

• Tac. Annal. xv. 43.

the lake, and from the marshes which it occasions when it overflows, still continue as in ancient times to render the fertile vale of *Fondi* unhealthy. At a little distance from it we began to ascend the hills (*Formiani Colles*) the ramifications of *Mount Cæcubus*, and found the country improve, if possible in beauty, as we advanced winding up the steep. The castle of *Itri* is when seen at a distance picturesque, and a mausoleum near it remarkable. The town itself is ugly, and its name unknown to antiquity. When we had reached the summit of the hills that continue to rise beyond *Itri*, we were entertained with the new and magnificent views, that opened upon us at every turn, of the town and bay of *Gaieta* and its bounding promontories. The ground we trod is truly poetical. We were descending *Mount Cæcubus*, one of the *Formian* hills celebrated by Horace; beneath lay *Mola di Gaieta*, once *Formiae*, the seat of the Læstrygons, and the theatre of one of the greatest disasters of Ulysses. Before us, over the bay at a considerable distance, rose *Prochyta*, and towering

Inarime, Jovis imperiis imposta Typhæo.

En. ix.

On our right stood the mausoleum of Munatius Plancus, Horace's friend, and beyond it ascended

the bold promontory intrusted with the fame and the ashes of *Gaieta*.

Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
Hesperia in magna, si qua est ea gloria signat.

En. vii.

We continued to roll over the broad flags of the *Via Appia*, and descending a steep from *Castellone* entered *Mola* (*Formiae**) in the evening. The town is in itself little and insignificant, but it derives interest, if not grandeur, from its beautiful site, poetical scenery and classic recollections. It consists of one street, formed by the *Via Appia* on the sea side, at the foot of a range of broken picturesque hills and mountains, covered with corn, vines, and olive-trees, and topped with rocks, churches and towers. The waters that stream from these hills unite and gush forth in a fountain close to the town. This fountain is said to be the *fair flowing Artacia* described by Homer; if so, we may conclude that the town of the *Læstrygons* lay a little higher on the hills, since the daughter of Anti-phates is described as coming down from it†.

* Close to the road on both sides were scattered the ruins of the *Formian* villa, and the mausoleum of Cicero.

† *Odyss. x. 107.*

The most conspicuous and striking object from the town of *Mola* is the fortress of *Gaieta*, crowning the rocky promontory of the same name with its white ramparts, and presenting to the eye, one above the other, its stages of angles and batteries. The town itself is spread along the shore, and extends nearly from the centre of the bay to the point of the promontory. The harbor so well described by Homer is that of *Gaieta*, and whoever ranges over it will find all the features painted by the poet—the towering rocks, the prominent shores, the narrow entrance, and the hollow port. It is about four miles by land and two by water from *Mola*. There is some difficulty in procuring admittance, as it is a fortress, and not aware of this circumstance we presented ourselves at the gate without our passports; but after a few observations, we were as Englishmen allowed to enter, conducted to the governor then at church, received very politely, and permitted to visit every part of the fortress without further ceremony.

The cathedral though not large nor highly decorated, is well proportioned, well lighted, and by the elevation of the choir admirably calculated for public worship. The font is a fine antique vase of white marble, with basso relievos, representing Athamas, Ino with a child in her

arms, and a group of Bacchantes. The sculptor was an Athenian; but such a vase is better calculated for a gallery of antiques than for the place where it now stands. Opposite the great portal of the cathedral rises an antique column marked with the names of the Winds in Greek and Latin. The streets of the town are neatly built and well paved, its general appearance is lively within and without, and extremely picturesque. I have already said that the fortress crowns the point or head of the promontory, or rather peninsula of *Gaieta*. On the narrow neck that unites it to the main-land, but on a bold eminence, stands the tomb of Munatius Plancus. It is round like that of Hadrian, like it stripped of its marble casing, and turned into a battlemented tower, called, one might suppose from the romantic hero of Ariosto, *Torre d'Orlando*.

But neither the mausoleum of Plancus, nor the towers of *Gaieta*; neither the wondrous tales of Homer, nor the majestic verses of Virgil, shed so much glory and interest on these coasts as the *Formian* villa and the tomb of Cicero. That Cicero had a villa here, and that it lay about a mile from the shore, history informs us; and at that very distance on the left of the road the attentive traveller will observe the remains of

ancient walls scattered over the fields, and half covered with vines, olives and hedges. These shapeless heaps tradition points to as the ruins of Cicero's *Formian villa*. Again, history assures us that he was overtaken and beheaded in the walks of a grove that lay between his villa and the sea. On the opposite side of the road rises, stripped of its decorations and indeed of its very shape, a sort of obelisk in two stories, and this disfigured pile the same tradition reveres as his mausoleum, raised on the very spot where he was butchered, and where his faithful attendants immediately interred his headless trunk. Lower down and near the sea, or rather hanging over its waves, are shewn several vaults and galleries which are supposed to have been part of the *Villa Inferior*, as that which I have described above was called *Villa Superior*. It is a pity that excavations are not made (and with what success might they not be made all along this interesting coast) to give curiosity some chance of acquiring greater evidence.

Of the fate of Cicero's remains we know nothing, as history is silent with regard to his obsequies and sepulchre. It does not seem probable that during Antony's life, the most zealous friend would have dared to erect a monument to the memory of his most active and deadly enemy;

and after that Triumvir's death, Augustus seems to have concealed his sentiments, if favorable to Cicero, with so much care and success that his very nephews did not venture to read that illustrious Roman's Works in his presence. Before the death of Augustus the personal and affectionate interest inspired by affinity or friendship had probably subsided; few survived that Emperor who could possibly have enjoyed the happiness of an intimate and familiar acquaintance with Cicero, and fewer still could have had any particular and urgent motive to step forward from the crowd, and to pay due honors to his long neglected memory. But notwithstanding these reasons and the silence of history on the subject, yet as his son escaped the proscription, and as he was restored to his country and his rank when the rage of civil war had given way to the tranquil domination of Augustus, it is possible that he then might have raised a monument to the memory of a father so affectionate to him, and so illustrious in the eyes of the public. As long therefore as popular belief, or tradition however uncertain, attaches the name of Cicero to these ruins; and as long as even credulity can believe that the one has been his residence and the other his tomb; so long will every traveller who values liberty and reveres genius, visit them with interest, and hang over them, though nearly re-

duced to a heap of rubbish, with delight. I cannot turn from this subject without observing, that many authors have related, but that Plutarch alone has painted, the last tragical scene of Cicero's life.

About twelve o'clock, too late indeed for the distance we had to go, we set out from *Mola*. The road runs over a fine plain, bordered on the left by distant mountains; and on the right by the sea. About three miles from the *Liris* (*Garganico*) an aqueduct, erected to convey water to *Minturnæ*, passes the road; it is now in ruins, but the remaining arches, at least a hundred, lofty and solid, give a melancholy magnificence to the plain which they seem to bestride.

On the banks of the *Liris* and to the right of the road extend the ruins of *Minturnæ*, spread over a considerable space of ground, exhibiting substructions, arches, gateways, and shattered walls, now utterly forsaken by human inhabitants, and abandoned to owls, foxes, and serpents. Many beautiful shafts, bases and capitals of marble have been found here and on the banks of the river, and more might possibly be discovered if the ruins were removed. The delay occasioned by the ferry affords the traveller time enough to range over the site and the remains of *Minturnæ*.

This city is four miles from the sea; the space between was covered by the sacred groves of the nymph Marica, sometimes called the *Latian Venus*, the mother of Latinus; and by the well-known marshes, which, though they infected the air with noxious exhalations, have acquired some celebrity from the adventure of Marius. Happy had it been for Rome and for humanity if the swamp had swallowed up for ever the withered carcase and vengeful heart of that ruthless chief. These marshes have lost something of their ancient malignity, and are become a rich cultivated plain. A tower stands on the bank to defend the passage over the river; its first story or lower part is ancient, and built with great solidity and beautiful proportion. The *Liris* forms the southern border of *Latium*, and separates it from *Campania*; as we glided slowly over its surface we endeavoured in vain to conjecture the origin of its modern name.* May it not possibly be

* The reader who delights in classical appellations will learn with pleasure, that this river still bears its ancient name till it passes the city of *Sora*. That the Fibrenus (still so called) falls into it a little below that city, and continues to encircle the little island in which Cicero lays the scene of the second dialogue *De Legibus*, and which he describes with so much eloquence. I must add, that Arpinum also,

formed from its original appellation *Glanis*, joined to its Roman name *Liris*, with an Italian termination, thus *Glaniliriano*, afterwards altered in the Italian manner for euphony into *Ganiliriano* and finally *Gariliano*?

Having crossed the river we entered *Campania**, and as we drove over the plain beyond, we had a full view of the *Liris*, a wide and noble river winding under the shadow of poplars through a lovely vale, and then gliding gently towards the sea. The river still retains its characteristic silence and tranquillity, while the regions through which it flows still enjoy the beauty and fertility which distinguished them of old. These are, the *Umbrose Regna Maricæ*,

Rura quæ Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ taciturnus amnis.

Some rugged mountains appeared at a distance, but they only served as a magnificent frame to set

in the vicinity of the Fibrenus, still retains its name, ennobled by the birth of that most illustrious Roman.

* Hinc felix illa Campania est. Ab hoc sinu incipiunt vitiferi colles, et temulentia nobilis succo per omnes terras inclyto, atque ut veteres dixerunt, summum Liberi patris cum Cerere certamen.—*C. Plin. Nat. Hist.* iii. 5.

off by contrast the rich scenery that adorned the hills and the plains that border the stream.

Though the ground rises gradually from the *Liris* to the next stage, yet the space between is called from its comparative flatness the *Plain of Sessa*, and few indeed are the plains that can vie with it in beauty and fertility. In front or a little to the right rises a bold and lofty mountain, extending on that side to the sea; it is *Mount Massicus*, once so famous for its wines, and it still retains its ancient name.* On the left falling a little backwards to the north is *Monte Ofellio*, and on the side swells *Monte Aurunco*, perpetuating in its original name the memory of a very ancient people. On its side, covered with its forests behind, and before open to the beauties of the valley and to the breezes of the sea, is seated, *Sessa*, once *Suessa Aurunca*. The whole scene is finely diversified by oaks rising sometimes single, and sometimes in clumps in the middle of corn-fields or vineyards; woods girding the sides of the hills and waving on their summits; large villages with their towers shining in

* Cluverius mistakes when he says, it is called *Mondragone*, which is the name of a village or fortress at its base near the sea.

the middle of orchards and thickets, forming altogether a view unusually rich and delightful. Beyond St. Agatha the country becomes more hilly and is shaded with thicker and larger woods. A romantic dell with a streamlet tumbling through it, forms a pretty diversity in the view.

We were now engaged in the defiles of *Mount Massicus*, which communicate with those of the *Callicula*, a mountain covered with forests and crowned with *Calvi*, the ancient *Cales*. From these defiles we emerged by a road cut through the rock above *Francolisi*, and as we looked down we beheld the plains of *Campania* spread before us, bordered by the *Apennines*, with the craggy point of *Ischia* towering to the sky on one side, and in the centre *Vesuvius*, calmly lifting his double summit wreathed with smoke. Evening now far advanced, shed a purple tint over the sides and the summits of the mountains, that gave at once a softness and a richness to the picture, and contrasted finely with the darkness of the plains below, and the light colors of a few thin clouds flitting above.

From *Francolisi* we traversed the *Falernus Ager*, which is the tract enclosed between the sea, *Mount Massicus*, *Callicula*, and the river *Vulturnus*; a territory so much celebrated by the ancient poets, and so well known to the modern

reader for its delicious wines. It has often been asked, why Italy does not now produce wines so excellent, and in such variety as anciently; and it has been as often answered, either that the climate has changed, or that the cultivation of the grape has been neglected; and the vines allowed to degenerate for want of skill and attention. As for the first of these reasons, we find nothing in ancient authors that can furnish the least reason to suppose that any such revolution has happened. The productions of the soil are the same, and appear at the same stated periods; the seasons correspond exactly with the descriptions of the poets; the air is in general genial and serene, though chilled occasionally (at least in many provinces) with hard wintry frosts, and sometimes disturbed by sudden unseasonable storms full as grand and as mischievous as that described by Virgil *. Neglect and ignorance are reasons more plausible, but will not perhaps on examination be found much more satisfactory. Arts essential to the existence of man, when once known are never forgotten, and articles so necessary as bread and wine cannot possibly be entirely neglected. The science of tillage passes from father to son, and cannot be obliterated unless

the whole population of a country be at once destroyed, and a link struck out of the chain of human generation. Moreover the mode of gathering and pressing the grape; of boiling and storing the wine is nearly the same now as anciently. Besides from the reasons given above it would follow, that the culture of the vine was lost all over Italy, Greece, and Sicily, and that the vine itself had degenerated in all the countries that lie south of the Alps, however favored in other respects by nature. Very few indeed of the numberless wines produced in these auspicious climates are palatable to an English or a French traveller, who is apt to find in them either a lusciousness or a raciness, or an inexpressible something that disgusts him, and is not always removed even by familiarity. Nor ought this circumstance to surprise us. Accustomed from our infancy to hear the wines of Italy and Greece extolled by the ancient poets, we expect to find them singularly delicious: while we forget that the goodness of wine depends upon taste, and that our taste has been formed, I had nearly said vitiated, by wines of a flavor very different from that of the classic grape. If the Italian wines therefore are not in so much repute now as they were formerly, it is to be attributed not so much to the degeneracy of the vine, as to the change of taste not only in Transalpine countries, but even in Italy itself.

The modern Italians are extremely sober; they drink wine as Englishmen drink small beer, not to flatter the palate but to quench the thirst; provided it be neither new, flat, nor unwholesome, it answers their purpose, and they require from it nothing more. In the cultivation of the vine very little attention is therefore paid to the quality or perfection, but merely to the quantity of the produce. Not so the ancients: they were fond of convivial enjoyments: they loved wine, and considered it not only as a gratification to the palate, but as a means of intellectual enjoyment, and a vehicle of conversation. To heighten its flavor therefore, to bring it to full maturity by age, in short, to improve it by every method imaginable, was with them an object of primary importance; nor can it occasion surprise that in circumstances so favorable, the vine should flourish. Yet with all this encouragement the two most celebrated wines in Italy, the Cæcuban and the Falernian, had lost much of their excellency and reputation in Pliny's time; the former in consequence of a canal drawn across the vale of Amyclæ by the Emperor Nero; and the latter from its very celebrity, which occasioned so great a demand, that the cultivators unable to resist the temptation, turned their attention from the quality to the quantity. This cause of decline is indeed considered as common to both these species of wine; but in

the former it was only an accessory, in the latter a principal agent.

The canal alluded to, was one of the extravagant whims of Nero, who had resolved to open an inland communication between *Ostia* and the *Lake Avernum*, by a navigable canal which might afford all the pleasures without any of the inconveniences of a voyage in the usual manner. This work was begun but never finished; and it is probable that the *Lago Fundano* or *Amyclano*, which was to have formed part of the projected canal, was lengthened and extended across the little plain to the very foot of *Mount Cæcubus*; thus depriving the flats of a considerable part of that moisture which perhaps caused their fertility.

The Cæcuban wine so much celebrated was produced, according to Pliny, in the poplar groves that rose in the marshes on the bay of Amyclæ. The same author gives a long list of Italian wines, all good though of very different degrees of excellence; and I have no doubt that modern Italy, if the cultivation of the vine had the same encouragement now as anciently, would furnish a catalogue equal to it both in excellence and in variety. As it is not intended to expand a few cursory remarks into a dissertation, it may finally

be observed that several of the wines celebrated in ancient times still retain, at least, some share of their ancient reputation. Thus a wine produced in the very extremity of the Adriatic Gulph, on the banks of the Timavus,* and in the vicinity of *Aquileia*, is still in as great request at *Trieste* as it was formerly in *Rome*; as is the *Rhetian* wine so much extolled by *Virgil* at *Venice* and *Verona*. The wines of *Luna* and *Florence* are even now much esteemed all over the north of *Italy*, as are those of the *Alban Mount*, including *Frescati* and *Gensano*, in *Rome*. The vines that flourish on the sides and around the base of *Vesuvius* still continue to furnish a rich and delicious wine, well known to all travellers, and to most readers under the appellation of *Lachryma Christi*. To conclude, *Horace* has comprised with his usual neatness the four principal wines of *Italy*, all the produce of the coast which we have just traversed, in the following stanza:

Cæcubum et prelo domitam Caleno

Tu bibes uvam, mea nec Falernæ

Temperant vites, neque Formiani

Pocula colles.

i. 20.

* This wine was called *Pucinum*. The place now bears the name of *Castel Duino*, and corresponds with the description given of it by *Pliny*, *saxeo colle, maritimo afflato*.—*Lib. xiv.*

Before we arrived at *Capua* night had set in, but it was night in all its charms ; bright, serene, and odoriferous. The only object that could then strike our eyes or excite our curiosity were the *luciole*, bright insects, many of which were flying about in every direction like sparks of fire, casting a vivid light around them, and seeming to threaten the waving corn over which they flitted, with a conflagration. We entered Naples at a late hour, and drove to the *Gran Bretagna*, an excellent inn on the sea shore, and close to the royal garden.

Few scenes surpass in beauty that which burst full upon me when I awoke next morning. In front and under my windows, the bay of Naples spread its azure surface smooth as glass, while a thousand boats glided in different directions over its shining bosom : on the right the town extended along the semicircular shore, and *Posilipo* rose close behind it, with churches and villas, vineyards and pines scattered in confusion along its sides and on its ridge, till, sloping as it advanced the bold hill terminated in a craggy promontory. On the left at the end of a walk that forms the quay and skirts the sea, the *Castel del Uovo* standing on an insulated rock caught the eye for a moment ; while beyond it over a vast expanse of water, a rugged line of mountains stretched

forward, and softening its features as it projected, presented towns, villages and convents, lodged amidst its forests and precipices, and at length terminated in the cape of Minerva now of Surrentum. Opposite, and full in front rose the island of *Capreae* with its white cliffs and ridgy summit, placed as a barrier to check the tempest and protect the interior of the bay from its fury. This scene illuminated by a sun that never shines so bright on the less favored regions beyond the Alps, is justly considered, as the most splendid and beautiful exhibition which nature perhaps presents to the human eye, and cannot but excite in the spectator, when beheld for the first time, emotions of delight and admiration, that border on enthusiasm.*

Nor are the charms of recollection, that are capable of improving even the loveliest features of nature, here wanting to complete the enchantment. Naples and its coasts have never been, it is true, the theatre of heroic achievements, or the stage of grand and unusual incidents; but they

* The bay of *Leucadia*, bounded by the bold coasts of that island on one side, and of *Acarnania* on the other, and interspersed with the *Teleboides Insulae* rising in every shape imaginable around, is, I think, more beautiful; but it is now a desert, peopled only by recollections!

have been the residence of the great and of the wise; they have aided the meditations of the sage, and have awakened the raptures of the poet; and as long as the Latin muses continue to instruct mankind, so long will travellers visit with delight the academy of Cicero, the tomb of Virgil, and the birth-place of Tasso.

CHAP. X.

*Naples—Its History—Public Buildings—Churches
—Hospitals—State of Literature at Naples.*

NAPLES occupies the site of both *Palæopolis* and *Neapolis* in ancient times, though it inherits the name of the latter. It is of Grecian origin, and is first mentioned by Titus Livius as having in conjunction with *Palæopolis* joined the *Sannites* in a confederacy against the Romans.* *Palæopolis* was taken two years after and Naples must have shared its fate. The latter seems indeed to have been of little consideration at that time, though it continued to increase rapidly, and in the course of not many years eclipsed the splendor, usurped the territory and gradually obliterated the very name of the former. It seems to have attached itself closely to the Roman interest, in little more than a century from the above-mentioned period, and to have acquired under the protection of the

* An. U. C. 427.

Roman republic no small degree of prosperity and importance. It remained faithful to its allies even after the carnage of *Cannæ* and the revolt of the Campanians; and such was the strength of its ramparts that Annibal himself shrank from the difficulties of an attack.* The generous offer which they had previously made to the Roman senate must naturally inspire a very favorable idea of the opulence, and which is infinitely more honorable, of the magnanimity of this city.† This attachment to the Roman cause excited the resentment of the Carthaginian, who ravaged the Neapolitan territory with more than his usual ferocity.

From this period little or no mention is made of Naples for a long series of years, during which it seems to have enjoyed in undisturbed tranquillity its original laws and language, and all the advantages of its fertile soil, and unrivalled situation. Its coasts during this interval became the winter retreat of the luxurious Romans, and there were few among the illustrious characters which distinguished the fall of the republic and the birth of the monarchy, who had not a villa on

* Liv. xxiii. 1.

† xxii. 32.

its shores or amid the romantic recesses of its mountains. The presence of Horace, Virgil, and his imitator Silius Italicus, and their fond attachment to its delightful scenery were lasting and honorable distinctions; while the foul indulgences of Tiberius, and the wild and cruel freaks of Caligula were its scandal and its scourge.

The first recorded eruption of *Vesuvius** interrupted its enjoyments and wasted its coasts, and the civil wars and barbaric incursions that succeeded each other so rapidly during the ensuing centuries, involved it in the general calamities of Italy and of the empire. However it seems to have suffered less than most other cities during this disastrous era, as it retained longer its legitimate sovereign, the Emperor of Constantinople, and with him its language and many of its ancient laws, and by his power or rather by the veneration still attached to his name, it was not unfrequently protected from the ravages and insults of contending barbarians†. When the

* A. D. 79.

† It was taken by the Goths under Theodoric, but retaken and restored to the Grecian empire by Belisarius. It seems to have been attached to its Gothic rulers, and when assailed by the Roman General made a vigorous but useless resistance.

eastern empire sunk into a state of irretrievable weakness and insignificance, Naples was threatened, harassed and plundered successively by the Lombards, the Saracens and the Normans, who in their turn became the prey of the Germans; the French and the Spaniards. The latter at length remained its acknowledged masters, governed it for many years by viceroys, and at length gave it a king in the person of the present sovereign Charles IV. Of all these different tribes many traces may be discovered in the language, the manners and the appearance of its inhabitants. Greek its original language, remained the prevailing dialect long after its submission to the power of Rome; as appears from various circumstances, but particularly from that of Greek manuscripts only being discovered at *Herculaneum*. It may indeed be doubted whether pure Latin ever was the vulgar language at Naples; at present there are more Greek words intermingled with the common dialect than are to be found in any other part of Italy. French pronunciation has communicated some share of its infection, and Saracenic left considerable alloy behind.

No vestiges remain of the ancient beauty or magnificence of this city. Its temples, its theatres, its basilice have been levelled by earth-

quakes, or destroyed by barbarians. Its modern edifices, whether churches or palaces, are less remarkable for their taste than for their magnitude and riches. It is however highly probable that Naples is at present more opulent, more populous, and in every respect more flourishing than she has ever before been even in the most brilliant periods of her history.

Naples seated in the bosom of a capacious haven, spreads her greatness and her population along its shore, and covers its shelving coasts and bordering mountains with her villas, her gardens and her retreats. Containing within her own walls more than four hundred thousand inhabitants, she sees one hundred thousand more enliven her suburbs, that stretch in a magnificent and most extensive sweep from *Portici* to the promontory of *Misernus*, and fill a spacious line of sixteen miles along the shore with life and activity. In size and number of inhabitants she ranks as the third city in Europe, and from her situation and superb show, she may justly be considered as the Queen of the Mediterranean.*

* It is impossible not to smile in perusing Thomson's description of the loneliness and devastation of this very coast, once, swarming with inhabitants, now, as he represents it, turned into a desert. But some allowance must be made even for exaggeration, when the subject is so intoxicating.—*See Liberty*, i. 280.

The internal appearance of Naples is in general pleasing; the edifices are lofty and solid; the streets as wide as in any continental city; the *Strada Toledo* is a mile in length, and with the quay which is very extensive and well-built, forms the grand and distinguishing features of the city. In fact, the *Chiaia*, with the royal garden, *Mergyllina* and *Sta. Lucia*, which spread along the coast for so considerable a space, and present such an immense line of lofty edifices, are sufficient to give an appearance of grandeur to any city.

As for architectural magnificence Naples possesses a very small share; the prevailing taste if a series of absurd fashions deserve that appellation, has always been bad. Moresco, Spanish and Roman, corrupted and intermingled together destroy all appearance of unity and symmetry, and form a monstrous jumble of discordance. The magnificence therefore of the churches and palaces consists first in their magnitude, and then in paintings, marbles, and decorations in general; which however are seldom disposed with judgment, and when best disposed, are scattered around with a profusion that destroys their effect.

To describe the public edifices of Naples would be to compose a guide. I shall therefore content

myself with a few observations on some remarkable objects in them, or connected with them. Several churches are supposed to occupy the sites of ancient temples, the names and memory of which have been preserved by this circumstance. Thus the cathedral is said to stand on the substructions of a temple of Apollo; that of the *Santi Apostoli* rises on the ruins of a temple of Mercury. *St. Maria Maggiore* was originally a temple of Diana, &c. Of these churches some are adorned with the pillars and the marbles of the temples to which they have succeeded. Thus the cathedral is supported by more than a hundred columns of granite, which belonged to the edifice over which it is erected; as did the forty or more pillars that decorated the treasury, or rather the chapel of *St. Januarius*. The church itself was built by an Angevin prince, and when scattered or rather destroyed by earthquakes, it was rebuilt by a Spanish sovereign. It is Gothic, but strangely disfigured by ornaments and reparations in different styles. In the subterraneous chapel under the choir is deposited the body of *St. Januarius*. His supposed blood is kept in a vial in the *Tesoro*, and is considered as the most valuable of its deposits, and indeed as the glory and the ornament of the cathedral and of the city itself. Into the truth of the supposition little inquiry is made;

and in this respect the Neapolitans seem to have adopted the maxim of the ancient Germans,
“sanctius ac reverentius de Diis credere quam scire.”*
The blood of St. Stephen in the church of St. Gaudioso belonging to the Benedictine Nuns, is said to liquefy in the same manner; but only once a-year on the festival of the martyr.†

The *Santi Apostoli* is in its origin perhaps the most ancient church in Naples, and was, if we may credit tradition, erected by Constantine upon the ruins of a temple of Mercury; it has however been rebuilt partially more than once, and finally with great magnificence. The church of St. Paul occupies the site of a temple of Castor and Pollux; the front of this temple, consisting of eight Corinthian pillars, was destroyed by the earthquake of 1688. Two only were restored, and now form part of the frontispiece of the church. The interior is spacious, well proportioned, and finely incrusted with marble. The chancel is very extensive, and all supported by antique pillars; it is supposed to stand over the

* Tac. Germania, xxx. iv.

† The Author has been accused of a want of candor, in not having expressed in a more explicit manner, his opinion of the miracle alluded to; few readers, he conceives, will be at

theatre where Nero first disgraced himself by appearing as a public singer: some vestiges of this theatre may still be traced by an observing antiquary. The church of *St. Filippo Neri* is remarkable for the number of ancient pillars that support its triple row of aisles on both sides of the nave. *St. Lorenzo*, belonging to a convent founded by Charles of *Anjou*, is a monument of the hatred which that prince bore to popular representation. It stands on the site of the *Basilica Augusta*, a noble and magnificent hall, which at the period of the first entrance of the French was the place of public assembly where the senate and people of Naples met in council. Charles suppressed the assemblies, demolished the hall, and in the year 1266 erected the church which now occupies its place. The establishment of a free and just government would have been a work more agreeable to the will, and more conformable to the attributes, of the common Father of all; than the erection of a temple on the ruins of public property, and in defiance of justice.

Of all the Neapolitan churches, that *De Spirito Santo* in the *Strada Toledo* is the most worthy

a loss to discover it; but, if a more open declaration can give any satisfaction, he now declares, that he does not believe the liquefying substance to be the blood of St. Januarius.

of notice in my opinion, because the purest and simplest in architecture. The exterior is indifferent, or rather, it was never finished, or at least decorated. The interior is large, well proportioned, adorned with Corinthian pilasters, and a regular entablature and cornice. It is well lighted, perhaps indeed too much so, on account of the whiteness of its walls and vault. It is not, however, entirely exempt from the usual defect, a superabundance of ornaments, and it wants a softer and mellower color to please the eye.

The chapel of *St. John the Evangelist* was erected by the celebrated *Pontanus*, and is remarkable for the Latin sentences, moral and political, engraved on its front. They are misplaced, and ostentatious; though solid, and in language not inelegant. The epitaph, composed by *Pontanus* himself, has the merit of originality; but his best and most durable epitaph is the tribute paid to him by *Sannazarius*.*

In the cloister of the canons regular attached to the parochial church of *St. Agnello*, stands the tomb of the poet *Marini*, ornamented with

* Eleg. i. 9.

a bronze statue; the whole erected at the request of the celebrated *Manso*, the friend of *Tasso* and of *Milton*, who left by will a sum of money to defray the expence.

The sepulchral chapel of the family *San Severo* deserves to be mentioned, not so much on account of its architecture, or even of its decorations, or of the order with which the monuments are disposed (though all these are worthy of notice) as on account of three particular statues, two of which display the patient skill, the third, the genius of the sculptor. The first is a representation of Modesty (*Pudor*) covered from head to foot with a veil; but so delicate, so apparently transparent is the veil, that through its texture the spectator fancies he can trace not only the general outlines of the figure, but the very features and expression of the countenance. It has been asserted, that the ancients never veiled the whole countenance of their statues, and that the art of making the form appear as it were through the foldings, is a modern improvement. However, there are antique statues even to the north of the Alps, in which the same effect is visible, and every traveller who has visited the gallery at *Dresden*, will immediately recollect some female figures (*Vestals*, I think) where the knee, the arm, the breast, appear as if visible through

the beautiful drapery thrown over them. It must, however, be acknowledged, that in the art of producing this illusion, the moderns equal the ancients; and of their skill in this respect, no better instances can be produced than the above-mentioned statue; a most beautiful one of St. Cecilia, in Rome; and a third in the chapel which I am now describing. It represents our Saviour extended in the sepulchre; it is covered like the preceding with a veil, and like it exhibits the form which it infolds, with all its features majestic and almost divine even in death. This is, indeed, an exquisite piece of workmanship; it displays not only as much art and patience as that of Modesty, but the very soul, the genius, the sublime conceptions of the sculptor. It is generally attributed to *Corradini*, as is the latter, and suffices alone to establish his reputation, and rank him among the first of artists. But the Neapolitans, who are a little jealous of the merit of strangers, ascribe it and the two others to *Giuseppe San Martino*, their countryman, whom they represent as the best sculptor of the times. The attention of strangers is generally directed to another statue or groupe in the same chapel, representing a man entangled in a net, and endeavoring, with the aid of a genius, to disengage himself. It is called *Il Disinganno*, and is supposed to represent, under

this allegorical symbol, the conversion of one of the princes of the family to which the chapel belongs. The allegory is forced; and the execution of the work shews only the patience and nicety, with which the sculptor managed the chisel.

To this catalogue, one church more must be added, though it is inferior to most in Naples, in size, materials, and decorations. But it has a more powerful claim to our attention than either marble or architecture can give it; it has the genius of *Sannazarius* to recommend it, and its name is interwoven with the title of one of the most beautiful poems* which have appeared

* The poem opens with the following magnificent proemium :

Virginei partus, magnoque aequaeva parenti
Progenies, superas caeli quae missa per auras,
Antiquam generis labem mortalibus aegris
Abluit, obstructique viam patefecit olympi,
Sit mihi, Caelicolae, primus labor : hoc mihi primum
Surgat opus : vos auditas ab origine causas
Et tanti seriem, si fas, evolvite facti.

In the following verses, the Poet describes the situation and the object of the church which he had erected: they are inserted not only on account of their connexion with the subject and their rich poetical coloring, but because with

in the Latin language, since the revival of letters. The church is called, from the poem, *Del Parto*; it was erected, with the little convent annexed to it, on the site of his favorite *Villa, Mergyllina*, and was endowed by the poet. It took its name from the quarter in which it stood, which is still called *Mergyllina*, occupying the brow and side of a hill that slopes gently to the bay. Its situation is delicious, and the view from it as extensive, as varied, and as beautiful as the eye of a poet, *in fine phrenzy rolling*, can contemplate. Its value was moreover enhanced by the dignity of the donor; and in the eyes of

the preceding passage, they afford a very fair specimen of the style and the manner of the author.

Tuque adeo spes fida hominum, spes fida Deorum,
Alma parens, quam mille acies, quaeque aetheris alti
Militia est, totidem currus, tot signa tubaque,
Tot litui comitantur, ovantique agmina gyro
Adglomerant: niveis tibi si solennia templis
Serta damus: si mansuras tibi ponimus aras
Exciso in seopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Despiciens, celsa se culmine Mergilline
Adtollit, nautisque procul venientibus offert:
Si laudes de more tuas, si sacra, diemque,
Ac coetus late insignes, ritusque dicamus,
Annuia felicis colimus dum gaudia partus:
Tu vatem ignarumque viae, insuetumque labori,
Diva, mone, & pavidis jam laeta adlabere coeptis.

the poet, without doubt, the amiles of the royal patron added new lustre to the native beauties of the scenery. He accordingly frequently alludes to his beloved retreat of *Mergylina* in his different poems, and devotes one entire ode to its charms.* This villa was destroyed by the Prince of Orange, who commanded the garrison during the celebrated siege of Naples by the French. Whether this act of destruction was necessary or not, it is impossible for us to determine; but it is not probable that it was, or could be intended as a personal injury. However the indignant poet resented it as such, and conceived an unrelenting hatred towards that general. On the ruins of the villa, the church of which we now speak was erected, and dedicated *Virginii parienti*, or *De Partu*. It is neither large, nor remarkable for its architecture or ornaments. The sole object of curiosity in it is

* Rupis O sacræ, pelagique custos
Villa nympharum domus, et propinquæ
Doridos, regum decus una quondam
Delicisæque

Tu mihi solos nemorum recessus
Das, et hærentes per opaca laurus
Saxa; tu fontes, Aganippidumque
Antra recludis!

the tomb of the founder, adorned with statues and basso reliefos, representing the subject of his poems; the materials are rich, and the execution good; but figures representing pagan divinities, satyrs, and nymphs, are ornaments ill adapted to the tomb of a christian poet, and strangely misplaced in a christian church. It is impossible, however, not to smile at the awkward attempt of the good fathers to remedy this incongruity, by inscribing the name of David under the statue of Apollo, and that of Judith under Minerva. The epitaph was composed by Bembo.

Da sacro cineri flores. Hic ille Maroni
Sincerus musa proximus ut tumulo.

In one of the little chapels there is a picture of St. Michael trampling on Satan. It is observable, that the latter is represented with the face of a beautiful female, and the reason given is whimsical enough. The countenance of the devil is the picture of a very beautiful lady, who unfortunately fell in love with *Diomedes Carrffa*, Bishop of *Ariano*, who, to shew his abhorrence of her sacrilegious passion, when fitting up this chapel for his mausoleum, ordered the painter to degrade her into the infernal spirit, and place her prostrate under the spear of the archangel. For the satisfaction of the ladies, I

must add, that this ungallant prelate has not been canonized. A Last Supper in another chapel is supposed to be a master-piece, though the name of the painter is not known.

I must observe, in closing these few cursory observations on the churches of Naples, that notwithstanding the bad taste which prevails very generally in the architecture and the decorations of these edifices, the traveller will find in most of them something that merits observation. In paintings in particular the Neapolitan churches are very rich, and there are few among them that cannot boast of one or more exquisite specimens of this art.

But if the churches do no credit to the taste of the Neapolitans, the hospitals reflect much honor on their charity. These establishments are very numerous, and adapted to every species of distress to which man is subject in mind or body. Many of them are richly endowed, and all clean, well attended and well regulated. One circumstance almost peculiar to Italian hospitals and charitable foundations, contributes essentially to their splendor and prosperity; it is, that they are not only attended by persons who devote themselves entirely and without any interested views to the relief of suffering humanity; but that they are

governed and inspected not nominally, but really, by persons of the first rank and education, who manage the interests of the establishments with a prudence and assiduity which they seldom perhaps display in their own domestic economy. Besides, to almost every hospital is attached one and sometimes more confraternities, or pious associations, formed for the purpose of relieving some particular species of distress, or of averting or remedying some evil. These confraternities, though founded upon the basis of equality, and of course open to all ranks, generally contain a very considerable proportion of noble persons, who make it a point to fulfil the duties of the association with an exactness as honorable to themselves; as it is exemplary and beneficial to the public. These persons visit the respective hospitals almost daily, inquire into the situation and circumstances of every patient, and oftentimes attend on them personally, and render them the most humble services. They perform these duties in disguise, and generally in the dress or uniform worn by the confraternity, for the express purpose of diverting public attention from the individuals, and fixing it on the object only of the association. Instead of description, which would be here misplaced, I shall insert a few observations.

Of charitable foundations in Naples, the num-

ber is above sixty. Of these seven are hospitals properly so called: thirty at least are conservatories or receptacles for helpless orphans, foundlings, &c.: five are banks for the relief of such industrious poor as are distressed by the occasional want of small sums of money: the others are either schools or confraternities. The incomes of most of these establishments, particularly of the hospitals, are in general very considerable, but seldom equal to the expenditure. The annual deficiency, how great soever it may be, is abundantly supplied by donations, most of which come from unknown benefactors.

The two principal hospitals are that called *Degli Incurabili*, which notwithstanding its title is open to sick persons of all descriptions, and constantly relieves more than eighteen hundred; and that *Della Sma. Annunziata*, which is immensely rich, and destined to receive foundlings, penitent females, &c. and said sometimes to harbor two thousand. To each belong in the first place a villa, and in the second a cemetery. The villa of the first is situated at *Torre del Greco*, and is destined for the benefit of convalescents, and such as labor under distempers that require free air and exercise. A similar rural retreat ought to belong to every great hospital established in large cities, where half the distempers to which

the poorer classes are liable, arise from constant confinement, and the want of pure air. The cemetery is in a different way, of at least equal advantage to public health. It was apprehended, and not without reason, that so many bodies as must be carried out from an hospital, especially in unhealthy seasons, might if deposited in any church or church-yard, within the city, infect the air and produce or propagate contagious diseases. To prevent such evils, the sum of forty-eight thousand five hundred ducats, raised by voluntary contribution, was laid out in purchasing and fitting up for the purpose a field about half a mile from the walls of the city on a rising ground. A little neat church is annexed to it, with apartments for the officiating clergy, and the persons attached to the service of the cemetery, and the road that winds up the hill to it is lined with cypresses. The burial ground is divided into three hundred and sixty-six large and deep vaults, one of which is opened every day in the year, and the bodies to be interred deposited in order. These vaults are covered with flags of lava that fit exactly, and completely close every aperture. The bodies are carried out at night time, by persons appointed for the purpose, and every precaution taken to prevent even the slightest chance of infection. All is done gratis and the expences requisite supplied by public charity.

It is to be regretted that this method of burying the dead has not been adopted in every hospital and parish in Naples, and indeed in every town and city not in Italy only but all over Europe. It is really lamentable that a practice so disgusting, not to say so pernicious, as that of heaping up putrid carcases in churches, where the air is necessarily confined, and in church-yards in cities, where it cannot have a very free circulation, should be so long and so obstinately retained. It would be difficult to discover one single argument drawn either from the principles of religion or from the dictates of reason in its favor; while its inconveniences and mischiefs are visible and almost tangible.

In the early ages of Christianity the honor of being deposited in the church was reserved to martyrs; and the Emperor Constantine only requested to be allowed to lie in the porch of the Basilica of the apostles, which he himself had erected in Constantinople. Hence the eloquent Chrysostom when speaking of the triumph of Christianity, exultingly observes, that the Cæsars subdued by the humble fishermen whom they had persecuted, now appeared as suppliants before them, and gloried in occupying the place of porters at the doors of their sepulchres. Bishops and priests distinguished by their learning, zeal

and sanctity, were gradually permitted to share the honors of martyrs, and to repose with them in the sanctuary itself. A pious wish in some to be deposited in the neighborhood of such holy persons, and to rest under the shadow of the altars; and in others an absurd love of distinction even beyond the grave; to which may be added, I fear, the avarice of the clergy, who by making such a distinction expensive, rendered it enviable; by degrees broke through all the wholesome restrictions of antiquity, and at length converted the noblest of public edifices, the Basilicæ, the temples of the Eternal, the seats of holiness and purity, into so many dormitories of the dead, receptacles of putridity, and vast infected charnel houses.

Notwithstanding the decrees of synods and the representations of the faculty; notwithstanding the dictates of reason and the interests of health, this abuse went on increasing and continued for ages in force and fashion. The first attempt I believe to check or rather to remove it entirely, was made by the Emperor Joseph, who prohibited by edict the interment of bodies not in churches only, but even in towns and their suburbs. This edict still prevails in the Low Countries, and if I mistake not in the Austrian territories in general, though certain clauses gave considerable offence, and suspended for some

time its full effect. The Emperor who in his zeal for reformation, often forgot that opinion will not always bend even to power, conceived it seems that the sooner the carcase is reduced to dust the better; he therefore proscribed the use of coffins, as calculated to prolong the state of putrefaction, and ordered lime to be strewed over the corps to accelerate its dissolution. This regulation excited universal disgust, not only because unusual and contrary to the natural feelings, or which is nearly the same thing, to the universal practice of mankind; but because very opposite to that tenderness and respect even for the ruins of the human form, which if not enforced by the precepts, has at all times been inspired by the genius of Christianity. Not perhaps without reason. That divine religion is ever intent on the grand object of raising, aggrandising and perfecting our nature; while it teaches us to consider ourselves as destined to act in a much higher and more glorious sphere than our present state, it naturally prompts us to look with some degree of veneration even on our bodies,* which though doomed to death and putrefaction, shall yet one day shake off the dust

* Honoro in cineribus semina æternitatis, says St. Ambrose.

of the tomb, and though *corruptible put on incorruption, and though mortal put on immortality.* The offensive clause was therefore suppressed, and the useful and laudable provisions of the decree carried very generally into execution.

Some regulation of the same kind was I think made in France, but it was not so comprehensive. To bury in churches was prohibited, but vaults were allowed, provided they did not open into the church, or into any covered court or building. This was a partial remedy to the evil, but still better than none; and it cannot but appear surprising that the example of two such preponderant Powers as France and Austria should not have been more generally imitated. It is still more astonishing that in a country governed by public reason and guided by public interest as England is (excepting in a few instances when the influence of the court or the spirit of party may accidentally bias the legislature) no attempts have been made to put an end to a practice so absurd and prejudicial; especially as this practice is more evidently dangerous in protestant than in catholic countries; as in the former, churches in general are only opened for a few hours on one day in the week; while in the latter they are never shut, and have the additional ad-

vantage of being fumigated with incense and sprinkled with holy water.*

It cannot but appear strange that a people so dull and unenlightened as the Turks, should in this respect show more sense and even more taste than nations in every other respect their superiors. Their cemeteries are in general out of the precincts of their cities, most commonly on a rising ground, and always planted with cedars, cyresses, and odoriferous shrubs, whose deep verdure and graceful forms bending to every breeze, give a melancholy beauty to the place, and inspire sentiments very congenial to its destination. I have seen some christian cemeteries (as at Brussels for instance) situate and laid out in the same advantageous and picturesque manner, with some additional precautions in the division, so as to preclude the possibility of heaping bodies on each other, or of crowding them indecently together. But even this arrangement is open to improvements; and it is to be hoped that such improvements will ere long be made by the wisdom of a British legislature.

* As holy water has always a considerable quantity of salt mixed with it, its effect when sprinkled about a church or room must be salubrious.

One remark more upon the Neapolitan hospitals and I drop the subject. When a patient has recovered his health and strength, and is about to return to his usual occupations, he receives from the establishment a sum of money sufficient to compensate for the loss of time and labor unavoidable during his illness; a most benevolent custom and highly worthy of imitation. A long illness or dangerous accident deprives a poor laborer or artisan so long of his ordinary wages, and throws him so far back in his little economy, that he cannot without great difficulty recover himself and regain a state of comfort. From this inconvenience the small sum granted by the charity of the hospital relieves him, and restores him to his trade in health, strength and spirits.

The *Conservatorii* are schools opened for poor children of both sexes, where they are educated, fed, and taught some handicraft or other. Some are in the nature of working houses and employ a prodigious number of indigent persons of both sexes in separate buildings, while others are devoted entirely to children educated principally for music. These latter institutions have produced some or rather most of the great performers and masters of the art, who have figured in the churches or on the stages of the different capitals of Europe for the last hundred years. *Paezelli*,

Caffarelli and *Pergolese* were formed in these seminaries. And indeed Naples is to Italy, what Italy is to the world at large, the great school of music, where that fascinating art is cultivated with the greatest ardor; an ardor oftentimes carried to an extreme and productive of consequences highly mischievous and degrading to humanity. It is true that the castration of boys is rigorously prohibited by the laws both of church and state; but as long as the fashionable classes in London and Paris think proper to encourage and reward by enormous wages such performers; so long venal parents in Naples will find means to evade the laws, and still continue to sacrifice their unfortunate children to the hopes, or rather the certainty of profit. But this practice is on the decline even here; and in justice to the Neapolitans I must observe, that, if we may believe them, the operation alluded to, is not permitted, nor indeed ever practised in their schools; but such unhappy children when sent from other places are not excluded.

Of the numberless confraternities I shall only specify such as have some unusual and very singular object: such as that whose motto is *Succurrere Miseris*, the members of which make it their duty to visit condemned criminals, to prepare them for death, to accompany them to ex-

cution, and to give them a decent burial. They carry their charitable attentions still farther, and provide for the widows and children of these unhappy wretches. This society was originally composed of some of the first nobility of the city; but the tyrant Philip, influenced it seems by motives of political suspicion, forbid the nobles to enter into such associations, and in particular, confined the one we are speaking of to the clergy.

The congregation *De S. Ivone* consists of lawyers, who undertake to plead the causes of the poor gratis, and to furnish all the expenses necessary to carry their suits through the courts with effect. To be entitled to the assistance and support of this association, no recommendation or introduction is required; the person applying has only to disclose his poverty, and to give a full and fair statement of his case.

Congregazione della Croce, is composed principally of nobility, and its object is to relieve the poor, and imprisoned; and particularly to bury the bodies of such distressed and forsaken persons when dead.

The congregation *Della Sta. Trinita dei Pellegrini* is destined, as its name imports, more par-

ticularly for the relief of strangers, and is composed of persons of all classes who meet in its assemblies and fulfil its duties without distinction. It is governed by five persons, one of whom presides and is generally a prelate or high officer of state; the others are a nobleman, a citizen, a lawyer, and an artisan. All the members attend the hospital in rotation, each for a week, during which they receive strangers, wash their feet, attend them at table, and serve them with the humility and with more than the assiduity of menials.

The congregation of Nobles for the relief of the bashful poor: the object of this association is to discover and to relieve such industrious persons as are reduced to poverty by misfortune and have too much spirit, or too much modesty, to solicit public assistance. The members of this association, it is said, discharge its benevolent duties with a zeal, a sagacity, and what is still more necessary for the accomplishment of their object, with a delicacy and kindness truly admirable.

All these confraternities have halls, churches, and hospitals, more or less grand and extensive as their object may require, or their means allow. I need not enlarge further upon this subject, as the institutions already mentioned are sufficient

to give the reader an idea of these confraternities, and to shew at the same time the extent and the activity of Neapolitan benevolence. Much has been said and, though exaggerations are not uncommon on this subject, much more may be said against the voluptuousness and debauchery of the inhabitants of this city; yet it must at the same time be confessed, that in the first and most useful of virtues, the grand characteristic quality of the Christian, in Charity, she surpasses many and yields to no city in the world.*

Of the royal palaces, and of those of the nobility, the same may be said as of the churches; that the style of architecture is not pure, nor of course majestic; that they are in general too much en-

* Even in the very respect in which Naples is supposed to be most deficient, I mean in regard to chastity, there are instances of attention to morality not to be equalled in any transalpine capital. For instance, there are more retreats open to repentant females, and more means employed to secure the innocence of girls exposed to the dangers of seduction by their age, their poverty, or by the loss, the neglect, or the wickedness of their parents, than are to be found in London, Paris, Vienna and Petersburgh united. Of this latter description there are four hundred educated in one *conservatorio*, and not only educated, but when fit for marriage, portioned out according to their talents.

cumbered with ornaments, though in several the apartments are on a grand scale, and ornamented with many fine paintings. In the garden of one, the *Palazzo Berrio*, is a groupe representing Venus and Adonis by *Canova* of exquisite workmanship and beauty. The collection of pictures formerly at the *Capo di Monte* had been removed on the approach of the French, and not replaced. This edifice is a royal palace of great extent, and in a delightful situation, commanding a fine view of the town, and of the bay with all its islands and surrounding scenery. It was never finished, and is not inhabited. Its apartments were employed as picture galleries, and the collection is numerous and rich in master-pieces. But as the access to this palace is inconvenient on account of its elevation, it is the intention of government to transport the whole to the *Studii* or University, a very spacious edifice, where is already a noble collection of statues. Among these the celebrated Hercules by Glycon is the most remarkable. All these statues and monuments once adorned the Farnesian palace in Rome, and were transported thence by the king of Naples, who succeeded to the rich inheritance of the Farnesian family. The library of the *Studii* contains more than fifty thousand volumes and some valuable manuscripts. Neither this library nor the collection of statues suffered much from the

rapacity of the French during their late invasion. This establishment is planned on a vast scale, and intended to contain all the royal museums and libraries, and to comprise the instruments and apparatus of all the arts and sciences.

Naples is very well supplied with the means of instruction as far as depends upon public establishments. It has four public libraries, the University which I have just mentioned, and six colleges, besides schools and conservatorii beyond number. The advantages arising from so many literary establishments are accordingly very perceptible, and the number of learned men produced by Naples is equal perhaps to that of any city of the same population. Some Neapolitan authors carry their pretensions so far as to place the number and merit of their writers upon a level with those of Paris, and from the list of publications which they produce, an impartial man would find it difficult to decide against them. Their Parisian rivals object, that even the names of their authors, not to say their works, have scarcely passed the Alps, and are not known even in Italy, beyond the narrow circle of academicians, while the names of *Voltaire*, *Marmontel*, &c. are celebrated in every capital of Europe, and their works perused in every circle. To this observation the Neapolitans reply, that the superior fame of

French authors is owing to the prevalence of the French language, and that that prevalence is certainly not to be ascribed either to its intrinsic merit, or to the superior excellence of its literature, but to the preponderance of French power. Thus, say they, the French dress has been generally adopted at courts, and was during a considerable part of the last century the dress of Europe; but nobody surely can be so absurd as to pretend that it owed its universality either to its gracefulness or its convenience. The literature therefore like the fashions of France, was recommended first by power and afterwards by custom; and when we add to its intrinsic merits, a great deal of intrigue, of trick and of noise, we shall discover the real causes of its ill-acquired superiority.

In truth, Frenchmen of every description are never wanting in the praises of every thing French, and whatever their differences in other respects may be, all agree in asserting their national pretensions to universal superiority. The Italians are more modest, because they have more solidity; they write to please their own taste and that of those who choose to read them: they employ no journals to puff off their compositions, send no emissaries to spread their fame over distant countries, and pay no agents in foreign

courts. They leave their language and their works to their own native merit, and rest their claim to glory on the undisputed excellence of their predecessors. As for the present reputation of French literature, our Neapolitans consider it as the fashion of the day, the delirium of the times, and doubt not that it will ere long subside in contempt and indifference. Such indeed has been the fate of that absurd fondness for French dress which disgraced our ancestors; and as we now smile at their want of taste in giving the preference to garments so stiff, graceless and unnatural: so our descendants may possibly contemplate with equal ridicule and surprise, the preposterous partiality which the present age has shewn to the frippery and the tinsel of French literature.

In justice to the Neapolitans it must be admitted, that the progress of French literature has been considerably advanced by the spirit and intrigues of the philosophic party. The French language was the medium by which they were to disseminate their opinions; no expence therefore was spared, no exertion was wanting to extend its use and influence. Teachers were hired and sent to the most distant towns, to disseminate its principles, and to facilitate its acquisition. Attempts were made to undermine, at least se-

cretly to lessen the respect paid to the ancient languages, particularly Latin; and the Gallic idiom with its lumber of auxiliaries, its nasal dissonance, and truncated syllables was compared, nay almost preferred to the simplicity, harmony and fulness of that divine dialect. But independent of language, the Neapolitans certainly have the advantage in point of science and of ancient literature, particularly Greek, a language much neglected in France, and indeed in most continental universities.* But whatever may be

* The writer happened to be present in a large party when the conversation turned upon modern literature, a discussion arose between two persons about the comparative merit of Italian and French literature. One, a gentleman of very general information and a traveller, well acquainted with the scenery and antiquities of Italy, expressed however great contempt for its literature, and seemed astonished that his opponent could even think of putting it in competition with the master-pieces with which the French language abounded. This brought on a comparison of poets, historians, essayists, &c. &c. in which the Italians must always have the advantage, both in numbers and excellence. Some months after the two disputants happened accidentally to meet again, when the same subject, being slightly hinted, it appeared that the champion for French literature had entirely changed his opinion. The truth, it seems was, that he had devoted his time and attention to the French language, and had imbibed among that vain people a contempt for their more learned and more modest neighbors. He had never

our opinion of the claims of our Neapolitan *literati* to precedence on this occasion, we must acknowledge, that there exist in this capital a vast mass of information, a great activity of mind and a wonderful aptitude, fostered by the serenity of the climate, to excellence in every branch of science and composition.

Few cities stand in less need of architectural magnificence or internal attractions than Naples ; had it even fewer artificial recommendations, it would still be a most desirable residence. So beautiful is its neighborhood ! so delicious its climate ! Before it, spreads the sea with its bays, promontories and islands ; behind it, rise mountains and rocks in every fantastic form, and always clothed with verdure ; on each side swell hills and hillocks covered with groves, and gardens, and orchards blooming with fruits and

heard the names, nor even suspected the existence of three fourths of the Italian writers, and was surprised when he turned his attention that way to find a mine so rich and inexhaustible. The situation of this gentleman is perhaps that of many readers well acquainted with French writers, but total strangers to the Italian. Yet these latter have been, as *Voltaire* very candidly acknowledges, their masters, and have imparted to them that share of taste, science, and refinement, in which they glory, and vainly affect to equal their teachers.

flowers. Every morning, a gale springing from the sea brings vigor and coolness with it and tempers the greatest heats of summer with its freshness. Every evening, a breeze blowing from the hills and sweeping all the perfumes of the country before it, fills the nightly atmosphere with fragrance.

It is not surprising therefore, that to such a country and such a climate the appellation of Felix should have been so often given; that its sweets should be supposed to have enervated an army of barbarians; that the Romans covered its coasts with their villas; and that so many poets should have made *the delicious Parthenope* their theme and their retreat.

Nunc molles urbi ritus atque hospita musis
Otia, et exemptum curis gravioribus sevum
Sirenum dedit una, suum et memorabile nomen
Parthenope..... Sil. Ital. Lib. xii.

CHAP. XI.

*Virgil's Tomb—Grotto of Posilipo—Lago d' Agnano
—Grotto del Cane—Astroni—Nisida—Pozzuolo—Cicero's Academia and Cuman Villa.*

UNDER our windows and bordering on the beach is the royal garden, laid out in parterres, and walks shaded by rows of orange trees. In the middle stands the *Toro Farnese*, the celebrated Farnesian bull, a group representing Amphyon, and Zethus binding Dirce to the horns of a bull. It was discovered in the midst of a heap of rubbish in one of the halls of the baths of Caracalla at Rome, first deposited in the Farnesian palace, and thence transported to Naples. The bull is considered as the finest sculptured quadruped in existence; the other figures are modern. This garden has not the luxuriance of shade that promises coolness during the sultry hours of the day; but in the evening it affords a delicious retreat to the traveller who, as he reclines over the

waves that bathe the terrace wall, enjoys at once their freshness and their murmurs.

Proceeding westward along the *Chiaia* and keeping towards the beach, we came to the quarter called *Mergyllina*. To ascend the hill of *Posilipo* over whose sides this quarter spreads, we turned to the right, and followed a street winding as a staircase up the steep, and terminating at a garden gate. Having entered, we pursued a path through a vineyard, and descending a little we came to a small square building, flat-roofed, placed on a sort of platform on the brow of a precipice on one side, and on the other sheltered by a super-incumbent rock. An aged ilex spreading from the sides of the rock, and bending over the edifice covers the roof with its ever verdant foliage. Numberless shrubs spring around, and interwoven with ivy clothe the walls, and hang in festoons over the precipice. The edifice before us was an ancient tomb—the tomb of Virgil! We entered; a vaulted cell and two modern windows alone present themselves to view; the poet's name is the only ornament of the place. No sarcophagus, no urn, and even no inscription to feed the devotion of the classical pilgrim. The epitaph which though not genuine is yet ancient, was inscribed by order of the duke of *Pescocostanzo*, then proprietor of the place, on a marble

slab placed in the side of the rock opposite the entrance of the tomb, where it still remains. Every body is acquainted with it—

Mantua me genuit, Calabri repuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura, duces.

An Italian author, I think *Pietro de Steffano*, assures us that he himself had seen about the year 1526, the urn supposed to contain the poet's ashes, standing in the middle of the sepulchre supported by nine little marble pillars, with the inscription just quoted on the frieze. He adds that Robert of *Anjou* apprehensive lest such a precious relic should be carried off or destroyed during the wars then raging in the kingdom, took the urn and the pillars from the tomb and deposited them in the *Castel Nuovo*. This extreme precaution had an effect very different from that intended, and occasioned the loss it was meant to prevent; for notwithstanding the most laborious search and the frequent inquiries made by the orders of *Alphonso* of Arragon, they were never more discovered.*

* One *Eugenio*, an author of 1625, informs us, upon what authority I know not, that a stone was found in a neighboring villa, inscribed with these words:

Siste viator pauca legit,
Hic Maro situs est.

The story is related in a different manner by *Alphonse Heredia*, Bishop of *Ariano*. According to this author, the urn, the pillars, and some little statues that adorned the sepulchre were presented by the Neapolitan government to the cardinal of Mantua, who proceeding homewards by sea, was taken ill and died at Genoa. Of the urn and pillars no further mention is made. Perhaps indeed they never existed; their number and their size seem inconsistent with the plain and simple style prevalent in the time of Augustus; besides, if they had been the original ornaments of the place they would scarce have survived so many centuries of war and devastation, or escaped the rage of so many barbarous invaders, indifferent to the glory, and frequently unacquainted even with the very name of Virgil.

But there are authors who go still further, and venture to assert, that the tomb of which we are now speaking, is not the sepulchre of Virgil. Of this number are the classic Addison and the laborious and accurate Cluverius. The authority of two such eminent persons, without doubt, carries great weight with it, but that weight is upon this occasion considerably lessened by the weakness of the arguments on which their opinion is grounded. These arguments may be found in Cluverius, as Addison merely expresses his opi-

nion without entering into any discussion. They are drawn, from a few verses of Statius, which I cite the more willingly as they describe the surrounding scenery.*

En egomet somnum et geniale secutus
Littus, ubi Ausonio se condidit hospita portu
Parthenope, tenues ignavo pollice chordas
Pulso, Maroneique sedens in margine templi
Sumo animum, et magni tumulis adcanto magistri.

And farther on,

Hoc ego Chalcidicis, ad te, Marcelle sonabam
Litoribus, fractas ubi Vesbius egerit iras,
Æmula Trinacrii volvens incendia flammis.

Stat. Sil. lib. iv. 4.

According to the geographer, Statius here asserts, that Virgil's tomb stood on the beach, and at the foot of Vesuvius. He who follows the shore, says Cluverius, cannot be supposed to ascend the hills, and yet by following the shore, Statius arrives at the temple (or tomb of Maro) and reclines within its precincts. Again, the poet, when within the verge itself of the temple of Maro says that he wrote there, "*ubi Vesbius egerit iras*," &c. therefore Virgil's tomb must have

* Syl. iv. Carm. 4.

been at the foot of Vesuvius. In the first place, the word *scenitus* is here taken in a figurative sense, as is evident from the word *somnium*, and means following the genius, or in other words yielding to the influence of the coast. This mode of reasoning, drawn from the strict sense or rather the sound of the words, is barely admissible even in logical and metaphysical discussions; it is not certainly conformable to the latitude allowed in ordinary description, whether in conversation or writing; much less is it applicable to the boldness of poetical composition. The expressions alluded to seem evidently to describe the general features of the country, and not the particular spot where stood the tomb of Virgil. Besides the word *littus* does not mean the beach only, but extends to the immediate neighborhood of the sea; now the road to Virgil's tomb runs actually along the beach, and though it turns from it in ascending the hills, yet it is always within sight of it, and in reality never deviates half a quarter of a mile from it, even when it terminates in the sepulchre itself. In following such a road a poet may literally say, that he traverses the beach, and always remains on the shore itself. Surely, a sepulchre standing upon an eminence a quarter of a mile from the sea, and looking down upon it, may be said to be upon the coast.

The argument drawn from the neighborhood of Vestivius has less foundation than even the explanation given to the word *littus*; the conjunction *ubi* is very different from the preposition *sub*, which the geographer substitutes as synonymous; as the latter marks an immediate vicinity and almost contiguity, while the former, unless restricted by an additional word or circumstance, merely implies a general neighborhood, as in the same country or district. Thus *Sub tegmine fagi*—*Forte sub arguta*—*Hinc ait sub rupe*, &c.—are instances of the one, while the following verse sufficiently points out the sense given to the other.

Ad terram Hesperiam venies; ubi Lydius arva.
Inter opima virum leni fluit agmina Tybris.

Aeneid. ii. 781.

The poet therefore here alludes to the general and most striking features of the country, and not to the particular site of Virgil's tomb, as must appear evident to any reader, who peruses the passage above cited with a mind unbiassed by previous opinions; especially as Statius positively says, that he was on the hills when at Virgil's tomb, *magni tumulis adcanto magistri*.

As for the two epigrams of Martial, quoted by

Cluverius, they only seem to insinuate that Silius Italicus was proprietor both of the tomb of Virgil and of the villa of Cicero; a circumstance very immaterial to the present discussion, but rather favorable than contrary to the common opinion; for we know that Cicero's villa lay on the same side of Naples as *Posilipo*, and as Virgil's tomb belonged to the same master as the villa, it may be supposed that they were not very distant from each other. In fine, in opposition to these arguments, or rather conjectures founded upon the vague expression of a single poet (a poet often censured for his obscurity) we have the constant and uninterrupted tradition of the country supported by the authority of a numerous host of learned and ingenious antiquaries; and upon such grounds we may still continue to cherish the conviction, that we have visited the tomb of Virgil, and hailed his sacred shade on the spot where his ashes long reposed.*

* The reader will observe, that in this discussion, neither the testimony of Donatus, nor that of St. Jerom in the Chronicle of Eusebius, has been produced; as the life of Virgil, bearing the name of that grammarian, is generally rejected as spurious, and the chronicle is considered at best as suspicious, and the passage alluding to Virgil supposed to be an interpolation. The learned German editor of Virgil, *Heyne*, accuses the monks of this double imposition, and represents

The laurel which (it is said) sprung up at the base, and covered the roof with its luxuriant branches, now flourishes only in the verses of youthful bards, or in the descriptions of early travellers; myrtle, ivy and ilex, plants equally adapted to the genius of the place, and to the themes of the poet, now supply the absence of the withered bay, and encircle the tomb with verdure and perfume.

The sepulchre of Virgil, it may be imagined, must have long remained an object of interest and veneration, especially as his works had excited universal admiration even in his life time, and were very soon after his death put into the hands of children, and made with Homer a part of the rudiments of early education*. Yet Martial de-

them as employing all their accustomed machinery of magic and miracles to raise and emblazon the fame of the Roman poet. Alas! the charge is too complimentary. The poor monks, I fear, employed very little of their time or talents upon either the works or the reputation of Virgil. They perhaps transcribed him as they found him; the rest was probably the invention of the grammarians of the fifth and sixth centuries, with some additions and improvements by those of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth,

* The reason given by Quintilian is honorable to both

clares that it had been neglected in his time, and that Silius Italicus alone restored its long forgotten honors.

Jam prope, desertos cineres, et sancta Maronis
Numina qui coleret, pauper et unus erat.
Silius Andino tandem succurrit agello,
Silius et vatem, non minor ipse, colit. * Lib. ix. 49.

This negligence in an age of so much refine-

these exalted Poets :—*Cætera admonitione magna egent; in primis ut tenera mentes, tracturaque altius quicquid rudibus et omnia ipsa ignaris ipsederit, non modo quæ diserta, sed vel magis quæ honesta sunt, discant.* Ideoque optime institutum est ut ab Homero atque Virgilio lectio inciperet; quamquam ad intelligendas eorum virtutes firmiore judicio opus esset. Sed huic rei superest tempus; nec enim semel legentur. Interim et sublimitate heroici carminus animus asurgat, et ex magnitudine rerum spiritum ducat, et optimis imbustur.—Quintil: Lib. 1. 5.

* This honorable testimony to the judgment and the taste of Silius is confirmed by Pliny, “ Virgilii (imaginem veneratur) ante omnes, cuius natalem religiosius quam suam celebrabat Neapoli maxime, ubi monumentum ejus adire, ut templum solebat. Lib. iii. Ep. 7.—The custom of honoring Virgil's birth-day does not seem to have been peculiar to this poet, as Martial alludes to it more than once, if I do not mistake.

ment cannot but appear astonishing, even though we are informed that the same age had been terrified by the cruelties of four successive tyrants, and distracted by two most destructive wars raging in the very heart of Italy. Our surprise however may cease when we recollect, that in the present most polished and enlightened century, in less than sixty years after Pope's death, at a time when his works were in the hands of every child, and had been translated into every language, his house was levelled with the ground, his grotto defaced, the trees planted by his own hand rooted up, and his whole retreat, the seat of genius and of the British muse, ravaged and stript of the very ornaments which endeared them to the public, because they were the creation of the poet's fancy, and still seemed to bear the impression of his mind. Houses and gardens, grottos and sepulchres, are, it is true, the most perishable of monuments, and the Hero and the Poet must finally rest their hopes of fame on their virtues and on their talents, the sole memorial *vere perennius*, superior to time and barbarism. Yet the longer even such frail monuments as the former are preserved the better; the attention paid to their conversation is a tribute to genius, and a proof of the influence of the arts, and of the pre-

valence of information, honorable to the country itself.*

The reader will learn with regret that Virgil's tomb, consecrated as it ought to be to genius and to meditation, is sometimes converted into the retreat of assassins, or the lurking place of Sbirri. Such at least it was the last time we visited it, when wandering that way about sun-

* Ah ! si, que vos travaux ont toujours respecté
Le lieu par un grand homme autrefois habité,
Combien doit l'être un sol embellie par lui même !
Dans ses sites fameux c'est leur maître qu'on aime.....
Loin donc l'audacieux, qui pour le corriger,
Profane un lieu délabré en voulant le changer :
Le grand homme au tombeau se plaint de cet outrage :
Et les ans seuls ont droit d'embellir son ouvrage.
Gardez donc d'attenter à ces lieux réverés ;
Leur débris sont divins, leurs défauts sont sacrés.
Conservez leurs enclos, leurs jardins, leurs murailles...
Tel j'ai vu ce Twickenham, dont Pope est créateur ;
Le goût le défendit d'un art profanateur,
Et ses maîtres nouveaux reverant sa mémoire,
Dans l'œuvre de ses mains ont respecté sa gloire
Ciel ! avec quel transport j'ai visité ce lieu
Dont Mendip est le maître, et dont Pope est le dieu !

Abbe De Lille, Jardins, iii.

This passage will, I suppose, be expunged in the next edition.

set, we found it filled with armed men. We were surprised on both sides, and on ours not very agreeably at the unexpected encounter; so lonely the place and so threatening the aspects of these strangers. Their manners however were courteous: and on inquiry we were informed that they were *Sirri*, lying in wait for a murderer, who was supposed to make that spot his nightly asylum. It would be unjust to accuse the Neapolitans of indifference towards this or any other monument of antiquity; but it is incumbent on the proprietor or the public, to secure them against such profanation.

On the whole, few places are in themselves more picturesque, and from the recollection inseparably interwoven with it, no spot is more interesting than the tomb of Virgil.

Tunc sacrum felix aliusti, Terra, Maropem?

Tunc pio celas ossa beata sinn?

Anne etiam, ut fama est, Vatis placidissima saepe

Inter odoratum cernitur umbra nemus?

Flamininus.

In truth, the hill or mountain of *Posilipo** on

* It took its name from a villa of Vedius Pollio, erected in the time of Augustus, and called *Pausilypum*, from the

which the sepulchre stands is beautiful in the extreme, and is justly honored with its appellation, for no scene is better calculated to banish melancholy and exhilarate the mind.

On the second of June after dinner we made an excursion to the *Lago d'Agnano*: the road is along the *Chiaia*, and the *Strada Puzzolana* (*Via Puteolana*) through the grotto of the same name. Doubt and obscurity hang over the origin and the author of this celebrated excavation: some have ascribed it to Lucullus, who indeed opened a communication between his fish-ponds and the sea, but differing widely both in form and direction from the grotto. Strabo attributes it to Coccinus, who is supposed by a learned Italian (*Pontanus*) to be the same who was appointed to superintend the Roman aqueducts, and was in high repute for his skill in that species of architecture. It is probable, that it was originally opened as a quarry, like many similar excavations in its immediate neighborhood, and under the very same mountain, and when considerably advanced it might have been continued and completed by public authority, as

effect which its beauty was supposed to produce in suspending sorrow and anxiety.

a road well calculated to facilitate the communication between Naples and the towns that lay eastward on one side, and Puteoli, Baiae, and Cumæ on the other. It was at first, and seems long to have remained, a dark, dusty, and inconvenient passage. “*Nihil*,” says Seneca, “*illo carcere longius, nihil illis faecibus obscuris, quae nobis praestant, non ut per tenebras videamus; sed ut ipsas*,” that is, in the language of Milton, it rendered *darkness visible*. Great allowance must be made for the turgid style of this disclaimer, as Strabo, a plain unaffected author, prior to Seneca, does not speak of these inconveniences. However, we may fairly suppose it to have been at that time both gloomy and narrow, as it owes its present breadth and elevation to modern labor. Alphonsus I. began, and Charles V. completed its improvement, and converted it into a wide and convenient passage. Its length is nearly three quarters of a mile, its breadth is about twenty-four feet, its height is unequal, as the entrance at each end is extremely lofty to admit the light, while the vault lowers as it advances towards the middle; where it is about twenty-five feet from the ground. It is paved with large flags of lava, and in many places lined, and I believe, vaulted with stone-work. During the day, two circular apertures bored through the mountain admit a dim glimmering light from

above; and at night a lamp burning before an image of the blessed Virgin placed in a recess in the middle, casts a feeble gleam over the gloomiest part of the passage. Such, however, is the obscurity towards evening that nobody ventures to go through it without a torch, and even with a torch one feels a sort of joy on escaping from these subterraneous horrors. This grotto is, on the whole, a very singular and striking object; and the approach to it on both sides between two walls of solid rock, and its lofty entrances like the gates into the regions of the dead, and the shrubs and tufts of wild flowers that wave in loose festoons from the top of the precipice as if to soften the terrors of the chasm beneath, form altogether a picturesque and extraordinary combination.

No prospect can be more truly Elysian than that which presented itself, when we emerged from the grotto and passed the little suburb beyond it. The road runs in a straight line to the sea through a valley formed by two branches of *Monte Posilipo*. On both sides rise groves of poplars and mulberry-trees, united by vines interwoven in thick clustering garlands, suspended over rich harvests of wheat and maize all waving to the sea breeze. On the right a road turns off and leads through a dell to the *Lago d'Agnano*.

A hill on one side, and a mountain on the other, shaded with poplars, give freshness and verdure to the walk.

The lake, though it is a fine expanse of water of a circular form, about two miles in circumference, yet derives its greatest beauty from the verdure that borders its margin, and from the noble hills that rise around it and crown its basin. As there is no mention made of this lake among the ancients, we may be allowed to suppose that it is an artificial hollow, and perhaps the celebrated fish-pond sunk by Lucullus. His villa stood in the neighborhood or rather close to the lake, and the communication which he opened between his ponds and the sea is still discernible. The situation corresponds with the account, and the extent is by no means too considerable, as Pliny the Elder assures us, that the ponds were more expensive than the villa itself, and must consequently have been prodigious sheets of water.* The silence of the ancients with regard to this lake is not, it must be acknowledged, a sufficient proof that it was originally a fish-pond; it may have been produced since by natural causes, and in a country so agitated by the work-

* ix. 54.

ing of subterraneous fires, such changes may be supposed, without improbability, to have occurred. But if such a phenomenon had taken place, it would have been recorded, like the origin of *Monte Nuovo*, in the annals or at least in the traditions of the times. Now, no mention is made, no memorial occurs, of any such revolution; while of the pond of Lucullus, so often alluded to by the ancients, not the least trace is to be found, if we except the vestiges of its communication with the sea. It is not therefore unreasonable to conjecture, that the lake of *Agnano* may be the pond of Lucullus, as it occupies nearly the same site, and in magnitude corresponds with the grandeur and the opulence of that luxurious Roman.

As the traveller advances he finds on his right, a few paces from the borders of the lake, the *Grotto del Cane*, a small aperture in the side of the mountain, remarkable for a deadly vapor that rises from its bottom, and for the perpetual experiment of its efficacy on dogs. If we may credit Cluverius, the force of this exhalation has not been felt by dogs only, but sometimes tried with a result more destructive upon Turkish captives, and condemned criminals. Sometimes however it is said to have failed on the human species. The effects seem to vary perhaps with

the weather and the season, and perhaps, with the working of the subterraneous ingredients from which it rises. It existed in the same neighborhood and perhaps in the same place in ancient times; it is alluded to by the elder Pliny, and the spots that emit it are called by him in his lofty manner *Charoneæ scrobes,* and spiracula Ditis.*

Turning to the left the traveller will observe an edifice intended for the purpose of vapor baths; the vapor rises hot from the earth, and when confined to a room, very soon throws the person exposed to its action into a violent perspiration. It is supposed to be of peculiar efficacy in rheumatic and gouty complaints. The air in the vicinity of this lake is considered as extremely insalubrious during the heats of summer; but this dangerous quality is ascribed not so much to the nature of the place itself, or to the exhalations that arise from the soil, as to the stench occasioned by the quantity of flax put into the water to steep at that season; a circumstance that will astonish the reader not a little, as it is natural to suppose that the government would prohibit a practice which even in cold countries is offensive, and which in hot climates must be pestilential.

* Plin. N. 93.

From the baths we proceeded between two rows of trees, for some time along the margin of the lake, and then up a steep hill to *Astroni*, once the crater of a volcano, now a royal chase or forest. The sides and bottom of this vast orifice are covered with large trees, and form a scene very refreshing and beautiful. The circumference above may be about two miles and a half, and the descent a quarter of a mile. It is enclosed by a stone wall, and reserved for royal amusement. It is said to be well stocked with game of every kind. These objects furnished entertainment for a long and delightful afternoon: we returned by the same road, and entered Naples in the dusk of the evening.

On the third of June we set out on an excursion to Puteoli, Baiae, &c. We took the same road as in our last excursion, but instead of turning off to *Agnano*, proceeded to the shore. When we arrived there, another view opened upon us; varied, rich, and beautiful: on our left, the rocky promontory of *Posilipo*, and the little island of *Nisida* rising steep from the waves; on our right the road ran along steep precipices formed of lava, and terminated in *Pozzuolo*. Before us appeared in succession the high coast and the castle of *Baiae*, the promontory of *Misenus*, and the peak of *Inarime* (*Ischia*). This union of

islands, promontories, rocks, or castles forms the enchanting bay of *Pozzuolo*. The point of the promontory of *Posilipo* is naturally broken, and wrought into various bays, islands, and caverns, and these again are hollowed by art into grottos, baths, and recesses, forming a scene singular, grotesque, and resembling the work of enchantment. Hence the Neapolitans call it the *Scuola di Virgilio*, and ascribe it to the magical powers of the poet. We may with more probability attribute it in part to *Vedius Pollio*, whose villa, so famed for its ponds, stood on the hill behind at a little distance; and to *Augustus* who inherited it after the death of Pollio. *Lucullus* may have had his share in the work, as well as numberless other Romans of equal opulence, who successively inhabited this delicious coast.

The island of *Nisida*, that lies at a little distance from the promontory, was anciently *Nesis*, and is represented as enveloped in noxious steams, and emitting pestilential exhalations.

Nesis

Emittit stygium nebulosis aera saxis

Antraque lethiferi rabiem Typhonis anhelant.

Lucan. vi.

Its situation and modern appearance, however, are such as to give an idea of coolness and salu-

brity, and accordingly it enjoys a better reputation, and is at present made the seat of the *Lazaretto*.

Thence proceeding along the coast we entered *Puzzuolo*, anciently *Puteoli*, a town of Greek origin, and first called *Dicearchia*. It was erected by the inhabitants of Cumæ as a sea-port, and is by some supposed to have derived its original appellation from the excellence of its government, an advantage which few colonies have ever enjoyed. However, it owes its present name, and indeed its fame and prosperity to the Romans, who about two centuries before the Christian era fortified it, and made it the emporium of the commerce of the east. Its situation as a sea-port is indeed unrivalled. It stands on a point that juts out a little into the sea, nearly in the centre of a fine bay, called from it *Pateolano* or *Puzzolano*. Its prominence forms a natural port, if a port can be wanting in a bay so well covered by the surrounding coasts, and divided into so many creeks and harbors.

It is easy to guess what the animation and splendor of Puteoli must have been at the time when the riches of the east were poured into its bosom, and when its climate, baths and beauty,

allured the most opulent Romans to its vicinity. Commerce has long since forsaken it; the attraction of its climate and its situation still remain but operate very feebly on the feelings of a people little given to rural enjoyments. Its population which formerly spread over the neighboring hills, and covered them with public and private edifices, is now confined to the little prominent point which formed the ancient port: and all the magnificence of antiquity has either been undermined by time, demolished by barbarism, or levelled in the dust by earthquakes. Vestiges however remain, shapeless indeed and deformed, but numerous and vast enough to give some idea of its former extent and grandeur. In the square stands a beautiful marble pedestal with basso relievos on its pannels, representing the fourteen cities of Asia Minor, which had been destroyed by an earthquake and rebuilt by Tiberius. It supported a statue of that Emperor, erected by the same cities as a monument of their gratitude. Each city is represented by a figure bearing in its hand some characteristic emblem. The cathedral is supposed to stand on the ruins of a temple, and is undoubtedly built in a great degree of ancient materials, as appears by the blocks of marble which in many places form its walls.

On the hill behind the town are the remains of an amphitheatre, called after that at Rome the Coliseum; it was of considerable magnitude, but not comparable to that whose name it assumes. The gates and a large portion of the vaults and under apartments remain. One of these apartments, or rather dungeons, in which St. Januarius, the patron of Naples, is said to have been confined, is now turned into a damp and gloomy chapel; the arena is a garden: vines, figtrees, and pomegranates have gradually crept up the circumference, and now cover the steps and wave over the ruins—a melancholy yet pleasing picture! Close to the amphitheatre are other vast fragments, probably of the baths that stood in this neighborhood.

But the most striking monuments of *Puteoli* are the remains of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, and those of the mole that formed the port; the former stands in the precincts of the town, partly in a garden and partly in the barracks, but surrounded and almost concealed by petty uninteresting buildings. The form of this edifice was nearly square, of about one hundred and thirty feet in length, and somewhat less in breadth. It was enclosed in a court divided into small apartments, several of which still exist. Of the four columns of the portico three are

standing, the fourth lies extended on the pavement; they are of marble, forty feet high, and Corinthian; the cell in the centre was round, and its roof supported by sixteen pillars; the pedestals remain; the shafts were transported to the palace of *Caserta*, and form I believe, the beautiful colonnade of the chapel. The marble pavement of the court is nearly entire, but covered with mud and stagnant water. The vapors that rise from this infected pool during the heats of summer are not unfrequently fatal to the soldiers in the neighboring barracks. Yet a few laborers could remove the mud in one day, and a pump might carry off the water! Some beautiful statues have been found buried in the earth or under the ruins, and many fine fragments of capitals, cornices, and sculptured friezes still remain scattered around in the midst of dirt and rubbish.

The Mole was a work of inferior beauty, but of far greater difficulty; several of its piles still stand unshaken: they are sunk in deep water, and once supported arches, parts of which remain suspended in shattered grandeur over the waves. This method of forming a mole like a bridge of arches instead of solid wall is much cheaper, and equally useful, and deserves to be imitated in similar works. When this vast mass,

was first erected, or by whom, it is difficult to determine. Seneca speaks of a mole under the name of *pilæ*,* and Strabo mentions walls carried out into the sea to enable ships of burden to unload with convenience. But whoever built it, we know from an inscription at *Pozzuolo* that Antoninus repaired it when damaged or thrown down by the fury of the waves. Its solidity and durability is owing, in a great degree, to the quality of the cement, made of *Pozzolano* sand, which hardens under water, and acquires the strength and consistency of marble. These arches bear at present the name of Caligula, and are supposed by the people at *Pozzuolo* to be the remains of the bridge which that prince, in one of his fits of phrenzy, threw over the bay from *Puteoli* to *Baiae* or *Baulis*. But the learned reader need not be informed, that Caligula's bridge was like that of Xerxes, whom he intended to imitate, a temporary bridge erected upon boats, formed principally of wood, and carried from the extremity of the mole to the opposite coast. In length, solidity, and decoration, it probably surpassed its model, as it did also in extravagance and inutility.†

* Ep. 77.

† Suet. Caligula, 19; and for a fuller description of the bridge, and the exhibitions displayed upon it, see Dio. lvi.ii. and Brotier's *Tacitus*, Supplement viii. *Annal. cum. Notis.*

On the road that leads along the coast from Pozzuolo to the *Lucrine* lake stood Cicero's villa, called by him *Puteolanum* and *Academia*. Pliny relates that it was on the shore, and adorned with a grove, and a portico, which seems to have been remarkable for its beauty; he adds, that Cicero erected here a monument, and that shortly after his death a fountain of warm water, very wholesome for the eyes, burst forth, and gave occasion to an epigram, which the philosopher quotes with applause.* The portico is fallen, the groves are withered, the fountain dried up, and not a vestige of the Academic retreat left behind to mark its situation. The verses remain, and perpetuate at once the glory of the orator, the fame of the fountain, the beauty of the villa, and what is more honorable than all united, the gratitude of the writer Lanrea Tullius, Cicero's freed-man.

It appears from various passages in Cicero's letters that he had two villas on this coast, the one which I have just mentioned, on the shore; the other, on the hills beyond the *Lucrine* lake, called the *Cumanum*, as lying towards that city, and nearer to it than to *Puteoli*. Perhaps the

latter was a mere lodge or summer-house, of course on a much smaller scale. Of these villas one stood on the hills, and commanded the *Campi Phlegræi*, the bay of *Puteoli* with its islands *Misenum* and *Baiae*; the other on the beach enjoyed the breezes and murmurs on the sea, so delightful to a contemplative mind; Cicero knew not which of the two he preferred, but complained that the crowd of visitors that interrupted his leisure in these retreats contributed not a little to counterbalance their attractions. Cicero's *Academics* do not, however, take their name from his *Academia*, but from the subject itself; as the dialogue which the first book relates took place at the villa of Varro, somewhere in the neighborhood, and within the distance of a walk. The scene of the two first books, *De Finibus*, is laid in the Cuman villa. The dialogue *De Fato* took place in the *Academia*. The spot, the subject, the speakers both fated to perish in so short a time during the contest which they both foresaw, and endeavored in vain to avert, were circumstances which give a peculiar interest to this dialogue, and increase our regret that it has not reached us in a less mutilated state.

CHAP. XII.

Portus Julius—Lacus Lucrenus—Avernus, Observations on its original State—Bay and Castle of Baia—Port of Misenum—Mare Morto—Elysian Fields—Promontory and Town of Misenum—Solfatara—Liternum, Scipio's Retreat—Cumæ—Grotto of the Sybil.

IT is usual to take a boat at *Pozzuolo*, and row across the bay to the Lucrine lake. Passing near the shore our guide shewed us the remains of a mole, which is still called *Lanterna di Porto Giulio*, and is the only monument of the walls or substructions erected by Agrippa to form a harbor in the Lucrine lake, and of the name which it received when finished. I need not observe, that both Horace and Virgil have celebrated this magnificent undertaking, the one turning it as if incidentally mentioned into a delicate compliment; the other describing it in all the splendor of poetry, as one of the distinguishing features of Italy. This work, on the one side, opened a communication between the lakes Avernus and Lucrinus; and on the other,

seems to have enclosed a certain space of the bay itself to add to the last-mentioned lake and form it into a capacious harbor. Before this undertaking, the Lucrinus was protected by a mole of such antiquity that it was attributed to Hercules. It bordered on the beach, and formed a road as well as a mole. Of the Lucrine lake a small part only remains, now a muddy pool half covered with reeds and bull-rushes. The centre, though remarkable for its depth, was in one short night changed into a conical mountain*. The mountain is a vast mass of cinders, black and barren, and is called *Monte Nuoco*. The pool, however diminished in its size and appearance, still retains the name and honors of the Lucrine lake.

We landed on its banks, and following a path that winded through a vineyard came to the borders of the lake Avernus. This lake is a circular sheet of water, of about a mile and a half in circumference, and of immense depth; surrounded with ground on one side low, on the other high but not steep, cultivated all around, but not much wooded, a scene on the whole, light, airy, and exhilarating. How unlike the

* An. 1538.

abodes of the Cimmerians, the *darkened lake*, the *gloomy forests*, the *blasts exhaled from the infernal regions*, the *funereal cypress*, the *feeble screams*, the *flitting ghosts*—Does Avernus then owe all its horrors to poetical fiction? or is the face of nature entirely altered since the time of Homer? To both these causes much is to be attributed.

The Greeks in Homer's time knew but little of Italy, and what little they knew bordered greatly on the marvellous. They had heard perhaps of its numerous islands, its rocky coasts, and above all, of its volcanos possibly at an earlier period very numerous and destructive in their eruptions. Some exaggerated account of the wonders of the *Campi Phlegrai* had reached their ears, and while their sulphureous vapors and agitated surface seemed to them to announce the vicinity of hell, their caverns could not but appear as so many avenues to that region of horror. Such an opinion, however absurd it may appear to us, is still very natural. A volcano is the most tremendous phenomenon presented to the eyes of mortals. All the agitation of earthquakes, all the crash of thunder, all the horrors of darkness, all the blaze of lightning, and all the rage of conflagration, are united and armed with tenfold terror in an eruption. Its

appearance and effects seem not to announce the arm of the Almighty extended from heaven to chastise and to correct at the same time; but resemble the rage of demons broke loose from their prison, *armed with the flames of hell* to disfigure nature and to ravage the creation. Hence in an age far more refined, and among a well informed people, there were found several who, at the first celebrated eruption of Vesuvius*, imagined that the whole frame of nature was in the act of dissolution, and that both gods and men were about to perish in one common ruin†. Even in modern times, when enlightened by the rays of the gospel, and better acquainted with the destiny of man both here and hereafter, the common people feel a propensity to suppose that a volcano is a sort of inlet into hell, through which demons move to and fro when commissioned to execute the decrees of divine justice. No wonder therefore that the Greeks, ignorant and half barbarous as they then were, should have believed, or that poets should have feigned, that a region of which such terrific tales were told, was the vestibule of hell, *atri janæc Ditis*.

* An. 79.

† Plin. Jun. lib. vi. Ep. 20.

To this we may add, that the Avernus, which probably occupies the crater of an extinguished volcano, might at that period and long after, merely cover the lower part of the abyss, while the steep rocky banks towering to a prodigious elevation above it, were shaded with shrubs, and its orifice was almost closed with a whole forest of trees hanging over the precipice and increasing its gloom. At the same time, in a place so impregnated with fire, it is probable that various sulphureous steams rising from the bottom or bursting from the sides of the cavern, might fill the vast hollow, and undisturbed by the action of the air brood in pestilential clouds over its surface.

Such may have been the original state of the lake Avernus, corresponding sufficiently with the description given by the poets, and when accompanied by the supernumerary horrors which the superstition of the times threw around it, an object in a very high degree, awful and terrific. Afterwards, the water may have increased (and in the neighborhood of the Lucrine lake, and so near the sea it may easily be supposed to increase) and have approached nearer the margin; at the same time, the woods may have been diminished by the growing population of the towns of *Cumæ*, *Puteoli*, and *Misenus*, and of course the Avernus

must have gradually lost much of its horrors and its malignity. The impression however had been made, temples had been built, priests established, and the worship of the infernal deities, *religio dira loci*, still continued to attract crowds to the banks of the Avernus. This fashion was prevalent enough even in Annibal's time to afford that crafty Carthaginian an opportunity of reconnoitring the ramparts of *Puteoli*, under pretext of offering sacrifice on the banks of Avernus.*

At length in the reign of Augustus the formation of the Portus Julius dispelled the few horrors that continued to brood over the infernal lake; the sacred groves that still shaded its banks and hung over its margin were cut down; the barrier that separated it from the Lucrinus was removed, and not only the waters of the latter but the waves of the neighboring sea were admitted into

* Tit. Liv. xxiv. 12.

Speaking of this visit Silius says,

Tum tristi nemore, atque umbris nigrantibus horrens
Et formidatus volucri, lethale vomebat
Suffuso viras caelo, Stygiaque per urbes
Religione sacer sævum retinebat honorem.

the stagnant gulph of Avernus. This enterprize however was contemplated with some awe and apprehension: and the agitation of the waters, occasioned probably by the descent of those of the former lake into the lower basin of the latter, was magnified into a tempest, and ascribed to the anger of the infernal divinities. The statue of one shewed by a profuse sweat either its fear or its indignation; that of another leaped, it was said, from its pedestal; and recourse was had as usual to sacrifices, in order to appease the irritated Manes. In the mean time, the port was finished; the Avernus was stripped of its infernal horrors, and ever after ranked among ordinary lakes.

Stagna inter celebrem nunc initia.

Sil. Ital.

On the southern bank stands a large and lofty octagonal edifice, with niches in the walls, and with halls adjoining. It is vaulted, and of brick, and is supposed by some to be the temple of Proserpine, by others, that of Avernus itself, whose statue, as appears from the circumstance mentioned above, stood in the immediate vicinity of the lake. This building was probably incrusted with marble, and decorated with pillars; it is now surrounded by a vineyard, and pleases the eye by its magnitude, site, and proportions. It would

not be difficult to repair it, if the government or proprietors were disposed so to do. Many antiquaries imagine it to have been a bath; but though its form be well adapted to such an object, we do not find that the waters of the Avernus were employed for that purpose.

On the opposite side of the lake, under a steep overhung with shrubs and brambles, is the opening of a subterraneous gallery, called by the guides, and indeed by the people, the *Grotto della Sibilla*. The first gallery runs under the *Monte Grillo*, and its direction is towards Baiae, but it opens into another on the right tending towards Cuma; after some progress in this second passage we came to a piece of water now called the bath of the Sybil, and were transported over it on the backs of our guides. On the opposite side the ground rises rapidly, and all further progress is precluded by the fallen walls. The situation and appearance of this cavern correspond exactly with the description of Virgil, and are sufficient to authorize us in supposing it to be the same to which he alludes, if he had any real object in view, and not merely a general imitation of Homer;

Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris.

Lib. vi.

It probably branched out into several other galleries, and may have communicated with many large caverns, as well as with the various vales and lakes that lie so thick on this peninsula, and once perhaps formed the whole scenery of the infernal regions, so beautifully colored by Virgil. In this case, the stream which we passed might possibly have represented the Acheron; and indeed the black surface of the water; the feeble glimmering of the torches, and their red smouldering flames half lost in their own smoke and in the vapors of the place; the craggy vaults closing over us and losing themselves in darkness; the squalid forms of our guides and attendants, appearing and disappearing with their torches, as they carried us over one by one, all seemed well adapted to infernal scenery, and were appropriate appendages of the entrance into the regions of the dead.

*Per speluncas, saxis structas asperis, pendentibus,
Maximis; ubi rigida constat crassa caligo inferum.*

Enn. ap. Cic. Tusc.

Homer places the Cimmerians in these subterraneous abodes.

"Εὐθα δὲ Κιμμερίων ἐγδρῶν δῆμος τε πόλις τε
'Ηέρι ταὶ νεφέλῃ κεκαλυμμένοις οὐδὲ τοτ' αὐτοὺς
'Ηέλιος φαέθων ἐπιδέρχεται ἀκτίγεσσιν,

Οὐδὲ δέοτε αὐτοῖς οὐρανὸν πιστεόστα,
Οὐδὲ δέ τανάτον εἶναι γαῖαν αὐτὸν οὐρανόθεν προπράτηγας
Ἄλλας δέποτε νῦν ὅλον τέταται δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσι.

Odyss. xi.

This description notwithstanding its poetical splendor, may possibly be grounded on reality.* We may easily conceive that in an early and half-savage state of society, men might have preferred caverns so large and commodious to such hovels as they were then capable of erecting; and there are many instances on record of human beings in considerable numbers inhabiting such receptacles. Not to speak of the barbarous inhabitants of the north, nor of some of the semi-barbarians of the south, who have chosen to live under ground; even the polished Romans themselves seem some-

* Pliny places the city of the Cimmerians on the banks of the *Avernus*, and Festus represents them as a real people who inhabited deep and gloomy dells. Cimmerii dicuntur homines, qui frigoribus occupatas terras incolunt, quales fuerunt inter *Baias* et *Cumas*, in ea regione in qua convallis satis eminenti jugo circumdata est, quæ neque matutino neque vespertino tempore sole contegitur. Such cold and sunless vallies are common enough in Wales and Scotland, but we are rather surprised to find them discovered by this grammarian in the neighborhood of Naples.

times to have preferred grottos to their palaces*, as we may collect from an expression of Seneca†; and from the account which Strabo gives of a place on or near the road from Rome to Naples, called *Spelunca*. This place is now by corruption turned into *Sperlonga*, and lies at the foot of *Mount Cæcubus*, on the promontory near the southern extremity of the *Lacus Fundanus*, about sixteen miles from *Terracina*. Of the many caverns here situate, containing magnificent and sumptuous villas, according to Strabo no trace remains. Tacitus speaks of an accident which happened, and the danger to which Tiberius was exposed while dining in one of them.‡

In Malta near the *Citta Vecchia* are still shewn the vestiges of a subterraneous city, for the extent of the galleries and the regularity of the streets almost entitle the place to this appellation.

* Of these summer grottos some specimens may be seen on the borders of the lake of Albano.

† The expression of Seneca alluded to, “*ex quo depressius aestivos specus foderint. Cons. ad Helviam*, ix.

‡ *Annal. Lib. iv. 69.*

The rock is not only cut into spacious passages, but hollowed out into separate houses with their different apartments, and seems to have been capable of containing a considerable number of families. Such an abode must without doubt have been gloomy; but in a country like Malta, where the heat is intense, and the reflection from the chalky soil is painful; where there is little verdure and still less shade; gloom and coolness under ground are perhaps preferable to glare and heat above.

The Cimmerians seem to have been given to the worship of the infernal deities, and to have acted as priests and interpreters of the oracle established in the centre of their subterraneous abode. This superstition was probably of a very lucrative nature, and accordingly survived the fall of those who first established it, and seems to have continued, though gradually declining, almost down to the time of the Cæsars. No country is better adapted to the practice of such a system of imposition, or more favorable to the illusions by which it is carried on. Deep caverns, the extent and outlets of which were known only to the priests who inhabited them; subterraneous waters, sometimes collected in cold stagnant pools, and at other times boiling up in hot fountains; *hollow sounds*, sulphureous vapors,

and sudden flames, the natural effects of fire always active though not always visible in this volcanic region, are circumstances wonderfully calculated to work strongly upon the imagination, and aid the operations of necromantic art. However, about the era of Augustus, the light of science had penetrated even these recesses, and banished thence the priests, the oracle, and all the phantoms they had conjured up; and the grotto of Avernus formerly the haunt of the dead, was turned to the advantage of the living, and converted by Cocceius into a subterraneous communication between *Puteoli* and *Cumæ*. How long this passage remained open, or whether obstructed by time or by volcanic convulsions, it is not easy to conjecture: to re-open it would be an operation probably of no great difficulty, though of considerable expence; an evil perhaps of too great a magnitude to be counterbalanced by the gratification which it might afford to public curiosity.*

We returned by the path by which we came, leaving the Lucrinus on our right, and *Monte*

* The lake of Avernus with the neighboring Lucrinus are like that of Agnano, infected in the hot months by the flux deposited in them; an evil which calls loudly for the interference of the government.

Nuovo rising on our left, and crossing the mole of Hercules we re-embarked, and proceeded along the coast to *Baiae*. The bay of *Baiae* is a semi-circular recess just opposite the harbor of *Pozzuolo*, and about three miles distant from it. It is lined with ruins, the remains of the villas and the baths of the Romans; some advance a considerable way cut, and though now under the waves are easily distinguishable in fine weather. The taste for building in the waters and encroaching on the sea, to which Horace alludes, is exemplified in a very striking manner all along this coast*. The first object that attracts the attention, and is pointed out by the guides, are the baths called the *Terme di Nerone*. This emperor had here a magnificent villa, and had projected or, as Suetonius† says, commenced, a reservoir in which he intended to collect all the hot waters that spring up at or near *Baiae*. This edifice was to have extended from Misenus to the lake Avernus, a distance of three miles and a half in a direct line, and more than four including the windings of the coast; it was to have been lined

* Marisque Baiae obstrepentis urges
Summovere littora,
Parum locuples continente ripa.

Carm. ii. 18.

† Suet. Nero, 31.

with porticos and roofed. However, there is no particular reason (unless we admit the traditional appellation of the place to be such) for supposing that the baths in question belonged to this work, or formed any part of the villa of Nero. This villa was at or near *Baulis*.

The baths we are now contemplating, consist of several galleries worked through the rock, and terminating in a fountain of boiling water. The vapor that arises from this fountain fills the whole cavern, and is so hot and oppressive as to render the approach difficult to persons not accustomed to the effects of steam. The guides however run to it to fetch some of its water. The galleries are high, and wide enough to allow two persons to pass without inconvenience. There are also some apartments cut out of the solid stone for the accommodation of bathers. These mineral waters seem to pervade the whole region; they ooze through the rocks, work their way under the sands, and heat them even to a considerable distance from the shore. They have been known, and their utility has been experienced for more than two thousand years; they were never probably more neglected than they are at present; no care is taken to collect them; no buildings have been erected for the accommodation of visitors. The Neapolitans behold with indifference

all the beauties and all the treasures of their coasts.

Varia circum oblectamina vita
Vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Baiae.

Statius. Sylv. iii.

From the *Therme* we advanced to a little projection of the shore, on which stands an edifice octagonal on the outside, but within circular, called at present *Templo di Venere*. Behind this edifice are a range of apartments called the *Camere di Venere*; they are ornamented with basso reliefos in stucco, which are said to have some merit in point of execution, but are of too obscene a nature to admit examination. Venus had a temple on this coast, and it was so placed between the Lucrine lake and Baiae as to take its name occasionally from either, as indeed the bay itself in which it stood was sometimes called *Bainus* and sometimes *Lucrinus*.* We have no

* I must here observe, that Cluverius upon this as upon another occasion which I noticed above, seems to take the expression of poetry in the strict acceptation of geographical prose. He must have perceived that *Baiae*, *Cumæ*, *Lucrinus*, and *Avernus* extend their appellation far beyond their natural limits, and sometimes include the whole vicinity. He himself observes, that the springs of *Baiae* were once called *Aqua Cumane*, and quotes Lucretius to prove it.

data to enable us to ascertain the precise spot on which this edifice stood, but we may confidently aver that no site could be better adapted to it than that assigned by popular tradition. Venus presided over this coast and all its bays, its baths, its fountains, and its lakes ; she had deserted *Paphos* and *Cythera*, and settled with all her train of loves and sports, on the delicious shore of *Baiae*. A sky for ever serene, seas never ruffled, perpetual spring and eternal verdure, may be supposed to have allure^d the goddess to her new abode ; but her actual influence appeared in the general manners and amusements of the place,—in scenes of revelry, bacchanalian songs, wanton groups and effeminate music. “Videre ebrios per littora errantes, et commissationes navigantium et symphoniarum cantibus perstrepen^ttes lacus et alia, quæ velut soluta legibus luxuria non tantum peccat, sed publicat, quid necesse est.”*

No situation is more appropriate to the temple of this presiding divinity than this little promontory, whose jutting point commands the whole bay, with all its scenery of hills, towns, lakes, and villas.

* Seneca, Epist. li.

Litus beatae aureum Veneris!
Baiae superbae blanda dona naturae.

Martial.

At a little distance from the temple of Venus rises another circular edifice, vaulted and lighted from above like the Pantheon, and still further on, another nearly similar; this latter is called the temple of Diana, as the former is termed the temple of Mercury; the traces of conduits for conveying water to all their apartments, and their situation on a coast where baths were probably in more estimation and request than temples, furnish a very plausible pretext to the supposition of their being *Thermae*. Their shattered forms, shaded here and there with shrubs and flowers, rising on the margin of the sea on a coast so beautiful, yet so solitary, produce a fine and uncommon effect.

Advancing southward, we passed under the castle of Baiae;* a fortress on the brow of a rocky precipice, rising to a considerable elevation above the sea, and forming the point of a little promontory. Its appearance at a distance

* *Baiae* is said to derive its name from one of the companions of Ulysses.

is rather splendid and majestic, owing to its size and the rich color of the stone of which it is built.

Somewhat more than a quarter of a mile beyond *Baiae*, there rises almost on the beach, a semicircular building, with a gallery within, adorned with basso relievos in stucco; popular tradition ennobles this edifice with the appellation of the tomb of Agrippina. The reader may recollect that this empress, after having escaped the fate intended for her at sea on her return from *Baiae*, was conveyed to her own villa on the Lucrine lake, and shortly after murdered there: she was burnt privately, and her tomb, which was erected after the death of Nero, in the neighborhood, and on the hill near the road to Misenus, corresponded rather with her misfortunes than with her rank.*

Baiae, indeed, was not only the seat of voluptuousness, but sometimes also the theatre of

* Tac. Ann. xiv. 4, 5, 6, and 7.—There is something awful and terrific in the sound of the trumpet heard on the neighboring hills; and in the nightly lamentations, supposed to issue from the tomb of Agrippina. (Cap. 10.) Nero fled—Obversabatur maris illius et litorum gravis aspectus!

cruelty; two vices intimately allied, and not unfrequently most notoriously displayed in places whence the smiling features of nature might seem to have banished at least the latter. The murder of a parent, the barbarous termination of the feast of Caracalla, and the secret executions of the island of *Capreae*, only shew what a monster man becomes when his power is equal to his malignity. The supposed tomb of Agrippina may possibly be a part, perhaps the theatre, of the villa of *Baulis*, which once belonged to Hortensius, and was afterwards the favorite resort of some of the Emperors, and, upon this occasion, the scene of the last interview between Nero and his mother.

Under the little promontory of *Baulis*, are the *Cento Camerelle*, a number of grottos, opening in front to the sea, communicating with each other within, and branching out into several long galleries, that form a sort of labyrinth. Their object is not known; they may have been reservoirs of fresh water, or perhaps mere substructions supporting some edifice. Ascending the hill, we came to the *Piscina Mirabilis*, a subterraneous edifice, vaulted, and divided by four rows of arcades. Its date, author, and destination, are equally unknown. Some antiquaries suppose it to have been a fish-pond, as its

present appellation imports, belonging to one of the great villas that rose on this eminence, perhaps to that of Lucullus, who is said to have spared no expense in the erection of such receptacles. Others imagine, that it was intended as a cistern of fresh water for the supply of the fleet, while it lay in the port of Misenum, situated immediately under the hill, on which the *Piscina Mirabile* stands. If I might be allowed to add one conjecture more to the preceding, I should be tempted to ask, whether this artificial cavern, and many similar works in the same direction, may not be parts of that vast reservoir (to which I have already alluded) planned and commenced by Nero, but never finished. Its magnitude, proportions, and elevation, are all on a grand scale, and announce the opulence and magnificence of its author; while its vaults and arcades correspond precisely with the account given of that Emperor's projected edifice—"Inchoabat," says Suetonius, "piscinam a Miseno ad Avernū lacum, *contectam, porticibus conclusam*, quo quidquid totis *Bauis calidarum* esset, converteretur."*

At the foot of the hill on which we stood, the

* Nero, 31.

port of Misenus expands inwards, and protected by high lands on either side, forms a haven, tranquil, though not very capacious. It was made, by Augustus, the principal station of the Roman fleet in the Mediterranean, and by its central and commanding situation, is extremely well calculated for every naval object. It is separated at its extremity by a narrow neck of land from the *Mare morto*; through this neck a canal, over which there is a bridge, opens a communication between the two basins, which anciently, may probably have formed parts of the same port. On the side opposite this canal to the west, another bed of sand protects the *Mare morto* from the incursions of the sea; while the lofty promontory of Misenus on the south, and the mountains called *Procida* and *Selvaggi* on the north, cover it from every rougher breeze.

Along its shores, under the shelter of these hills, lay extended the Elysian fields, *Campi Elisi!* They are shaded by mulberries and poplars, garlanded by festoons of vines, fanned by sea breezes from the south, refreshed by the waves of the *Mare morto* that eat into the shore, and form numberless creeks and recesses; and their lonely paths are lined on all sides by tombs intermingled with cypresses. Such a scene, by its secluded beauty, its silence, and its

tranquillity, might attract the living ; yet it seems to have been at all times abandoned to the dead, and from the sepulchres that adorn it, and the undisturbed repose that seems to reign over it, it resembles a region secluded from the intrusion of mortals, and placed above the influence of human vicissitude and agitation

Semota a nostris rebus sejunctaque longe.

Luc. i. 59.

The solitude of the place, its destination, and the recollection of Virgil's description, diffuse a certain melancholy over the mind, and dispose it imperceptibly to reflection and musing.

Such are the Elysian fields, a name that sounds so harmoniously to the ears of the classic youth, and opens so many enchanting scenes to his imagination. He will be disappointed in reading the description, and little less so in contemplating the reality. In the splendor of a Neapolitan firmament, he will seek in vain for that *purple light* so delightful to his boyish fancy ; and on the sandy beach of the *Mare morto*, he will discover no traces of the crystal Eridanus ; he will look to no purpose for meadows ever green, rills always full, and banks and hillocks of downy moss. The truth is, Virgil improves and embellishes whatever he

touches; kindled by the contemplation of nature, his genius rises above her, and gives to her features, charms and beauties of his own creation. The hills, the groves, the paths, he copied from the scenery now before us; but he waters them with purer streams; he calls up unfading flowers to grace them; and he lights them with a new sun, and milder constellations.

We turned with regret from a spot so celebrated, and came to the rocky promontory of *Misenus*. It is hollowed into vast grots and caverns, intended anciently perhaps for baths, and perhaps for docks for ship-building. The town, it is supposed, stood on the summit of the promontory; its site is marked by masses of ruins, and the vestiges of a theatre; unless, with some antiquaries, we choose to consider these scattered heaps as the remains of one or other of the villas so numerous in the immediate neighborhood of *Misenus*. The principal and most extensive of these seats was that of Lucullus, afterwards occupied by Tiberius. Phædrus informs us that it was situate on the very pinnacle of the hill, as it not only commanded the adjacent coasts, but extended its view to the seas of Sicily.* This villa, with its gardens and por-

* Cæsar Tiberius, quum petens Neapolim
In Misenensem villam venisset suam

ticos, must have occupied a considerable space, and left but little room for the town, which of course must have been situated lower down and probably on the sea shore. That such indeed was its real site, we may infer in opposition to the common opinion, from Pliny the younger, who says that the house which he and his mother inhabited, was separated by a small court from the sea. "Residimus in area domus, quæ mare a tectis modico spatio dividebat."* The hill that forms the point of the promontory is steep and lofty. It does not appear to me to bear, as is frequently represented, any appearance of a mausoleum, nor can I believe that Virgil had any such imaginary resemblance in view; he probably adopted a popular tradition, when he placed the tomb of Misenus on its base.†

Monte sub aero qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, eternumque tenet per saecula nomen.

Quæ monte summo posita Luculli manu
Prospectat Siculum et propicit Tuscum mare.

ii. Fab. v.

* vi. 20.

† Solinus, Mela, and Strabo ascribe this appellation to the same origin as Virgil; and as they were nearly contemporaries with that poet, they cannot be supposed to have adopted one of his poetical fictions as an historical anecdote.

It is not a little remarkable, that most of the points and promontories represented by the Roman poet as monuments of great personages or illustrious events, still retain their ancient appellations, while so many other titles and names, in many respects more important, have gradually yielded to modern substitutions and sunk into oblivion. Is this difference to be ascribed to the influence of poetry, and have the latter perished because not recorded in verse? "Carent quia vate sacro." They had no poet, and they died.

As the evening approached we re-embarked, and crossing the bay landed at *Pozzuolo*, and thence proceeded to the *Solfatara*, which lies about a mile north-east of the town. This appellation, is a corruption of *Sulphurata*, and is given to an oval plain, extending on an eminence, but surrounded on all sides by an elevated border resembling a rampart. The shattered hills that form this rampart are impregnated with sulphur, and heated by a subterranean fire. They are destitute of all verdure and all appearances of vegetation. The plain below is a pale yellow surface of sulphureous marle, thrown like a vault over an abyss of fire. Its heat almost scorches the feet of those who pass over it, and the workings of the furnace beneath are heard distinctly through it. A stamp or the rolling of a stone over it re-bellows

in hollow murmurs, weakening as they descend till they lose themselves in the vastness of the abyss below. Sulphureous exhalations rise from the crevices; and from an orifice at one of the extremities a thick vapor by day, and a pale blue flame by night, burst forth with a murmuring sound and great impetuosity. This ever burning plain is supposed to have been anciently called the *Forum Vulcani*. It is described in a poetical but accurate manner by Petronius Arbiter, and very appropriately made the scene of a tremendous apparition of Pluto.

Est locus exciso penitus demersus hiatu,
Parthenopen inter magnæque Dicarchidos arva,
Cocytia perfusus aquâ, nam spiritus extra
Qui furit effusus, funesto spargitur æstu.
Non hæc autumno tellus viret, aut alit herbas
Cespite latus ager: non verno persona cantu
Mollia discordi strepitu virgulta loquuntur;
Sed chaos et nigra squallentia pumice saxa
Gaudent, ferali circumtumulata cupressu.
Has inter sedes, Ditis pater extulit ora
Bustorum flammis et cana sparsa favilla.

The tombs and the cypresses to which the poet alludes bordered the road that leads from Puteoli to Náples, as also that called the *Vía Campana*, now *Strada di Campagna* which enclose the *Solfatara* between them, and are at no great distance from its southern and western extremities. Milton

seems to have taken some features of his infernal regions from this repository of fire and sulphur. *The dreary plain—the seat of desolation—the land that burned with solid, as the lake with liquid, fire—the singed bottom all invoiced with stench and smoke—the uneasy steps over the burning marle—the fiery deluge fed with ever burning sulphur,* compose when united a picture poetical and sublime indeed, but not inaccurate, of the *Solfatara*. The truth is that all the great poets, from the days of Virgil down to the present period, have borrowed some of their imagery from the scenery which now surrounds us, and have graced their poems with its beauties, or raised them with its sublimity. Every reader knows that Silius Italicus has described most of them, and particularly the latter, with studied and blameable minuteness; that Martial alludes to them with rapture, and that Statius devotes the most pleasing of his poems to their charms. Dante has borrowed some of the horrors of his *Inferno* from their fires and agitations; and Tasso has spread their freshness, their verdure, and their serenity over the enchanted gardens of his *Armida*.

Acque stagnanti, mobili cristalli,
Fior vari et varie piante, herbe diverse,
Apriche collinette, ombrrose valli,
Selve, e spelunche in una vista offerse.

Canto xvi. 9.

Some days after, we made an excursion to

Cumæ. The road leads first to *Pozzuolo*, and thence ascending the hills passes by the site of Cicero's Academic villa, runs at the foot of *Mount Gaurus* on the right, then crosses the mountains that command the *Avernus* on the left, and traversing the site of the ancient forest that surrounded that lake, terminates at the *Arco felice*. This ancient mass is a sort of lofty wall, with a gateway through it; supposed by some, to be one of the gates of *Cumæ*, and by others, the remains of the temple of Apollo. The view, which to the south commands all the scenery described in our last excursion, fixes the attention however on an object of no great beauty, a white tower to the north-west, standing on the flat shore, about four miles and a half distant, near a lake and almost surrounded with a forest. That tower stands on the site of the ancient *Liternum*; the neighboring lake is the *Liternina palus*, and the forest the *Gallinaria Pinus*.

The situation of *Liternum* is neither beautiful nor healthy, but its name is ennobled by the residence of Scipio Africanus, who passed there the latter years of his life, a voluntary exile, in obscurity, rural labor, and philosophical studies. Whether he was buried at *Liternum* or not, was a subject of doubt even in Livius's time; however, either a tomb or cenotaph was erected to him

there, and a stone on which the word *Patria* is still legible, is supposed to have contained part of the inscription,* “Ingrāta patria,” &c. and gives to the modern tower the appellation of *Torre di Patria*. His villa remained in the time of Seneca, and seems to have been built with great solidity, and surrounded like a gothic castle with a wall and towers. A rampart was indeed necessary, as it stood on the confines of the *Gallinaria Pinus*, a forest, at one time the abode, and at all times, the occasional resort of banditti.† Valerius Maximus relates an anecdote which shews both the necessity of the rampart, and the veneration shewn to the person of the great Africarus.‡ The same author mentions his death as having taken place at *Liternum*, and cites his well-known epitaph. Perhaps his ashes were first interred at his villa, and afterwards conveyed to the family sepulchre in Rome, on the Via Ca-

* Liv. xxxviii. 53.

† As Seneca's description is curious, it may not be improper to insert the passage. “Vidi villam structam lapide quadrato; murum circumdatum sylvæ—turreis quoque in propugnaculum villæ utrimque subrectas; cisternam ædificiis, ac viridibus subditam, quæ sufficere in usum vel exercitus posset: balneolum angustum, tenebriosum, ex consuetudine antiqua,” &c.—*Sen. Epist. lxxxvi.*

‡ See Val. Max. Lib. v. cap. 3.

pena, where a sarcophagus was found a few years ago inscribed with his name. Pliny the elder speaks of some olive trees, and of a very flourishing myrtle planted by Scipio Africanus as still existing at *Liternum* in his time.* The *Torre di Patria* may not only occupy the site, but possibly be built of the materials of Scipio's villa.

As we proceeded we were shewn a temple, dedicated, it is said, to the giants whom Hercules defeated on the neighboring *Campi Phlegræi*. The size of this temple does not correspond with its title. Continuing to advance towards the sea, we came to a high craggy rock near the shore. On the top of the precipice stands the castle, erected in the middle ages on the ruins of an ancient fortress. In the side of this rock are two great chasms; in one, there are several steps leading upwards; the other tends downwards, was formerly lined with brick, and seems to have opened into several galleries. This cavern is now called the Grotto of the Sybil, and is probably part of that celebrated cavern. The grotto existed in all its splendor in the year one hundred and five of the Christian era, and is described by Justin the Martyr, an author of that period, and

* xvi. 44.

represented by him as an immense cavity cut out of the solid rock, large as a Basilica, highly polished, and adorned with a recess or sanctuary in which the Sybil, seated on a lofty tribunal or throne, uttered her oracles. It may have been stript of its ornaments, disfigured and perhaps materially damaged in the reign of Constantine, when the greater temples, and more peculiar seats of Pagan superstition, were demolished as objects likely to foster the ancient delusions. However, though despoiled and neglected, the cavern still remained entire, till the fatal and most destructive war carried on by Justinian against the Goths; when Narses, the imperial general, in order to undermine the ramparts of the fortress erected on the summit of the rock, ordered his engineers to work through the roof of the cavern beneath; and thus brought down the wall, towers, and even gates, of the fortress into the cavity, which in part destroyed, and in part filled it with rubbish.*

The grotto, as I have already observed, branched out into various subterranean galleries, alluded to by Virgil under the appellation of *approaches and portals*, which furnished the Sybil

* Vide Agathias Hist. i. apud Cluv.

with the means of forming those tremendous sounds, that in the moment of inspiration issued from the depths of the cavern.* Of these communications two only are now visible; all the others, with the body and the recesses or sanctuary of the temple, are filled with the ruins of the roof, and of the walls.

Excavations might here be made to advantage; the very materials, where sea carriage is at hand, are doubtless sufficient to pay the expense, and the discoveries might be interesting beyond expression. I must again repeat it, if Warburton's conjecture can be admitted, and if the Eleusinian mysteries contained such scenes as those described in the sixth book of the Eneid, no region can be better calculated for the exhibition than that which we are now treading. In a country, where rocks are hollowed by nature into grottos and caverns; where there are several deep dells, and hidden recesses, as *Astroni* now, and once perhaps *Avernus*; where various lakes lie concealed in the depths of forests and in the cavities of mountains; where fires and waters are ever working, under all

* Excisum Euboicæ latus ingens rupis in antrum
Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum
Unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllæ.

Eneid, vi. 42. 44.

their possible forms : where the land sometimes stretches out into the sea, and at other times the sea winds itself into the very bosom of the land ; in such a country, particularly when thinly inhabited as in the early ages, how easy would it be to open secret communications, and to conduct the adept through successive scenes of wonder, now buried in darkness, and now gleaming with light : here infected with sulphureous exhalations, and there refreshed with gales of perfume ; sometimes exhibiting the horrors of Tartarus, and at other times displaying the delights of Elysium ?

Cumæ was founded at a very early period by a colony of Greeks from *Chalcis* in *Eubœa*, and from *Cumæ* in *Eolis* ; as it was the first Grecian establishment in Italy in point of time, so it was considered for many ages as the first also in power, opulence, and population. Its overflowing prosperity spread over the neighboring coasts, and first *Puteoli*, and afterwards *Naples*, owed their origin to the energy and the enterprize of its inhabitants. Its situation was favorable to commerce and general communication, and its oracle, its sybil, and its temple, attracted votaries and visitants. As the Roman power extended, that of *Cumæ* declined ; till without contest or warfare the city gradually adopted the interests of *Rome*, and its inhabitants were ho-

nored with the title of Roman citizens. The principal cause, however, of the decay of *Cumæ* was the well founded partiality of the Romans to the neighboring coasts of *Baiae*, *Puteoli*, and *Naples*, so superior in beauty and salubrity to the flat, marshy vicinity of the former city. Though Juvenal's* expression may imply only a comparative desertion and emptiness, yet the decline of *Cumæ* was so rapid, that in the sixth century it appears to have been reduced to a mere fortress seated on the rock, which formed indeed a military position, but could not be denominated a city. Its name however still remained, and we find it mentioned in the thirteenth century as the resort of robbers, rebels, and banditti, whose depredations at length provoked the vengeance of the neighboring cities, and occasioned its total destruction.

Now the once opulent and populous *Cumæ* is a solitary wood; its once busy streets are now silent alleys; its only inhabitants are stags and wild boars. Here and there a range of broad smooth stones reminds the sportsman of its pavement, and some mouldering walls overgrown with vines and myrtles are the only vestiges of its existence.

* Vacuis . . . Cumis. *Juvenal*, iii.

Tot decora, artificumque manus, tot nota sepulchra

Totque pios cineres una ruina premit.....

Et querimur, cito si nostræ data tempora vitæ

Diffugiunt? urbes mors violenta rapit!

Nec tu semper eris, quæ septem amplecteriæ arcæ;

Nec tu quæ mediæ æmula surgis aquis

Et te (quis putet hoc?) altrix mea, durus arator

Vertet; et Urbs, dicet, haec quoque clara fuit.

Sannaz. Eleg. Lib. ii. 9.

The forest which covers *Cuma* is a royal chace, extends far beyond the limits of that city, and borders the lake of *Fusaro*, the ancient *Acherusia palus*, lying to the south towards *Misenum*. This lake is a long and shallow sheet of water. It answers very exactly the description of it given by Strabo, who calls it a *muddy irruption of the sea*, and differs as widely from the splendid picture of Lycophron, who represents it,

Πόλις καμαρονῶν αἰδημαρος χωστή.

It has a small island with a castle, and terminates in a pool called *L'Acqua Morta*. We proceeded along its banks to *Baiae*, ranged once more over the delicious scenery in its vicinity, and embarking bent our course to *Procida*.

END OF VOL. II.

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